OUR MINNESOTA

CHESTER·M·POLLOCK

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THIS LITTLE BOOK ON

OUR STATE

IS SINCERELY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED TO

MY CHILDREN OF "CENTRAL"

AND TO THEIR CHILDREN

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PREFACE

In giving to the public this little book on the History of Minnesota, the author makes no claim that much is presented in the way of new material, but hopes that the fact that it is written for children will make it possible, as it has not been before, for the children of Minnesota to learn the history of her past and hence to love it.

While many things are necessarily omitted, not only for lack of space, but also because they are not of particular interest to children, the aim throughout the work is accuracy. The sources which have been used are to be found largely in the diaries and papers of the Minnesota Historical Society, reliance put largely upon the statements of those who helped to make the history here related.

The author acknowledges, most gratefully, the help and encouragement received from the Historical Society of Minnesota, the Forestry Department, Minnesota Department of Education, and also her obligation to the Department of State for the use of valuable material.

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She wishes particularly to thank Miss Boody and her helpers for their zeal and untiring loyalty in typing the entire manuscript.

We are apt to lay much stress upon the necessity for teaching the responsibilities of citizenship, but it is really more important that we plant in the hearts of children a love for the place where they live, so that the care and responsibility for it will grow as a natural result.

If anything written here shall make the children of Minnesota love their State more, and feel more deeply the heritage which is theirs and the duty which they owe to this Commonwealth, the book will have attained its object.

HESTER M. POLLOCK.

ST. PAUL, July, 1916.

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Our State Flower. The Moccasin Flower

(By courtesy of the Secretary of State of Minnesota)

THE MOCCASIN FLOWER

FAR wandering from a foreign shore,
I stand amid the silent places,
And strive to people, as of yore,
These woods with vanished dusky races,
Till, back from days that are no more.
They rise from out the earth's embraces.

But here did pixies ever dwell?
(I muse on childhood's well-loved story)
What evidence is left to tell
An alien of their elfin glory?
When, lo! on this my charmed eyes fell—
A radiance in a forest hoary.

Quaint, curious shoelet that I find,
In dainty pink, in daintier yellow,
'Tis very sure thou wert designed
By pix for fairy Cinderella;
Thou'rt much more suited, to my mind,
Than boot of buckskin or prunella.

And did she dance unto the dawn,
That night when Hiawatha wedded,
And, hurrying homeward through the dawn,
When all good souls were safely bedded,
Ne'er miss you till, alas! you'd gone,
Nor mind the spot where you were shedded?

She sleepeth yet. Who knows the rest?
Some day the prince, his elf horn bringing,
May find the object of his quest
And wake her with its joyous ringing.
Then, hand-in-hand, into the West
They two will fare forth, loving, singing.

B. R. T.

OUR MINNESOTA

Our Minnesota

CHAPTER I

MINNESOTA, SKY-EY WATER

MINNESOTA, "Sky-tinted water," so the Sioux Indians called it, and we have never been able to find a better or more beautiful name. The word *Minne-so-tah* describes the queer milky appearance of the water when, in the early springtime, it rises high and, lashing against its banks, wears away the clay which falls in and makes it turbid-looking. The name was given first to the river from which the State was later named. If you want to know what it really means, some day when you are going by a brook or a lake let a handful of dirt slide gently and softly in; or let a few drops of milk fall into a glass of water, and there you get the same lovely, mysterious, cloudy effect which one sees on a summer day all over our beautiful State, spread with lakes. The way the water looks with

the clouds in the blue sky, mirrored back, that is the best of all, for if there's any such thing as a "sky tint" we show it reflected in the thousands of lakes that are scattered all over Minnesota's surface.

Our wonderful State is eighty-four thousand square miles in size or fifty-three millions of acres, and if it were all cut up into farms it would give each person living in the State a farm of almost thirty acres. It is nearly half as large as the whole of Sweden and more than half the size of Norway, while if England were put into our State there would be a great edge left over all the way around. It is about one fortieth the size of the United States, although it is only one of the forty-eight States, and of them all there are only nine larger. One fifteenth of the whole State is made up of water —lakes and rivers. From north to south it is three hundred and eighty miles; from east to west in its widest part it is three hundred and forty-six miles, and one might ride in a railroad train from north to south all day long, and from east to west all night long, and never leave the State. Lake Alexander near the city of Brainerd is almost exactly in the center of Minnesota.

If you were standing on the highest ridge in the State and could see the ocean, if it were not too far off, you would be two thousand and two hundred feet above it. The lowest part of the State

is six hundred and two feet above the sea on the shore of Lake Superior, less than twenty miles away from the highest point on the Misquah Hills northeast of the Mesabi Range, or Giant Hills as the Indians called them.

The United States has a surface of two ridges and a central plain, and Minnesota is in the center of that plain. In fact it is the very central spot of North America.

The western part of our State is low and rolling, almost flat, unless you are walking on it, when you find that you really go up and down, because the surface is in waves like the ocean, and we always speak of it as the rolling prairie. This great plain, as we call the prairie land, is lowest along the Red River, on the western boundary.

In the southeast we find bluffs, from two hundred to six hundred feet high, and along the north shore of Lake Superior, great headlands of frowning rock which rise above the lake, and here the water has dashed for hundreds of years, cutting out caves and little islands along the edges, making it one of the loveliest spots in nature.

The rivers of Minnesota flow in three different directions. Half of all the water flows out through the Mississippi, and from rivers which flow into it, south, past all the center of the United States, into the Gulf of Mexico. Northern and northeastern

streams flow into Lake Superior and so on, down through the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean. Red River, on our western boundary, and Rainy River on the north flow north into Lake Winnipeg and on up through many lakes and rivers until they reach Hudson Bay, way up in Canada on the way to the north pole.

Red Lake, which includes four hundred and forty square miles, is the largest lake inside of any State in the Union. Mille Lac and Leech Lake and Vermilion are very large, as you will see by looking at the map. Winnibigoshish is almost as big as its name sounds. There are ten thousand of these lakes in Minnesota, all of them beautiful, and most of them swarming with fish of many kinds.

These lakes and rivers, which we love so much, were loved, too, by the Indian who found them such an easy way to get from place to place. Hundreds of years before the White Man came here, the graceful canoes of the Red Man traveled up and down these waterways, sometimes shooting the rapids or falls going down, but usually carried around them, and these "portages" then made were the first real roads of Minnesota.

Along the edges of the lakes grew the wild rice, which was the food of the Indian and made these shores picnic grounds where the wild ducks and

geese used to come regularly when they were driven down by the cold of the north, and where they stayed until the snow came, and lakes and rivers were frozen up. So you see the same thing which attracted the Indian attracted the birds, and in this way the Indian gained a great deal of his food.

Today most of the Indians are gone and only a few of the wild fowl come here to feed, but the wild rice still grows year by year on the edges of the lakes, which are inviting as ever, and where we love to go in the summer. They attract thousands of people from other places where there are no such beauty spots and they spend the summer here rejoicing in the cool winds which blow across the waters.

Can you realize what it would mean to live in a place where you couldn't swim, or skate, or row, or paddle, or skip stones, or wade excepting in a tank inside of a building? Well, these pleasures are especially yours because you live where you do.

Everywhere in Minnesota where there aren't lakes and excepting on the rolling prairie, were once deep forests, where many kinds of trees and shrubs grew, and along their edges rare flowers of all sorts, because right here we are between the northern growth—which is different from

the temperate—and the temperate growth, so we get the plants and trees which live in both climates.

I could never tell you all the kinds of trees we have in Minnesota, because that would take another book, but we must speak about a few, and then you can see how many of them you know.

Of evergreens, in the north there are pines, white spruce, and fir, and in the swamps, tamarack, black spruce, and white cedar; all beautiful in winter as well as summer, whether their dark green needles show against the lighter green of the other trees, or whether they stand up grand and stately under a burden of pure white snow. We find in the central and southern part of the State hardwoods which are so useful; hard maples from which the Indians took the sap to make the maple sugar; basswood or linden which bears such sweet flowers about the Fourth of July; great elms ("slippery elm") and red oak.

In the southeast are black oak, black walnut, which is suitable for furniture, and shell-bark hickory, so hard and durable that it is more useful than any other kind of wood for axe handles and other things which need strong fiber. Along the rivers are tall cottonwood and graceful poplar, box elder and white elm. The wild fruit trees are: plum, crabapple, and black cherry.

Scattered through the woods, fringing their edges and bordering the lakes, are many shrubs and vines, among them prickly ash, smooth sumac, frost grape, Virginia creeper, bittersweet, red and black raspberries, gooseberry, black currant, cornel, wolfberry, honeysuckle, elder, viburnum, and hazelnut.

In the woods and dotting the prairies in the springtime and all through the summer until late autumn covers them with white snow are the flowers. Early come the pasque flower which is the very first, violets of many kinds, phlox, spiderwort, and roses. Later we have clover, which is useful as well as pretty, harebell, gentian, which is very rare, larkspur, and evening primrose of pale yellow, blazing star and false indigo, and in the early autumn sunflower, vetch, aster, gerardia, and many kinds of goldenrod. These are only a few of the many flowers in Minnesota.

One of the early explorers tells us in his diary that every part of this region "is filled with trees, bending under loads of fruit—plums, grapes, and apples. The meadow is covered with hops and many vegetables and the ground full of useful roots, anjelica and groundnuts." We read too of wild potatoes and artichokes.

In the early days our woods were the homes of wild animals—bear, deer, and antelope—and the

prairies were covered with feeding herds of huge buffalo or bison.

The climate of Minnesota is considered very healthful and the air is so dry that the extreme cold is not felt as it would be if it were damper, and is so fresh and pure that it makes people active, so there is no excuse for laziness here.

Now it is very interesting to us, and it is going to be the purpose of our book to show how the White Man has used the lakes and forests; how he has hunted the animals, sold the fur, and driven off the herds from the prairies so that he might plant great fields of grain to feed the world; how he has changed the waterfalls into power and the rivers into useful trade routes; how he has covered the parts of the State that were hard to get at, with railroads; how after he cut the forests off the great ridges, underneath the earth he found such treasures of mineral wealth as no other place in the world has discovered. So today instead of great prairies with roving bands of Indians and herds of great wild beasts, instead of magnificent dense forests sheltering every sort of little animal life, and quiet lakes where the sun rose and set only on the timid birds and here and there an Indian family; and in place of the great rivers flowing northward, eastward, or westward bearing only now and then an Indian canoe, we have many cities

where hundreds of thousands of people find homes and work.

Thousands of miles of railroad carry food and clothing and shelter throughout our country; our great forests are turned into homes and warmth and furnishings for the people of many States; and our lakes give health and rest to the people tired of working, so they may go back to their work stronger and better for them; our mines are turning out iron for great furnaces, rails and engines to carry man where he would go and to give him what he needs. Today we hear the noise of the ceaseless wheels of industry instead of the sounds of nature, and see the smoke of factories and furnaces instead of camp fires.

So we shall look at what we have done in this Minnesota of ours and see whether we have done it well, and whether it has been wise to change "Minnesota, Sky-ey Water," into "Minnesota, the North Star State."

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST MINNESOTAN

THE first people who were in our beloved State were not white like most of us, nor black like a few of us, for the ancestors of all the white people came from Europe and the ancestors of all the black people from Africa. The people who really owned this country were not our relatives at all but the so-called Indian or "red man," who isn't red at all but sort of copper color, some of them like dull tarnished metal and others like highly polished bronze.

These people are called Indians all over America because when Columbus, the first man from Europe to write about them, saw them he thought he had gotten to India, the place he was looking for. For many years afterward, people thought that the whole of America was a mere strip of land not nearly so wide as Minnesota, instead of a vast country almost three thousand miles wide, and if their belief had been true, we shouldn't have had any Minnesota at all.

People don't agree as to the way these Indians

came to Minnesota. Some think they came from the east and others from the west, while a few believe that they came down from the north, but at any rate here they are. The first whites came into this far western land more than a hundred years after Columbus had lived and died, and we do know that all the white people came from the east and south, as everybody who came from Europe had settled along the Atlantic shore, or on the edges of the Gulf of Mexico.

Our Minnesota Indians were like all the other Indians in the United States in some things and different from any others in some things, enough alike so that we are sure that once, ages ago, they were the same people and perhaps the same as the Japanese and the Filipinos and the Eskimos.

They were all wild, roving, uncivilized, without education, and the ones in Minnesota were especially fierce and revengeful. Perhaps they had been made so by sad things long before we ever knew them. Losing to the white men their homes and the beautiful lakes and valleys which they loved so well, didn't make them any happier!

There were two families of Indians in what is today Minnesota and the Mississippi Valley; one, called by the French the "People of the Lakes," called themselves the Dakotas, which means a union of many, like our own "E Pluribus Unum."

History gives many a story of people standing alone against their enemies and failing, then uniting for strength against a foe, as did these Indians. This foe was probably the Ojibwa or Ojibway, which we call Chippewa, of whom we shall speak later.

The first Indians are commonly called Sioux, a nickname given by the traders for a much longer one, Nadowaysioux. The Chippewas always called them this name, which means "hated enemy," just as the Greeks called their foes "barbarians," which meant not able to talk Greek, and so the word barbarian today has come to mean uneducated or not civilized. The Sioux, as we shall call them, lived very early about Mille Lac, which they called Spirit Lake because they believed that the Great Spirit protected them there. They spread all over what is now western and southern Minnesota and built the mounds which are scattered here and there along the Mississippi Valley. They wandered over the country, gathering berries in the summer, wild rice in the late autumn, and had plenty of game and fish from the woods and lakes, around which there were no other people than themselves, and in November the whole tribe went on a yearly buffalo hunt to get meat for the winter. The children had no school; early they learned to use bows and arrows; always heard of war and hunting

until they thought they were the only things in the world for a man to learn. At sixteen a boy had often made his war-club, gone on the war-path and destroyed things, instead of learning how to make the useful and helpful things that you do to-day. The little girls learned to weave clothing for their fathers and brothers and to make beadwork for decorating the "braves," as they called their best fighters.

It all sounds very pleasant: no long hours of school, every day like Saturday or vacation, and no lessons to study, but they had no settled homes, no way to keep clean, no clean clothes, no books, not even moving pictures.

The *tee-pees*, or *tepees*, which were their houses, the women, or squaws, carried from place to place, on long marches lasting often many days. For they had no street cars nor even streets, but walked up and down through the forests and over the high hills, until they found a place with food where they would settle for a little while. The squaw would cut poles about ten feet long; fasten them together at the top, and cover them with skins sewed together. One of these poles she planted firmly in the ground; then the others were spread around, the loose ends making a circle, the whole covered with the skins. A fire was built in the middle and over it swung a pot or kettle around

which they all sat and out of which the squaw ladled their food. They had no dishes, nor knives and forks, nor table, and if the men had killed an animal they had a good meal; if not, a poor one, for they had no stores in which to buy things.

In the summer time they ate and lived almost entirely out of doors, but in the winter time inside the tepee, which had no windows, and where they had no lights but the fire. After the big game gave out in Minnesota, the Indians often covered their tepees with bark instead of skins.

Life in an Indian village couldn't have been very pleasant. It was dirty, untidy, with no stores, no lights, no churches—nothing was sweet or clean or wholesome. The Sioux had no regular time for sleep or for eating, and while they often feasted for days at a time, and nights at a time, they were often cold and hungry.

In the summer the men wore shirts and trousers and leggings of buckskin, often fringed and beautifully decorated by the squaws, and after the traders came they dressed in gay blankets. They painted their faces and clothes from dyes which they made themselves, and wore ornaments of shells, teeth, feathers, and anything glittering or unusual. They called all their ornaments "wampum," and used them instead of money whenever they wanted to trade.

The Dakota Dandy was as proud of his clothes as any young man that you now meet on the street wearing a suit in the latest fashion.

The full habit of the Dakota chief Wanotah consisted of: "A cloak or mantle of white, dressed buffalo skin covered with tufts of owls' feathers and the colored plumage of birds. This was the famous 'feather blanket' or mantle. He wore a splendid necklace of fully sixty glassy bears' claws; leggings, jacket, and moccasins of white skins, much decorated with human hair and embroidered in a pattern of porcupine quills. In his hair were nine painted sticks fastened with red cloth, to show the number of gunshot wounds he had received. Two braids of hair fell forward over his face, which was painted brilliant with vermilion. He carried a huge turkey-feather fan, which he waved in a dignified way. His son wore a great bonnet of war eagle feathers, which reached way below his knees in the back. The dress and cape of white ermine skins were much too large, as the suit had been made for his father."

In order to honor a guest, the tribe always gave a dance. The braves were all dressed in their finest and wore all kinds of queer ornaments. At a dance once given to a pioneer one of them had an open paper of pins fastened to his headdress.

The braves began the dance by stooping and running forward a few paces, singing in a low tone which gradually rose and ended with a shrill yell, then stopped and began all over again. This was rather ridiculous, but the song would have made one decidedly uncomfortable if he had heard it when he was alone and not sure of the friendliness of the Indians.

The Indians were always very fond of games. The most interesting one, called Ta-kap-si-ka-pi, the Sioux played on a prairie near the Mississippi River, and the Canadian French liked it so well that they learned it too, and called it "la crosse." So the place was named that, from the game, and is now the town of LaCrosse, where they used to ship a great deal of lumber down the Mississippi River. The game of la crosse was a good deal like hockey or football, only it was played with a long stick curved at the end, with a net in the curve, somewhat like a small tennis racket with a long handle. The players were divided into two sides and tried to get the ball into the opposite goal. The French played the game with ten or twelve on a side, but the Indians had a whole band or camp as rivals. When they could no longer play at LaCrosse they used the prairie which is now near St. Peter.

The Indians always played all their games with

stakes, not just for the fun of it, and the stakeholder was a very important man. He took his place on his horse on one side and an Indian would come up and offer his pony as his stake. Pretty soon another Indian would bring up a pony to play against this one and if they were of equal value it was all right, but sometimes four or five would be offered before one was taken. They put up everything they had, feathers, bows and arrows, and sometimes even their clothes.

The players wore no uniform, but were dressed in a pair of trunks, and their bodies were painted in streaks and stripes of red and black and blue and yellow, for the worse they looked, the better pleased they were. Sometimes in playing they scattered over a mile of prairie. The game was a very exciting one, because they never stopped until they were absolutely tired out, instead of having a set number of innings or playing until a certain time. They used to play over a wild country where there were many snakes, which they killed as they ran, and sometimes a hundred were left dead on the field by the end of the afternoon. After all their games they had a great feast, which they usually kept up half the night, and the victors were as important as the football champions of today.

The Sioux were a very cruel people. They had never been taught any better, and when tracking

an enemy, skulked along in the woods or crept low on the prairie until he was caught unawares; then the Indian scalped him with a tomahawk, a short circular knife set on a handle, and took the scalp home with him in triumph. This was not mere cruelty, but for proof that he had killed him, as it was the only proof that no one might contradict. Then the tribe would have a scalp dance. The squaw would dry the scalp on which the hair was left and attach it to a hoop with handles, and while the men danced, their figures all painted up, crouching low, holding their tomahawks high, the women, waving the scalps, would come into the circle with queer little cries, which were fairly inhuman, and they would all dance until they fell tired out. The scalp dances kept up, if the victim was killed in the summer, every night until the leaves fell, and if in the winter, until the leaves came out in the spring. Anyone who had scalped a man or woman was allowed to wear an eagle feather in his hair, and sometimes an Indian chief would have what was called a "bonnet" of feathers cut to encircle his head. The bonnet of a great chief sometimes reached clear down to his knees, because scalping was considered the greatest thing that anyone could do. You see the Indian didn't know any better, and thought that if he didn't kill his enemy he would surely be killed by him.

All people who progress at all settle down as soon as they learn to farm, and the Indians, who at first wandered from place to place, gradually settled down for a part of the year in the same place, and all the little Indian villages had near them many patches of corn. All the people who lived in a village belonged to the same band, which means that they were related or connected with one another like one great family.

Besides maize, which the Europeans called corn, they raised tobacco. One tribe, because they raised so much, was called the Tobacco Tribe. Some of them raised squash and potatoes, and they had ponies and dogs. They called the dog *chunka*, and the horse, *waken chunka*, which means "spirit dog." The dogs they ate as great luxuries, or when there was a famine, though the Indians near the lakes lived a good deal on wild rice and fish.

They made beautiful bows and arrows and pipes worked in copper and silver, and dyed their skins and the skins of animals with colors which they made themselves from berries and roots. The arrow heads were made of flint, which was very hard to chip off. There were at least ten Indian villages where the city of St. Paul is today, but one by one they were all deserted, as the wandering spirit took the people away or their enemies frightened them off.

THE OJIBWAYS

The other tribe in Minnesota was the Ojibway, which the White Men called Chippewa. We shall see these people after the white man came instead of earlier, as we did the Sioux. They live today on the reservations of Red Lake, Leech Lake, Pigeon River, Nett Lake, and White Earth, and also, at Cass Lake, Winnibigoshish, and at Mille Lac where they settled after they had driven away their enemies, the Sioux, who, you remember, used to call Mille Lac their own place. They still love their lakes and rivers where they used to live, and they are still called Fish Indians because they would rather eat fish than anything else.

They used to live almost entirely upon fish, which were plentiful, as thousands of Minnesota lakes were teeming with them. The Indians called these *Tullibees*, their name for our white fish. They were caught in the fall, before the ice formed, and hung on scaffolds to freeze. Every Indian village had these scaffolds scattered all through it. Sometimes warm weather would come and the entire food supply for the whole village would spoil, and then the winter was indeed a starving time.

The Ojibway was tall and muscular (often six feet, four inches tall), had beautiful hands, and

walked with a springing step, as though he were the lord of creation. The only Indians left like them seem to be the Nez Perces, who live in Idaho and sometimes come into the towns holding their heads as high as though they were kings, as indeed they used to be. The Ojibways had very thick, black hair, which never turned white no matter how old they were. They had beautiful teeth, were sinewy, and could swing along a trail all day without getting tired. The women were all tall, but had no beauty of face or figure. They trudged or plodded along on the trails, as they well might because for hundreds of years the women packed all the household goods and often carried burdens of two hundred pounds. Many times a squaw would carry the birch-bark canoes, rush mats, cooking utensils, and on top of all, perch the baby.

The Ojibways were blanket Indians, though as soon as they learned dress from the white men they wore cotton shirts and leggings, though they never could be induced to give up their moccasins. These Ojibways were very hard to civilize, because they loved their old customs, and some of the earlier missionaries tell us that the congregation used to go from church to an Indian dance and whoop and jump with the best of them. Once after a missionary at Red Lake had worked with them all summer and felt sure that they had really adopted the

new religion, an old grand medicine man (a high order of the medicine men) came to the village. The missionary was discouraged to see his converts take off their civilized clothes and join in the dances, and to hear them boast of the Sioux they had scalped, and he tells us that they ate so many dogs at that dance that they all went home barking.

The Leech Lake Indians were always very fierce. They were wild blanket men, with painted faces, long scalp locks, and feathers. But on the reservations there are now very few blankets and most of the scalp locks are gone. The villages used to be surrounded with great stones and on all of them were offerings of tobacco to make friendly any of the gods who might come by.

The Ojibways lived in bark wigwams, which were very cold, as there were great cracks between the layers of bark, yet many of them even now leave their comfortable houses and live in the summer in these one-room bark wigwams. They all sat on rush mats around the fire in the center, and the fire kept their faces warm, but their backs were very cold. When a visitor came he lifted the blanket door, because you must never knock at an Indian's home. They were very sociable and glad to see visitors, although they didn't often tell you that you were welcome. In an Ojibway house people sat opposite the door, where was the bed

which was also the seat of the master of the house, and if he was very glad to see you, the father of the family gave you his seat, just as we always like to give the best we have to any of our friends who come to see us. Around the fire was a fender of small sticks, and it wasn't polite to move nearer to the fire than this little barrier. On a sapling hung one or more pots or kettles.

These Indians were very curious about all that happened and, instead of being silent and morose like the Sioux, were very cheerful and talkative and laughed a great deal. They loved to tell stories of early days, among them, stories of the moose and elk herding together by the hundred, and of killing them off with axes. They say now that they never thought that these animals could grow any less in number, but of course when the white man came and cut off the timber, there wasn't any place for them to live longer. The little children (who even in the coldest weather wore only a cotton shirt), fat and dirty, swarmed around the floor, falling over everything and being laughed at just as white children would be. The Ojibway father was very fond of his children and very affectionate.

Housekeeping was very easy and simple even in the winter. When she happened to think of it, one of the older women (because you must remember

large families lived all together in one wigwam) would go outside and chop off some frozen fish, which she put into a pot. If she had flour she would bake bread in a pan set up on edge near the fire. After the white man came, the Indian learned to drink tea, and it was a great luxury with him. This meal of fish with bread and tea was always offered to the visitor, who was expected to say "Oongh ondjita," or "This goes to the right spot."

Many of the earlier settlers tell us that the Indian women were wonderful fish cooks and that this simple meal was always delicious. In the fall, of course, they had rice and venison and prairie chickens and other good things. They ate a great deal every day when they had it, but often forgot, or were too lazy to store up anything for the winter, and so winter was always a hard, starving time for them, but they were always hospitable and always friendly to the whites. They were very vain and thought they sang wonderfully well. Perhaps when a visitor was in a lodge the father of the family would reach for his drum and play and sing chants of peace or war, or whatever he happened to think of, and his face would light up as though he saw visions.

When "sleepy time" came the Indian mother would hold up a little blanket and the child would

lie down wherever he happened to be, and be tucked in on a mat. One by one everyone would lie down with a blanket over him, his head tightly covered, his feet exposed to the fire, for the Indian knew that if your feet are warm you can't feel very cold. As the fire died down they would curl their feet up and roll up into little balls, and while the white visitor with heavy clothing and an extra blanket often shivered all night, the Indian slept peacefully.

The women never wore more than a cotton shirt, a petticoat, and a calico dress, and with a cotton blanket over them would sleep out in cold weather. During the year the Ojibway Indians had a great many things to do. In the winter they watched carefully, eagerly, to hear the first crow call, because that meant winter was over, the starving time was gone, and now they would have plenty to eat. Very early the whole tribe went into the woods to make maple sugar, and while the women made the sugar, the men went off to trap muskrats. For sugar, a little slit was made in a hard sugar-maple tree, and a little trough propped under the slit, leading to a bucket on the ground. These buckets, called *mokuks*, were made of birch bark. Then when the sap began to run it flowed down the troughs into the buckets, and the children were very busy emptying them into the great big iron pots and kettles, which the women tended and skimmed

over a great fire. There was always snow on the ground and they were wet all day and all night, but they enjoyed this part of their work more than anything during the year, and no one was too tired, or too sick, or too old, to go into the sugar camp when the sap began to run. When the men came back with the pelts of a great many muskrats, they all had a big feast and rejoicing which lasted until the little leaves began to peek out. Then the sap stopped running and the tribe all went home.

Soon time came to plant potatoes and corn. Then everyone had to go out and gather strawberries, and after that raspberries. Later the blueberries came, which were their favorite fruit, and they went many miles for them, and each tribe had another camping trip like the spring one. In September they cut birch bark for their canoes and wigwams and dried it. Later, rushes had to be gathered from the lakes for their mats. Then they all fell to, and made their canoes. By that time wild rice had to be gathered, and last of all came the cranberry season. Each one of these different occupations meant a trip and the Indians were just as much excited over going camping as you would be, though to us they seemed to camp all the year around. Too soon the cold weather brought hunting, and then the squaws made the moccasins and leggings for the tribe. The deer skin was stretched

on a square of wooden stakes and dried for a few days. Then with a piece of bone the soft parts on the inside were scraped off and, with a knife like a plane, the hair was removed. The skin was put into some sort of a vessel, covered with the brains of animals and worked until it was very soft. It was then stretched and dried and when finished, was as soft as velvet, and if a doe skin, almost pure white. The skins were often beautifully embroidered with grass, hair, quills, feathers, and later, beads.

The men stayed out hunting until the first of January, when the dark time of the year kept them indoors until March, and again they had their sad, hard, starving time until the crows came again. A few days' work would have stored up all the food that was necessary for the winter, and they always made up their minds to turn over a new leaf, but they always forgot in the summer when food and sunshine were plentiful.

These Indians never even cut enough wood for more than a day at a time and so it was a great hardship to get the wood in the winter. Often you might see, on a winter's day, the long line of squaws going into the woods and coming back with great heavy loads of sticks, which they threw down in front of the cabins and which they had to go out into the cold to get as they were needed.

The little children, when babies, were strapped to boards and tenderly cared for until they were about six years old, the mother carrying them everywhere she went, but after this age they were really left to bring themselves up.

The Ojibways were great walkers and after the whites came, carried the mail, sometimes walking thirty-five or forty miles a day and thinking nothing of it. A story is told of one Indian, the Red Lake mail carrier, used to walking an average of thirty miles a day, who was asked by a woman of his tribe what he did, and when he told her, she said: "You have an easy time, nothing to do but to pick up your money at the end of the day."

These people were very secretive in regard to their names and never told them, so if one must be learned they let someone else tell it, and when the early settlers wanted to get the name of any Indian chief, they would ask someone else with an air of great secrecy. The story is told of one Indian who said he didn't know his wife's name, although they had been married fifteen years.

Chippewa is a very beautiful, soft language, full of fanciful expressions, but it is very hard to learn, although the early missionaries and many of the traders and pioneers knew it well.

We shall see that little by little both these Indian

tribes were pushed farther and farther west by the white man until, except for a scattering few here and there, they were gathered on reservations. The way the United States Government gets the Indians to live on reservations is to pay for their lands, usually a fixed sum each year, and offer them houses, stoves, wagons, sleighs, cows, and oxen. Some of the people have taken up the customs and habits of so-called civilization, which really means putting on white men's clothes, which are not half as picturesque, although they are more convenient, than the Indians'.

The Ojibway chiefs, once so powerful, have little influence today, although they are wonderful speakers and, when they want to stir up the tribe, are fiery and eloquent. The Ojibway is very clever and can make a great many things, useful and beautiful, but he is so lazy that he does very little. The result is that he never gets anywhere in development. He has a good mind and his sight and hearing are very keen so that he can see the glance of a deer's eye in the woods, or hear a bird or the footfall of an animal at a great distance. He is always patient, always polite, he never swears, but he never saves anything. He is cruel to his enemies and to animals. He doesn't even take care of his own ponies and often leaves them out in the winter cold.

Red Lake, which is really twin lakes, both of them large, is the present home of many of the Ojibways, who live along the shores on their reservations and on the narrow point between the two parts of the lake. Their houses of logs, with one room, have chimneys made by themselves, of whitish clay. These Indians are most of them Christians and are the most thrifty of all our Indians.

The Leech Lake Indians, who are Christians too, have larger houses, neat, light, and airy, with little gardens beside them, and they are a great contrast to their neighbors north, the Cass Lake Indians, who are heathen and are shiftless and dirty, and their houses little and poor.

For many years the Indians lived on the edges of our towns all over the State, but usually in the north. It is only a few years since Old Bets, the most famous relic of the Sioux squaws, ceased to haunt the railroad station and the river levee in Saint Paul, hoping to pick up coins from tourists, and indeed her hopes were justified.

John Bluestone, an Indian chief, lived for many years at Shakopee, going to Prior Lake in the summer to fish and gather berries for the hotel, and his children and grandchildren are still about these places.

Maiden Rock, or Lover's Leap, Lake Pepin

(From the E. A. Bromley Collection)

Minnehaha Falls

(By courtesy of the Haynes Photograph Co.)

CHAPTER III

THE RED MAN'S WORLD

THE Indians were too ignorant to know about God the Father, but had their own stories about creation and believed that there were many gods. Anything the Indian loved or feared, hated or admired, he thought had something to do with a god. When the winds rustled he thought it was the voice of a god, when the fire burned brightly he thought it was a god's hand that did it, and we don't wonder that when he looked up at the stars at night, he thought there were gods behind them. So he prayed to the sun, the moon, stones, dogs, and trees, but he believed in a Great Spirit above and beyond all others.

The Chippewas called their great god *Manitou*, the Mighty Father of the Waters, whose picture is in the State House in Saint Paul. The Sioux had a queer idea of Adam and Eve, and of the Creator, whom he called *Taku-Waken*, "that which is more than human." He was like a great ox with eyes as big as the moon, and he could pull in or lengthen his horns and tail like a turtle.

The animals were all made before the earth was, and where do you suppose they lived? Now before there was any world, *Taku* commanded them all to bring earth, and after many trials the muskrat dove again and again under the water and at last brought out a handful of dirt,—I suppose we ought to say "a pawful,"—and out of this the earth was made. Then the god took one of his own children and ground him up to powder and scattered it over the earth, and it turned to worms and out of the worms men were made, which is why, I suppose, we call people "worms of the earth."

Another god, Oanktayhee, lived under Saint Anthony Falls. He was very cruel and ate up a soldier who was swept off and whose body was never found. One of the early missionaries, Robert Hopkins, preached against this god and when he was drowned at Traverse des Sioux, all the Indians thought that he had been swallowed as a punishment. The god of opposites, Hayokah, was a queer one; his followers called hard things, soft; white things, black; smooth things, rough, because he did, and they believed that he groaned with joy and smiled with pain. They used to dance in his honor and tried to do exactly the opposite of what they really felt.

One of the greatest of the Sioux gods was Wahkeenyan, the Thunder Bird, who lived in a

lodge on the top of a high mountain. At his east door was a butterfly; at the west a bear; at the south a fawn; at the north a reindeer all dressed in sacred red down. He created tomahawks and spears, and he was so big that he made what are called *thunder tracks*, which you can still see near Big Stone Lake, huge footprints in the stone bigger than any human giant could possibly make.

The Indians placed their dead on scaffolds high above the ground, building one at each stopping place, and on them put food in a cup or bowl, and bow and arrows to use on the journey to the Happy Hunting Ground. After building as many scaffolds as there were stopping places on their travels from place to place, the Sioux buried some of the bones in the mounds that we shall speak of later, and which we find scattered all up and down our State.

The Sioux thought that any object might be some kind of a spirit, but only hard, egg-shaped stones were to be worshiped, like the reddish bowlder, called Red Rock, on the Mississippi shore near Saint Paul.

Like the Indians of the Far West, the Ojibways had totems; clan symbols, carved, burned, or painted on their grave posts which told of great deeds of their families. The totem was like a family history and had at the top a sign which was the clan name, like buffalo, or crow, or deer.

The Ojibway sign was an eagle on a rock, eating the head of an owl. We should think their totems very ugly, but they revere them and think they are the most beautiful pictures possible.

The Indians all know how to show the family names very quickly. A camper once asked a Chippewa Indian what his name was. He stepped to a nearby tree; with his hunting knife made a few slashes and designs and then stepped back as though he had done a wonderful thing. And he had, because a caribou horn and some rushes were plainly shown. It was found afterward that his name was Swamper Caribou.

The medicine men, who taught all things, were trained when boys by the older medicine men and were told all the mysteries of religion and healing. When anyone was sick the medicine man was sent for in a hurry, and the messenger ran back from his lodge as fast as he could, while the medicine man had to follow. If he refused to do this, the family sometimes sent five or six times, and the more he had to be coaxed the more the Indians thought of their medicine man. Meanwhile, the sick man was waiting. When the medicine man came to the lodge he went through all sorts of queer, mysterious incantations and mumblings. Sometimes, but not often, he put the patient, stripped of his blanket, in a small tent where stones

had been heated redhot and water poured over them and gave him a sweat bath. But usually he tried to charm away the sickness. The charms were always carried in a medicine pouch, which no one was ever allowed to see, and which gained its power from its mystery. Several of these pouches came into the hands of white men and all they contained were a few stones, a lump of clay, pieces of an animal's tooth, and a dried root or two. Yet the Indians believed in them and in their power.

As everything in nature was a god or spirit, and all the animals and birds and plants were once in different shapes, they tell us many stories of the way they came to be.

THE WATER LILY

Once a tribe noticed above the village a very beautiful star which came every night and which was so large and so luminous that it seemed impossible to be just a star. Night after night they used to go out and look at it as it rose and hung above the tops of the trees.

One night one of the young chiefs had a dream of a beautiful maiden, who said that she was tired of living far above people in the heavens and that she wanted to come down to the earth to live, but she did not know how. He awakened, hurried out of

his tent and there, just above the wigwam, the face of the maiden smiled out of the great star. After he had begged her to come down and promised her that the tribe would protect her, she appeared as a white rose beside the trail, but she was so afraid of the people and of the dogs that daily passed by, that she moved farther away from the path and fastened herself on a great rock and was called the rock rose. But she was almost as lonely here as she had been in the heavens, and so one night, she moved out into the quiet waters of a beautiful lake near the camp. There she has lived ever since and her children are spread over the waters of the lakes of Minnesota.

THE ARBUTUS

Once there was an old hermit who was about to die in a lonely wigwam, and he was wondering what he could do to leave something worth while to his people to be remembered by, so he called all the spirits to help him.

A lovely girl came into his hut. Her hair was covered with moss, her hands and feet bound with pussy willows, and she had a lovely pink and white face, which smiled out from under her strange covering.

As soon as she came into the wigwam, a delicate

fragrance arose and as the old man asked her who she was, she said: "I am Hope, which keeps people warm and happy through the long, cold, winter months. I will be a promise of Spring to your people always."

The old man became weaker and weaker and, as he fell, worn out at last, with his breath gone, the maiden came near him, covered him up with leaves and moss, and in among them she tucked tiny pink blossoms which were hidden in the folds of her garments. They were so sweet that they filled the whole air with fragrance, and today, when the snow melts, you will find them along the shores of the lakes in northern Minnesota.

THE ROBIN

An old man had an only son named Opeeche, whom he wanted to have surpass all others in the trial of strength, which every young Indian has to go through before he is worthy to be called a Brave. Most of the boys take a steam bath and fast for seven days. During the fasting when they become so faint that they can no longer stand, they dream dreams or see visions, which they think will foretell their future or help them in their after lives.

The old man made up his mind that his son should fast twelve days instead of seven, and in this

way gain great fame for his endurance, which means more to the Indian than anything else.

So Opeeche went through three sweating baths, and, taking a clean mat, went all alone to the little lodge made ready for him, and there he fasted nine days waiting for the vision, which was to foretell his path in the future. Over and over again he had bad dreams and begged his father to let him go and come back later, for this seemed a poor time for his trial. But the father insisted, and encouraged him with the hope that his twelve days' fast would make him a very great man among his people and that he would have power always. The eleventh day the father came to see his son and found him lying on the ground in the lodge, faint and scarcely able to speak. He talked to him and promised to bring him food early in the morning, but the young man made no reply and scarcely seemed to hear him.

In the morning the father went to the hut with a light meal of things that his son loved and he found, to his surprise, that Opeeche was sitting up and painting himself with vermilion all over his chest and as far back as he could reach on his shoulders. The father was terribly worried and begged him, then ordered him, to stop; but he kept on just the same, and at last when his father tried to take the paint brush away from him, Opeeche flew

to the top of the lodge and began to sing. His song was very sweet and very cheerful. He told his father he could never be a warrior but a messenger of peace and joy. He promised always to live near men's houses and to be a friend to man and always to be happy and contented. Then where his son had been, the unhappy father saw instead, singing in the sunshine, his breast aflame with vermilion, a Robin Redbreast.

THE STAR FAMILY

White Hawk, a young Indian chief, was wandering one day through a prairie when he came to a well worn path in the form of a ring. There was no path leading up to it and there was no path leading away from it, so he was sure the ring was made by a Manitou. He hid himself in some bushes and after a little while heard some sweet singing, and right out of the sky a great wicker basket was lowered into the middle of the mystic circle. Out of it sprang a dozen or more lovely maidens, who joined hands and began dancing and singing around the ring. White Hawk started towards them but the minute they saw him, they all got quickly into the basket and disappeared right into the sky. Day after day he hid himself and watched them, and day after day they disappeared as soon as they saw him.

But one day he ran up quickly and seized one of the girls in his arms, and the basket disappeared with all her sisters, leaving her on the earth alone with White Hawk.

He took her to his lodge and spent his time in making her happy. Finally she seemed to forget about her own people in the heavens and lived happily with White Hawk.

After a while a little son came to live with them, but the star mother began to long for her own people and secretly made a basket (she had been taught how by the Manitou) of rushes. One day she took her little son with her and away they flew up to the heavens she came from.

White Hawk was very unhappy and he wandered about and wouldn't be comforted. Every day he visited the mystic ring, hoping that he should see again his star and his little son. The star found, when she was among her own people, that she wanted White Hawk to come and live with them too, and so one day the Manitou sent for him, but White Hawk wouldn't go without all of his tribe, so they all went, taking presents up to the heavens with them. These presents were distributed among the people there and they were all turned into the image of the thing which they chose; some of them animals, some of them eagles, and some of them other birds.

White Hawk chose a white feather and he and his wife and little son, white hawks, all flew away together, and now when they want to live on earth they come here, and when they want to fly up to the heavens their wings are able to carry them there.

HIAWATHA

Hiawatha you all know very well. His mother was the daughter of the moon and he was a messenger of the Great Spirit, who sent him down to earth to be a teacher and a prophet. He talked all winter and taught all year until the spring came and then school closed and he went, like the rest of us in the summer time, to wander or to hunt, or to be out in the world until winter gathered his people together again.

IAGOO

The Chippewas had a queer legend of Iagoo, a talker who, like some people of today, always saw things bigger than anyone else and had bigger stories to tell. His eyes were like magnifying glasses, his ears heard the soft wind as though it were thunder. The birds that he saw were always big and brilliant. The animals had queer eyes like great wheels and claws like steel traps, and they could step over the hills and fly over mountains.

He saw water-lilies whose leaves were big enough to make a dress for his wife and all his daughters, and mosquitoes with wings large enough for sails for his boat. He went out one day to get some red willow for smoking, and found a thicket so big that it took him half a day to walk around it; so whenever an Indian wants to tell another Indian that he doesn't believe him, all he has to say is, "Iagoo, the story teller, is here again."

THE ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN CORN

Mondamin was the son of a chief, and when it came time for his trial of fasting, he made up his mind that he would try to learn something which would help his people. He was a very earnest young man, very kind-hearted, and it hurt him year by year to see his tribe almost starve toward the end of the winter, for they had nothing to live on but fish and game, and these never lasted into the springtime.

So he went away to his little lodge where he was to be all alone for seven days, or until the dreams came to him, and after he had been alone one day, he walked in the evening and looked at plants and pulled them up by the roots trying to find something that would feed his people all winter.

On the third day of his fast, a beautiful spirit, dressed in a rustling robe of all shades of vivid green with nodding plumes above his head and a face like the sunshine, came and wanted to wrestle with him and encouraged him by telling him that Mondamin would finally throw him. Mondamin was very weary, but as he wrestled he seemed to get strong and, although the spirit overcame him, he lay down that night and dreamed again of the beautiful vision. He wrestled with him three times, each time getting stronger, although he had nothing to eat all the while.

On the evening of the sixth day the stranger told him that on the morrow he would overcome him, and said that he must plant him where he fell, keep the ground soft, and not let any weeds grow above him. All this happened and Mondamin kept it all a secret, going every few days to keep the earth soft and to keep the weeds away, and one day late in the summer he took his father to see the beautiful green dress of the tall Indian corn with its nodding plumes, which has ever since been a blessing to the Indians, in the long hard winter.

THE SUMMER MAKER

Once a fisher, a queer little animal, living in the

north, had a son who was very much spoiled, and one day beginning to cry because he was so tired of the cold and snow, he begged his father to make it warm and green and beautiful. The father kept telling him that he didn't know how, but the child insisted and finally cried himself sick. So the father started off with two friends, the otter and the raccoon, and after they had walked many, many days, they came to the lodge of a very ugly Manitou, with whom they finally got to be friends, and he showed them a high hill, from the top of which he told them they could jump into summer.

The otter jumped very high, but he hit the hard wall of the sky and fell back wounded. The raccoon jumped higher and harder and made a hole in the sky, through which, with a mighty jump, after trying and falling back three or four times, the little fisher managed to crawl.

He found himself in the sought-for land of summer. All along the edge of the wall were cages with bright-colored birds in them and he began opening the doors and letting them out. They flew down through the hole to the earth, where the warm winds were descending, and although the gods of heaven shut up the cages and tried to tie up the summer winds, many of them escaped. So the little boy ceased his crying even though summer came for only a part of the year. But the poor

little fisher was thrown down through the hole which he had made and never enjoyed any of the summer except the little glimpse he had when he was in the summer land.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT THE RED MAN LEFT US

It is strange to think that the people who first lived here are almost all gone but that the lakes and streams and prairies where they fished and hunted and the places where they lived such a care-free life are still left.

The traces and memories of these first men will never die out in Minnesota, because they have given us so many reminders of themselves in places, in names, and in stories which they have handed down and which make us see the kind of people they were. Along the banks of rivers beginning away down in Ohio and making a line of almost eight hundred miles, stretching all along the valleys are the mounds where they buried their dead. Once there were more than ten thousand of these mounds. Now many like the famous one which used to be at Red Wing, are leveled for streets and roads. These mounds are all in beautiful spots, which makes us believe that they wanted the

"quiet" people to rest in the places which they would love and which their spirits would often come back to visit.

The most commanding of all these old burial places is the one in St. Paul on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, where it bends to the south. Whether the scene is all covered with green, summer birds about, the Mississippi River flowing through it like a wide blue ribbon; or bright with many-colored autumn leaves reflecting themselves like blurred pictures in the river; or all under the white snowflowers with the river a silver band of ice,—it is wonderful to look at. On one side is the forest broken by patches of green farm land, on the other are the spires and towers of the capital city and the smoke of factories, while high above all shine the two glittering domes, one of the Cathedral of St. Paul, the other, the State House of Minnesota, showing two things brought by the white man which have helped so much to make this great State, and which have made the whole world civilized. These two things you know before now are religion and law.

As we stand today among these mounds rising green and shapely from the ground, we seem to see the Indian looking toward the west as though to watch his departing people leaving the lands they loved, and to ever remind us of those who are

buried in the ground about, and over whom his spirit seems to be keeping guard.

Once there were thirty-two of these mounds; now only thirteen are left. The Minnesota Historical Society has had all but a few of them opened and inside were found a few bones, some arrows, pipes, and here and there a bowl or so. Almost all of the things that were inside the mounds are in the museum in the State House under the glittering dome, way over to the right.

Jonathan Carver, one of the first white men who ever came to this part of the country, tells us that while he was here he saw Indians come in the fall bringing the bones of their tribe who had died during the year, and that they had great exercises when they buried them.

Scattered all over the State, always on the banks of rivers or of lakes, are many more. Mound City, Lake Minnetonka, was named because of them, and there are mounds all around this lake.

Besides these mounds there are many heaps of stones and in a few places flint chips, showing where the Indians made arrows. This flint is very hard and difficult to chip, but nothing else was so good for arrow heads. Professor Winchell and Miss Babbitt were the first to find heaps of very old flint chips, near Little Falls, and these were the first great discoveries which

proved that the Indian was here many, many years ago.

The Indian, too, will always be remembered because of the names of many places in our State. Some of them are connected with myths and legends. All of them are story-telling names, for the Indians called everything and everybody a name which meant something. These names, of course, tell so much more of history than any new ones could, that they were kept when the white settlers came, and always will be. The name of our State, you remember, is an Indian one, and every time you go by a lake, I am sure you will try, when it isn't covered with ice, to see the sky-tinted water.

Winona (you will find it on the map in a county of the same name) was a name given by the Sioux to an oldest child if a daughter. This Winona from which the city is named was the daughter of a great chief. She was very handsome and a young brave of her band was always playing on his flute to her. They cared a great deal for each other, but he was poor and her father wanted her to marry a warrior who was famous because he had taken many Ojibway scalps. Winona objected to marrying him and told her parents how much she loved the young brave and begged them to let her go to his tepee. They refused, and day after day the summer went on, making Winona more and

more unhappy, until the time came to go to Lake Pepin to fish and hunt. The tribe camped on a level spot with sunny meadows and dark, cool, deep shadows under the great rock which rises four hundred and fifty feet above the lake. While everybody was feasting one evening, Winona climbed up this high cliff and stood on a bare place at the top, where she reached out her arms and began telling her story to the people. Appealingly she told them that she couldn't bear to marry anyone but her own brave, and as soon as the people below, disturbed in their meal, understood what she meant to do, they started to go to her, the great warrior leaping first and away ahead of all the others, but before he could reach her, Winona sprang from the height and was dashed to pieces on the rock below. There the great cliff called "Maiden Rock" stands today and you may easily see it from the cars on the railroad as you go toward the city which stills bears her name.

PILOT KNOB

A hill near the Minnesota River above Mendota, where Eagle Eye, a great Dakota, was buried, has a story which will always be remembered. Eagle Eye was accidentally killed by a companion when hunting with his band and had only enough time

to call for his wife, whose name was Scarlet Dove, before the breath left his body. Scarlet Dove wrapped him tenderly in skins and carried him on her back on the journey. Every place where her band stopped on the way home she built for Eagle Eye's body a scaffolding of saplings on which she laid him, and under it she watched every night. When they reached home she laid his body on its last resting place and died underneath it, and from Fort Snelling you may see the place where their graves are.

Red Wing was named from several great chiefs of the Dakotas, who lived near the present city of Red Wing. Kaposia, meaning "light," a town on the Mississippi River near Pig's Eye, was named because of the fleet-footed Sioux who lived for a long time in that village. Kasota, which means "cleared off," is named from the limestone quarries which were all about there. This limestone is a beautiful pinkish-yellow, and the halls of the State House, and the stairways, and the floors are all made from Kasota stone, polished so that even on the darkest day it looks sunny inside of that great building.

Mahtomedi, which means White Bear, is on that lake, whose name has been translated; Mankato, changed from *Mah-kah-to*, which means "blue earth," is in Blue Earth County. Minneapolis is

half Sioux and half Greek, *Minne*, meaning "water" and *Polis*, "city," and this name instead of St. Anthony was given to it in 1852. Shakopee was the name of a chief who lived there and translated means "six." His son's name Shakpidan, means "little six."

PIPESTONE

Gitchi-Manitou had his throne at Pipestone. You remember he was the great god who gave so many useful things to his people. Upon his heart was trouble because men warred with one another, and he split open with his hands the quarry, that warring men might make *calumets* or peace pipes, so the Indians made wonderful pipes of this red slate. Often these pipes were beautifully inlaid with silver and many of them are in the State museum today.

Before a council or "big talk" the calumet was passed in silence, from the chief who smoked it first, to each one who took a whiff until it had gone around the circle. Then the talk was begun and afterward the peace pipe was smoked again as a token of agreement just as we would sign a paper. Near Pipestone, you remember, the Manitou left his thunder tracks and near there also is "Leaping Rock," where the early people used to make trials of strength.

Chaska is named after the eldest son of a chief and this was the name that was always given to an oldest child if a son, as Winona was given if a daughter. Shadow Falls was named after a Chief Chaska and his daughter who disappeared over the edge of the cliff one stormy night and whose spirits for many years might be seen in the mist at the foot of the rock.

Wabasha means "red battle standard," or "red leaf"; Isanti, "long knife," was the name which the Indians called the American soldiers because of their long swords. They called St. Paul, Imni-ja-ska, which means white cliff, one of the names that we ought to be glad we changed, because it would have been very hard for us to use.

Anoka means "on both sides" and the city was called this because it was on both sides of the Rum River.

OJIBWAYS

The Ojibways have left many names also and their language is much more beautiful though not more meaningful than the Sioux. Bemidji means Cross Lake because the head stream of the Mississippi River crosses it and comes out on the opposite side. Mesabi, or Messabi, where are the great iron mines, means giant range. Watab River, which flows into the Mississippi north of the capital city, is named from the long, thin, threadlike roots of

tamarack and pine trees which the Indians split up and used for sewing together their birch-bark canoes. Sauk, which names so many things, the rapids, the lake, and the town, reminds us that the Sac and Fox Indians once lived here.

Mahnomen, the name given to one of our new counties, means wild rice.

Chisago is the lake which the Ojibways called *kichi* (large) and *saga* (fair or lovely). Because this was hard to pronounce it was smoothed into the present name. Kanabec is the Ojibway word for river or snake.

We have translated into English the Indian names for Big Stone, Cottonwood, Redwood, Traverse, and Yellow Medicine, which are Sioux; and Clear Water, Crow Wing, Ottertail, and Red Lake are translated into English from the names which the Ojibway called these places.

The early traders used in French the same name which in Indian means the "lake that talks," so Lac qui Parle was named because of the echoes which are thrown back from the cliffs. In the same way came also the name of our Mille Lacs, which the Indians called the "wood of a thousand lakes," and Roseau, which they called Rush River. The Indians called one of their rivers, which was hard to get through, by a name which the French called "la Rivière des Embarras," which means

"the difficult river." It was shortened to Desembarras and, by a way almost as winding as the river itself, we get the word Zumbro and Zumbrota.

Many words, too, which we use almost every day, come from the Indians. Some of them are words which the children east and west of us know only from books, while we keep the words because the things they mean we borrowed from the Indians who used them first.

The Ojibways called their houses wigwams; the Sioux called theirs tepees. The word powwow, which means their Indian council; barbecue, an animal roasted whole; totem, canoe, moccasin, and toboggan are all Indian words. The animals found here by the white men keep the names the red man called them. Some of these are: moose, caribou, woodchuck, chipmunk, and our own destructive little State animal, the gopher. Our words, maize (corn), potato, hickory, tamarack, and kinni-kinnick, the Indian word for red willow (their tobacco), are from the red men.

And so, although the Indian is almost unknown in his haunts, we keep and always shall keep the words which ought to remind us of the people who, though fierce and unforgiving, were brave and patient and who show us by these names how keenly they looked at the things about them and how much they loved nature.

CHAPTER V

HOW WE GAINED THE LAND FROM THE WHITE MEN

If you will look at the map of Minnesota, you will find that it is divided into two parts by the Mississippi River and the chain of lakes from which it flows. You remember that in the early days, the northeastern part was lived in by the Ojibway Indians and the southwestern part by the Sioux, but the white men who came into the Indian country did not usually consider that the Indians had any rights over the land and so claimed whatever they discovered.

The land east of the Mississippi River, you remember, too, was explored by the French and so, of course, they claimed it. The English, who had settled all along the Atlantic Ocean and up as far as Maine, claimed all the land clear to the Mississippi River but made no settlements so early as the French, and when they began to spread westward, as soon as the Atlantic Coast was filled up, they had trouble, of course, with the French

who had already settled along the Ohio River, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi.

The Algonquin Indians, whom we think were relatives of the Ojibways, knew the French, who had taught them to be Christians and had settled down in their little villages and lived with them for a long time. Other Indians called the Iroquois, who lived farther east, had been selling furs, and trading generally with the English for a long, long time, and so of course when the English and the French claimed the same territory the Algonquins helped the French and the Iroquois the English.

They fought many wars for nearly a hundred years and we call them "French and Indian Wars" although really they were French and English wars. In one of the fiercest fights, in what is today Pennsylvania, George Washington fought with the English because this, you see, was while the United States belonged to England long before the Revolution. Finally after many villages had been burned, many homes destroyed, and many people killed, the English won some great battles and in 1763 the French had to give up their claim, which is the way that all Canada became English and all the land in what is today the United States east of the Mississippi River became English too.

Now only twenty years after this came the Revolutionary War when we became independent

of England, and all the land east of the Mississippi River was United States territory, but north of the Great Lakes it remained English. So you see, east of the Mississippi River, Minnesota was now territory that belonged to the Union.

Now let us cross the river and look at the land on the western side. Long before the French came here it was all claimed by the Spanish, clear down to the Gulf of Mexico, but none of the Spanish lived here, and so their claims didn't amount to much, for the French who came afterward began trading with the Indians and lived with them, making little settlements. And so, of course, all the land as far as the Rocky Mountains was claimed by the French, but when the French gave up the eastern part of their land to the English they owed Spain a great deal, on account of many wars and troubles lasting a century back, and they had to let Spain have all their land on the western side of the Mississippi River. Poor France, who had done so much to explore and settle it, was squeezed out of North America and after 1763 didn't own anything over here, except two tiny islands away up near Newfoundland.

After a while the great French general Napoleon tried to conquer all of Europe, and he did get the land between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River away from Spain. We did not

like having the French on the other side of the Mississippi River because we wanted to be able to float all our goods down to the Gulf of Mexico without any trouble, and so we bought this land from France in 1803 and called it the "Louisiana Territory." Now you see the United States owns all of Minnesota though we were not quite sure where our northern boundary stopped and where England's began.

When the land south of the Great Lakes and north of the Ohio, extending as far as the Mississippi River, came to us from England in 1783, it was all claimed by some of the States, for it had been promised to them by England when they were colonies, and a large part of it wasn't settled at all.

The little States were afraid that when it was settled there would be so many more people in the big States like Virginia and Connecticut, that they would have all the power, so they refused to have anything to do with the government unless the land, which wasn't settled, was given to the United States. After quarreling about it for some time New York generously gave up her western lands and the others followed her example, so that everything in this region belonged to the United States Government.

It was called the Northwest Territory, and a set of rules called the "Ordinance of 1787" was made

by Thomas Jefferson for its government. This set of rules in a good many ways governed all of our territories, but there were three things which belonged only to this region, and of course the eastern part of Minnesota was under these rules, though when the part west of the Mississippi was added they were applied there too.

These important things were: First, that everybody should have the religion he wanted, for there were then laws about religion in some of the eastern States. Second, that there should never be any slavery in the Northwest Territory, and third, that children should be educated at the public expense. So we inherited these three good things for which we ought to be thankful.

You remember part of Minnesota was Louisiana Territory, while that east of the Mississippi River was called the Northwest Territory, which was cut up into different States and finally the only territory left was Wisconsin, our next-door neighbor.

When Wisconsin Territory wanted to be a State (because a State is so much more powerful than a territory) people in the eastern part of Minnesota between the St. Croix and the Mississippi Rivers didn't want to belong to Wisconsin, because they had many more friends along the Mississippi River than they had along the St. Croix, and so they asked to be the territory of Minnesota and have the

western part, far beyond the Red River, joined with that left over from Wisconsin. After sending one of our settlers, Mr. Sibley, to Washington, to beg Congress to let us be a separate territory, we became one in 1849, as we shall learn later.

Now let us take a trip along the edge of Minnesota.

For one hundred and fifty miles Lake Superior is our northeastern boundary and until it meets the St. Louis River, which the boundary follows to a point near Fond du Lac, when it goes south in a straight line until it meets the St. Croix River. The boundary winds down the beautiful St. Croix until it flows into the Mississippi at Point Douglas a little north of Hastings, where the Mississippi becomes our boundary until it reaches the northern line of Iowa, which was settled before Minnesota. At this point it leaves the river and goes west in a straight line two hundred and sixty-two miles when it turns due north until it meets Big Stone Lake, the centre of which it follows until its end, and then the line jumps across Brown's Valley to the centre of Lake Traverse, whose outlet flows north instead of south. When the water is high a canoe may sometimes be floated across Brown's Valley, and once a steamboat, attempting to get over, was sunk by a rock on the prairie. Taking up the boundary again we go north from Lake Traverse,

by Bois des Sioux River as far as Breckenridge where it flows into the great Red River of the North, which forms the boundary until we reach the southern border of Canada. Then we go east in a straight line until we run into the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River, which border the State as far as Rainy Lake and down a series of many lakes, into Lake Superior by the Pigeon River. Now that is a long trip and it would take us many days to go around the State for it is many, many miles.

But look at that queer little peninsula up north in the Lake of the Woods! That is one of the strange things about our boundary, for when it was settled in 1814, by the Treaty of Ghent after the War of 1812, that the Lake of the Woods should be the northern boundary, it was supposed that there were many rivers which flowed from the Lake of the Woods east, and we were to have the land drained by those rivers.

When the survey was made it was found that there wasn't one river which flowed east and so because of the intention, after many surveys had been made and committees appointed to settle the matter, this little piece which is called the Northern Peninsula was ceded to the United States in 1873 and the question finally settled by the United States and England in 1877.

The boundary is marked by posts with the initials

of the United States on one side and of England on the other, and so at last was settled the question of boundary between us and the Mother Land one hundred years after we gained our independence.

Now we have seen how the White Men settled with one another about the ownership of the land but we haven't adjusted matters as yet with the Indians.

TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS

The people who came here first claimed the land that they discovered and where they planted their flags, but they knew all the same that it really belonged to the Red Man. They could have driven him out because he didn't know anything about law, although it would have made him a deadly enemy forever, and it would never have been right. We are glad to remember that, although the White Man was not always fair to the Indian, at least he let him know that the first right to the land was his. It would not have been a very good plan not to be friends with the Indians even if it had been right or possible, because we know that, aside from the fact that right is right, honesty is the best policy after all and so we made many "treaties," as they were called, with the Indians.

The first treaty that we hear of was said to have

been made by Jonathan Carver who said that the Sioux deeded to him all the land near the city of St. Paul and whose heirs, many years later, claimed the property for miles up and down the river, including what is called Carver's Cave and Dayton's Bluff, that beautiful place along the river where the Indian Mounds are, and where, you remember, Carver saw the Sioux burying their dead. This claim was not made until years after he died. People didn't believe that the Carver family ought to own all the land from the head of St. Anthony Falls as far as Lake Pepin, though the deed was said to have been written at the great cave, and was signed with a turtle and a snake, the totems of two great Indian tribes which sealed the treaty. This treaty was never proved to be a real one, and it is thought that it was never signed by the Indians though it has been talked about a great deal, and for many years the family tried in the courts to get the land.

After the Revolutionary War, you remember, the English still kept their posts in our country in spite of their promise to withdraw, and of course they did not want to leave because their trade with the Indians was so profitable to them. So in 1805 Lieutenant Zebulon Pike was ordered to visit this part of the country and expel the British traders. You know that this was just after we had bought

this part of the country from France and so we owned both sides of the Mississippi River. Lieutenant Pike was a wonderful man, for he was not only a leader, a scout, a hunter providing all the meat for his party, but a surveyor, an astronomer, and a geologist, and with a few soldiers unused to frontier life he made a very difficult journey and had wonderful adventures on the way.

He went to Kaposia, the little Indian village below St. Paul, made friends with the tribe who lived there, and then camped on the big island just at the mouth of the Minnesota River where it flows into the Mississippi, below the bluff on which Fort Snelling was going to be built years later. This island is still called Pike Island and it was there that he made his treaty with the Dakotas and obtained for the United States the grant of land nine miles on each side of the river, allowing the right to the Indians to hunt and fish there. For this he gave them two thousand dollars in goods which seemed a great bargain to the Indians at that time.

Lieutenant Pike had many adventures which were thrilling and which make us feel that he was a remarkable man, for he was so firm and so friendly, and so patriotic all the way through. His diary is most interesting to read. Here is a little extract from it, telling of a talk with the Indians: "Brothers,

I am happy to meet you here at this council fire, which your father has sent me to kindle and to take you by the hands as our children. We have but lately acquired from the Spanish the extensive territory of Louisiana. Our general has thought proper to send out a number of his warriors to visit all his red children, and to tell them his will and to hear what request they may have to make of their father. I am happy the choice has fell on me to come this road as I find my brothers, the Sioux, ready to listen to my words. . . . Brothers, these posts are intended as a benefit to you. It is the intention of the United States to establish at these posts, factories in which the Indians may procure all their things at a cheaper and better rate than they do now or than your traders can afford to sell them to you. Brothers, I expect that you will give orders to all your young warriors to respect my flag, and protection which I may extend to the Chippewa chiefs who may come down with me in the spring; for was a dog to run to my lodge for safety, his enemy must walk over me to hurt him."

The Indians themselves had much trouble about the lands, where the different tribes used to fish and hunt, and the second treaty, in which they had a part, was made between the Ojibways and the Sioux in 1826 not very long after Fort Snelling was established.

The United States Government decided to help the Indians make dividing lines between their hunting grounds and so ordered them to meet at Fond du Lac, not very far from Duluth on Lake Superior, in the middle of summer. The commissioners came in a great barge all decked with flags and banners of red, white, and blue. They brought with them a band and it was there that the Indians heard *Hail Columbia* for the first time. There were seven tribes, who sent their chiefs, and of course they had a great deal of speech-making and feasting, and "pow-wowed" for five days before they could be made to promise anything. They were finally brought to time by the thought of the presents which they were always keen about, and which they were told would not be distributed until they agreed.

One old Ojibway woman came in place of her husband, and, instead of giving a present to the great white men, she brought only a handful of porcupine quills and a few blades of grass to show her husband's good will. She said: "My husband is old and blind, but he has a mouth and two ears so he can speak and hear, and I have come for a present for him from the great white father. It is all I can give for we are very poor."

The Chippewas promised at this time not to war on the Sioux, and to hunt only in certain places,

to give up all allegiance to England and to deliver up four of their number who had killed four white people at Lake Pepin. Twenty-nine surrendered later but because their case was not taken up soon, they cut their way out of the log jail, returned to their tribes, and were never arrested.

There was not very much trouble between the bands for some time after this, and the next treaty with the whites was made, twelve years later, in 1837, at Fort Snelling when the Ojibways ceded to the United States all the pine forests on the St. Croix River, and all the rivers that flow into it—a great tract of untold wealth for which the Indians received less than two cents an acre.

The same year the Sioux went to Washington and ceded all their rights to all the land east of the Mississippi River. Many people, who were waiting to settle and were afraid that they might have trouble with the Indians' claims, began to settle the land on the instant. Before daylight the next morning after the news came that the paper was signed in Washington many people had staked out their claims and by sunset the land was dotted with the stakes of future citizens.

In 1850 the Chippewas and the Sioux, who were still deadly enemies, were called to a council by Governor Ramsey to settle their quarrels. He had them meet at Fort Snelling so that he might have

the help of the cannon and the troops if they did not behave well. The council was held outside of the walls of the Fort and the Chippewas, who were always friendly to us, came early as though they were coming to a frolic. The Sioux, all dressed up and painted, suddenly appeared on the brow of the hill across the Minnesota River, and lashing their horses, rode down pell-mell as though to attack a deadly foe, but it was all just for show. They came into position and fired their guns into the air satisfied that they had shown themselves off very well.

The United States' infantry was stretched out in a long line, on opposite sides of which were the two tribes. The Sioux chief, "Sitting-in-a-Row," was six and one-half feet tall and looked very terrible, which pleased him and his warriors, who loved to have people afraid of them. A white flag was raised over the Fort and the pow-wow began.

During the ceremonies the Sioux got up and left, marching off in a very haughty manner because they were insulted at the presence of ladies and said that they came to meet chiefs, not women. The ladies, who had come to see this wonderful sight of the two great tribes all in full war paint, meeting as friends, of course got up to leave, though "Hole-in-the-Day," the great chief of the Chippewas, politely asked the women to come over to their side of the line and said, "All welcome, angelic

smiles." When they insisted upon leaving after thanking him, he solemnly shook hands with each one of them and in that way made a great hit so the ladies at the Fort were the friends of the Chippewas forever. The two tribes were well scolded by Governor Ramsey, who threatened them with all sorts of dreadful things if they were not good in the future, and then they all shook hands with one another and departed.

The next year, 1851, came the greatest treaty ever made in Minnesota. There were two tribes of Sioux called the Lower and the Upper Sioux, who claimed all the land west of the Mississippi River and clear into Iowa though, of course, they really could not hold all of that property. The President of the United States considered this treaty so important that he appointed Luke Lea, who was Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and Mr. Ramsey special commissioners. The meeting for the Upper Sioux, who were divided into Sissetons and Wahpetons, was appointed at Traverse des Sioux on the Minnesota River, where there was quite a settlement for those early days and where there had been a mission for some time. There were three frame houses, one painted, a number of log huts, and beyond them the bark houses and tents of the Indians.

The white men, of whom there were many, went

in a steamboat to the meeting place the last of June and waited until they were weary, for the Indians were slower than usual in coming. The Indians always think that they make themselves more important by keeping people waiting, and were not taught as we are that it isn't polite nor businesslike to be late.

During the days before they all gathered, they had many dances, a wedding ceremony was performed, and they expected to have a very grand festival on the Fourth of July, but on that morning the Reverend Robert Hopkins, the beloved minister of the Indians, was drowned and this cast a gloom, which lasted for many days, over the whole meeting.

A great lodge was built for the ceremonies, in the form of a circle with four big aspen trees to support the top which was a lattice work all intertwined with leaves. It had four arched gates, all decorated with boughs, and was the work of Alexis Bailly, a trader.

Before the pow-wow began, the Dakotas gave a great dance. There were a thousand of this tribe present and many of them took part. In the center of the lodge, they had a huge bark image of the Thunder Bird suspended from the roof and another one at each archway, while on one side was an Indian sorcerer who, with his face blackened and wearing a wig of green grass, directed the cere-

monies. There were other images here and there, among them a great bark buffalo. The young men sprang through the openings and began to dance, going more and more quickly and circling faster and faster every minute. Every little while they would run out and then come jumping back through the arches. Now and then someone would rush in with wild cries and at one time during the dance, hundreds of girls and boys sprang in and joined the swaying circle. Finally several rifles were fired off, cutting down the bark figures. All the actors fell exhausted on the ground and the dance was over.

Meanwhile more and more Indians kept coming and it was a wonder that the large number of cattle and stores of provisions, which the commissioners had brought with them, lasted so long as they did, for all the Indians had large families, who were always eating, and were always hungry. The Red Man believes in eating while there is food to eat, because he knows too well the time comes often when there is none.

The Indians insisted on changing the treaty and haggled about little things until almost a month went by and then finally when everyone was in despair they accepted it, selling to the United States this wonderful tract of land, richer than any money in the world could express, and stretching from the

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The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, 1851

(By courtesy of the Secretary of State of Minnesota)

Mississippi River far away to the westward land of promise. The treaty made the Indians promise to be at perpetual peace with the white man and set aside for the Indians a large tract which was for a long time the Yellow Medicine Indian Reservation, ten miles on each side of the Minnesota River from the Yellow Medicine River to Lake Traverse. The treaty promised enough money to move all their household goods and thirty thousand dollars for schools, mills, blacksmith shops and other things to help them in settled homes: beside a sum of money or "annuity" each year for fifty years to come.

First, the commissioner read the treaty, and then the Indians; that is, it was read in English and translated into Sioux by the missionary, Reverend S. R. Riggs, in whom all the Indians had great faith. It was hard to get the first Indian to sign but at last, as the White Man had signed, one chief after another came and "touched the pen," which was their way of signing their names. The Pipes of Peace were smoked first by the white men, one by one, and then passed to the Indians. The Indians were then "pulled by the blanket" to the trader's paper, which they signed promising to pay all their debts. Some of them had owed the traders for thirty years, and you may be sure that they charged the debtor enough now.

After it was all over, the Sioux Indian Agent, Major Nathaniel McLean, gave them the presents which had been displayed during the whole month, but carefully guarded until they should sign the paper, and the sight of which, no doubt, had a great influence on the signing.

In August, the Lower Sioux signed the treaty at Pilot Knob in Mendota under a great bower of oak trees. This treaty took even more patience and almost as long a time as the first one because the chiefs were so afraid, as well they might be, that they were not getting what they ought from the Whites.

Most of the objection was carried on by Little Crow, the fifth, who had studied in an Indian school and knew more about the customs of the Whites than any of the other Indians. He was very much dressed up in a white shirt and collar, a gay neckerchief, his beautiful embroidered medicine bag on a cord around his neck, a red belt with a silver buckle, beaded trousers and moccasins. He was the handsomest of all the Sioux Indians having long, black, curly hair, and a soft voice which is said to have been very pleasing, and an eloquence in speaking which made him a great orator among Indians and Whites. Little Crow was the son of Little Crow, whom he succeeded as chief, one of the first Indians, probably, who used the "soldiers' thunder

tracks" and learned to plow under the direction of Dr. Williamson at the village of Kaposia on the Mississippi River, just below the Willow Brook State Fish Hatchery of today. Little Crow had a wonderful memory. His totem was the crow worn on his back just below his left shoulder-blade. While fighting for the chieftainship, he was wounded in both wrists though he was victorious. His people took him to the surgeon at Fort Snelling after the battle was over, where he was told that his life could be saved only by cutting off both of his hands. The Indians knew that a chief who could not use his hands would be useless to a fighting tribe, and so they took him home to his camp. After many weeks of careful nursing, his life and both his hands were saved, though his wrists were terribly deformed and it was only by this deformity, when he was killed fighting many years afterward, that he was known to be Little Crow.

At last, however, after the patience of all the white men had almost given out and they had threatened over and over again to leave, sixty-five chiefs and warriors signed the paper, Little Crow proudly writing his name, the only one of them all who knew how.

The terms of the Mendota treaty were about the same as those of Traverse des Sioux except that for these tribes was reserved what was later called

the Redwood Reservation, ten miles on either side of the Minnesota River from a point near New Ulm to the Yellow Medicine River. They promised to move within two years though that part of the treaty was not carried out.

When the Indians had at last signed they were paid thirty thousand dollars which had been owed them since the Treaty of 1837 and held back for fear they would never sign this one if they had all that money.

They all came into St. Paul and spent their money right and left for all sorts of foolish things. A great many of them bought dogs because no Indian village is complete unless it has a large number of very quarrelsome snapping dogs, who are continually under foot, and make the coming of a stranger known all over the village as well as a disagreeable thing for the stranger. The Indians bought a great many horses at this time and Reverend E. D. Neill, in his history, says that they were no judge of horses but usually bought one because they wanted some particular thing about it. For instance, if an Indian wanted a long-tailed horse, he bought the horse on account of the tail and not because there was anything else about the horse that made it worth while. If he wanted a white horse, that was the only thing he looked for and so the livery stable, the farmers and merchants

generally sold off all their poor, old broken-down nags, which the Indians serenely bought. This childish trait is true of all Indians. The story is told of an Indian village in Idaho where the people had just been paid off for their land, where one family had four baby carriages and all had at least two, and one of the Indians, because he took a fancy to it, bought a hearse and joyfully took his whole family home in it.

After a few days of reckless buying and visiting in St. Paul, the Indians went off to their homes leaving most of their thirty thousand in the city behind them, so of course the treaty was considered a good one by the people of St. Paul.

These treaties, which we have spoken of, had to go to the Senate of the United States to be signed, and there a few changes were made, but finally the matter was ended and this is the way the Sioux came to live on reservations.

But the Indians did not always keep their promise of perpetual peace either in regard to one another or the Whites, and there were many bitter fights between the Sioux and the Chippewas. Only a little while after the great treaty, when the Sioux Indians were moving from Kaposia to their new home on the Lower Reservation, near Fort Ridgely, they were attacked by eight Chippewas. The Sioux had almost all of them gone to their new

home and this band was made up of a number of older women and children with Little Crow leading them. They were jogging along in a straggling scattered column, some of the women walking with packs on their backs, others riding in the wagons, which were piled full of all sorts of odds and ends, many of them useless but dear to the heart of the Indian, who would not leave anything behind whether he was ever going to use it again or not. They had no thought of an enemy near when suddenly from the bushes by the road, where they had been hiding and waiting for three days, their foe burst upon them. They were in plain sight of Fort Snelling and the soldiers rushed out to rescue them. After taking one scalp, the Chippewas escaped and only four of the eight warriors were caught and brought back to the guard house at the Fort. Little Crow insisted on revenge and in a few days came back to Fort Snelling determined to get the prisoners away, but the commandant would not give them up, and promised that they should be punished. However, they managed to escape later and Little Crow never forgot it. Although he had been a good friend to the white people up to this time, he brooded over this trouble and later we shall find that when the Indians declared war on the settlers, Little Crow, instead of standing by them, went with his own people.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST WHITE MAN

Explorers

THE first white people who ever came to this country were French, who very early in the sixteenth century came up the St. Lawrence River and along the Great Lakes, and traded with the Indians who used to bring their furs as far as Quebec. Fond of exploring and hunting, they traveled with the Indians and lived in their camps, always along the streams and lakes and rivers, for canoeing was by far the easiest way to travel. Of course there were no roads, nor even trails, and the first white people who came here had to fell trees, hunt their food, and often sleep out in the open, undergoing all sorts of hardships to find the new land which was ever beyond them and was always a land of promise.

Besides the explorers there were others who came here to teach the Christian religion to the heathen Indian, for no one did more to make it possible for the Indian to be peaceful and for the White Man

to live here, than the devoted priests who came from France. So the chapel and the cross came to the Indian camp together with the explorer and trader.

The great picture in our State House by Edwin Blashfield tells us this story. In the center is the great Manitou and before him an Indian brave and a squaw. The Indian brave with a scowl on his face holds haughtily back from the splendid figure of the Frenchman dressed in scarlet velvet,—a group of trappers, hunters, and explorers, behind him, pushing toward the Indian's canoe on one side. Opposite, the squaw, among a heathen people always bearing the burdens, holds out her hands in appeal toward the tall figure of a gentle-faced priest who holds above her head the cross. Behind him press forward the figures of other priests clad in sober gowns of gray and brown, and with faces marked by earnestness and patience. In the background rise the straight, tall, slender pine trees.

Although the French claimed this land for more than two hundred years, they made no lasting settlements here, and so we have today no traces of them as a people excepting in the places they named and in the fact that they made the Indian a little more friendly to the white people.

All the early stories of explorers west of Mon-

treal tell of two young men who went into the wilds, far to the west, and there are accounts of these same young men bringing great canoe-loads of furs from beyond Lake Michigan. We did not know positively who they were until in one of the libraries in London, more than two hundred years after their voyage, the diary of one of them was found. It had been sold in London for waste paper long before, and it was only in 1885 that the Prince Society in Boston printed it. So you see we have known positively only a few years that the first white people who entered what is now Minnesota were Radisson, a bold, dashing, adventurous spirit, and his elder, milder, but a little more businesslike brother-in-law, Groseilliers. Between 1654 and 1660 these two men went farther west than any white man had ever gone, for they said that they went as far as Hudson Bay. No permission had been given them from the Governor of Canada to make this trip and on their return to Montreal he reproved them. In anger they went to Boston, told about their trip to some merchants who became interested, and this is the way that Hudson Bay came to be controlled by the English instead of the French. However, Radisson and Groseilliers quarreled with the English people, went back to Canada, and made two trips into the country which later became Minnesota. The

first time they entered at the southeast corner of the State, not very far from where the city of Winona is today, and went up the Mississippi River as far as Prairie Island, between Red Wing and Hastings, which they called the First Landing Island. They spent a year with this place as headquarters, really captives of the Sioux, who took them on their hunting trips, probably as far as Mille Lac. This was in 1655–56.

The diary of Radisson is most interesting. He tells about the buffalo, antelope, pelicans, and shovel-nosed sturgeon, all of which were new to him, for during the fourteen months that the two men spent with this band, he seems to have traveled with the Indians and enjoyed life immensely while Groscilliers spent the time in getting corn and other supplies ready for the journey back. At last, he tells us, they have a great deal of beaver fur, which the diary calls "castor"; are ready for the long trip and have persuaded five hundred Indians to go back to Montreal with them, so that they might be sure to get all the fur trade of this part of the country. When they are all ready to leave, the Indians hear that their enemies, the Hurons to the east, are on the war path and refuse to go. After urging, begging, and threatening the Sioux, Radisson stands up in a great assembly of eight hundred savage Indians and, pulling the

beaver skin from the shoulders of one of them, beats him with it, calls him a coward, and tells the Indians that if they won't come with him, he and Groseilliers will go alone. This bravery of his impresses the Indians, so that they all come with him, and in this way came about the first trading expedition of this part of the world. It must have been a splendid sight, this brigade of fifty canoes bearing hundreds of savage Indians, and bringing great loads of valuable beaver, as it voyaged toward Quebec.

While Radisson was with the Sioux, he baptized many children, and the Indians who came east with him asked for presents and also for priests to teach their children "the way to heaven."

Within the next two years these two adventurers made a journey along the northern shore of Lake Superior, which Radisson describes, though, of course, he often makes mistakes in geography. Skirting the shore, he describes Isle Royale in this way: "In the end of that point, that goeth very farre, there is an isle, as I was told, all of copper. This I have not seene. They say that from the isle in a faire and calme wether, beginning from sun rising to sun sett, they come to a great island (Isle Royale), from whence they come the next morning to firme land att the other side."

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During this trip they gave knives to the Indians, and from this we know that they probably traded with the Sioux Indians around Knife Lake, for the people who lived there were called Isanti, which means knife. Radisson says of the council there: "They are arrived, they satt downe. We made a place for us more elevated, to be more att our ease & to appeare in more state. We borrowed their Calumet, saying that we are in their countrey, and that it was not lawfull for us to carry anything out of our countrey. That pipe is of a red stone, as bigge as a fiste and as long as a hand. The small reede as long as five foot, in breadth, and of the thicknesse of a thumb. There is tyed to it the tayle of an eagle all painted over with severall coulours and open like a fan, or like that which makes a kind of a wheele when he shuts; below the toppe of the steeke is covered with feathers of ducks and other birds that are of a fine collour. We tooke the tayle of the eagle, and instead of it we hung 12 Iron bows in the same manner as the feathers weare, and a blade about it along the staffe, a hattchett planted in the ground, and that calumet over it, and all our armours about it uppon forks. Every one smoaked his pipe of tobacco, nor they never goe without it. During that while there was a great silence. We prepared some powder that was litle wetted, and the good powder was precious to us. Our Inter-

preter told them in our name, 'Brethren, we have accepted of your guifts.'"

This journey was a very hard one, for the winter was severe, with heavy snow, and our travelers almost starved to death. The diary tells us a very sad tale of having to eat buffalo skins and of living for a while almost entirely on soup made from bittersweet. Five hundred of the people with whom they camped died of starvation, but in the Spring things were happier and two great councils were held, in which the Indians promised peace and friendship to the French. Our adventurers made a six weeks' visit to the friendly Indian tribes, going across Minnesota as far as the Red River Valley, where they made a treaty and returned to Lake Superior, coming back from their long journey with sixty canoes loaded with furs, and what was even more important, the friendship of the Indians.

Radisson tells us many interesting things in his diary which gives a very vivid picture of his life, for he talks a great deal about himself, and his story is an exciting one to read, although we are afraid sometimes he imagines things that never happened. We read here for the first time about blueberries and white fish, and how he hid ducks in hollow trees to keep them from the eagles, how he hated the food of the Indians until they gave

him hulled corn, and how the Indians made pemmican which could be kept and carried a long distance.

Many things which might have made his writing more worth while he doesn't speak of, nor does he mention the names of places which would have helped very much in later explorations. We are afraid that he kept these things to himself because he didn't want other people to profit by his trip, and so he didn't help the world nearly so much as he might have, if he had been more generous about his discoveries. But he will always be remembered from the fact that he was one of the people who founded the Hudson Bay Company, and that he was the first white man to see Minnesota, though, like Columbus, he never knew the importance of his discoveries.

The next white person who came here was Daniel Graysolon Du Luth, who explored all the country between Lake Superior and Mille Lac which, you remember, was the early home of the Sioux, and out of which they were driven by the Ojibways. He held a great council of the Indians near the place where the city of Duluth is today, and in 1679 built a fort near Pigeon River, the place which later was to become so important to the traders.

He was the first one to come to the Mississippi River from Lake Superior, and coming down the rivers went west as far as Mille Lac, on the way

discovering Father Hennepin, who was a captive of the Sioux. Du Luth was considered a very great man by the Indians and won their affection and fear, so he was able to rescue Hennepin, whom he took with him as a guide, planting the flag with the lilies of France farther west than it ever had been before.

He returned with Hennepin to Quebec, where he reported many discoveries and where he tried to have liquor forbidden to the Indians, for he felt that it would do a great deal of harm, as it undoubtedly did.

Just before this the Governor of Canada had sent a man on an exploring trip farther south than the ones we have been talking about. This man was Robert Cavelier, commonly known as LaSalle, a powerful, elegant figure in this new land, admired by the Indians for his velvet and gold lace, and feared by them as much, for he was the first one whom the Indians had seen with so many helpers who had "spirit irons."

With him was Hennepin, a Franciscan monk, of the Recollect Order, who, though a Frenchman, had lived many years in Canada. He was very anxious to be a great explorer, for he was a natural adventurer, and tells us himself in his diary how he used to listen behind doors to hear people talk of adventures, and that he had always wanted to go into the wilds. He had already been a missionary

among the Indians in western New York, so it was natural that he should be chosen for this trip.

One hundred years before our independence the little party, led by LaSalle, stopped at Niagara River, where they worked for six months, building a boat which they towed to Lake Erie. On their way west they visited Mackinaw, where LaSalle, dressed in gold lace and scarlet, held a council of Indians, whom he told of the glories of France. From this place they sent back a vessel loaded with thousands of dollars' worth of furs, but it was never heard from again and was probably lost in one of those gales which still make Lake Erie dangerous. With four canoes LaSalle and his party skirted the strange coasts of Lake Michigan, camped on the wild shores, and at times almost starved to death, once finding a buffalo mired in a great marsh, just in time to save their lives, and at another time reaching an Indian village, deserted for the yearly hunt, but where they found some Indian corn. When they arrived at Peoria in Illinois, LaSalle ordered Hennepin to go up the Mississippi River while he himself went south, reaching, in 1682, the mouth of the Great River. Hennepin was delighted with his new adventure because he was sure that he could find a way to go from the Mississippi to Japan or China through "the frozen sea." These were the places that all

the European people expected to find and thought they had found on their trips to America. They all thought that these countries were full of gold and silver and precious jewels, and many of the early explorers believed that all the rivers flowing into the Mississippi from the west would take them clear across the continent.

So in February, 1680, Hennepin started with his party in a canoe and they had an easy time until they came to a place where the floating ice kept them for a whole month, so it was April before they began their hard trip up the great river. They had been given goods worth about two hundred and fifty dollars for presents to the Indians. Hennepin himself received ten knives, twelve bodkins, a little tobacco, two pounds of black and white glass beads, and some needles, all things which the Indians would prize.

There were in the one canoe Picard Du Gay and Michel Ako who was the leader of the expedition, and Hennepin who was its historian. When they reached the southern border of Minnesota, after a hard journey, they were taken captive by a band of Sioux, who took them along on their wanderings. Hennepin tells us a great many stories of his captivity, especially of the hard time he had trying to say his prayers, for the Indians thought he was conjuring with Manitou against

them. The whole Indian village had a great powwow over the captives whom they almost decided to kill, and spared only because they promised to help them trade with the French. The Indians at this time were all trappers and hunters and thought that the furs, which they could get so easily and any amount of which the French would take, were perfectly useless, and that the trinkets which they traded for, were worth a great deal. They were very much impressed with the guns of the white men, which they called *Maza wakan*, or "spirit irons." They took Hennepin and his party north, camped at Lake Pepin, and in nineteen days came near where St. Paul now is. Today we can take that trip in two hours.

After leaving the Mississippi River they went over to Mille Lac where the captives were very kindly treated and where Hennepin, who was worn out and ached in every part of his body, was given a steam bath. He was made to lie down on a bear skin, and his feet and legs were rubbed with the grease of wildcats; then the chiefs "wept on his head," which was the way in which the Sioux showed their feelings, and after they had wept for a quarter of an hour, they took him into a little lodge, where they poured water on red-hot stones. Hennepin says that he fainted from the heat and thought he was going to die, but after he had

been treated in this way several times, he felt much better. He was covered with a robe made of ten large beaver skins, trimmed with porcupine quills; then the wives of the chiefs took care of him, showing that he was adopted into their tribe.

He tells us a great many interesting things, how the Indians wondered at his compass, whose needle they thought he turned by conjuring, and wouldn't touch an iron pot, which he carried, because it had feet like a lion. He had to hang it in a tree before anyone would come near his lodge.

He baptized many Indian babies and learned a good deal about the country, although his geography was pretty mixed, but you must remember that he didn't have the beautiful maps that we all have today. His great discovery was St. Anthony Falls, which he describes as forty or fifty feet high and he tells of an island in the very center, which shows us that the water must have worn away the rock for many feet back, as the island today is far from the falls. In a tree nearby he engraved the cross, and the arms of France, and he named the beautiful cataract for his patron saint, Anthony of Padua. We may imagine his surprise and joy at seeing the majestic fall of water as it curls over the rocky ledge and plunges into the Mississippi River. It is impressive today, surrounded on all sides by the city with its mills and factories with

their ceaseless whir. What it must have been to those tired travelers, where there were no sounds but the roar of the water and the songs of the birds, and nothing to detract from the green of the woods and the white of the little Indian trail glistening on one side!

When Du Luth found Father Hennepin, he was really in slavery and was made to plant, seed, and till the ground, which was considered humiliating because it was woman's work. He had little to eat, only smoked fish and wild rice, six times a week. But after all, from what he says in his own book, the Indians appear to have been fond of him and to have treated him very well.

Father Hennepin published his travels and the first time told many important things in that diary, which the Indians thought was a spirit book. Because he had made a sort of dictionary of the Dakota language from talking with the Indian children, the people thought that the book told him what to say. The second time he published his travels he imagined much, and was censured by the King of France, because he didn't tell the truth. Do you wonder when he saw so many things which no white man had ever seen before that he got them somewhat mixed? Hennepin County is named for him, but the thing for which he will be remembered always is that he was the

first white man who saw and named the living water of the great falls.

We shall find Nicholas Perrot more a trader than explorer, but we should think of him among these people, because he wrote the first state paper which ever mentioned the land which was to be Minnesota. In 1689 from Fort Saint Antoine, on the Wisconsin side of Lake Pepin, he issued a proclamation in which, in a lordly way, he took possession of all the lands of the Dakotas. This was the claim on this part of the world which France held until 1763.

With Perrot at this time, and also a signer of the paper, was Pierre Le Sueur who made a canoe trip up the Mississippi, and explored from Lake Pepin to the mouth of the St. Croix River, finding caves of bears and telling about rattlesnakes, which he says have teeth like pikes, with a sack of poison in each tooth. He met Indians here, who "wept on his head" for a quarter of an hour, and with whom he smoked a hatchet pipe.

In 1695 he came back and established a fort at Prairie Island, a few miles below Hastings, in order to keep peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas. This is the same island which Radisson tells of forty years before, and it is hard to realize that this was long before anyone had discovered the mouth of the Mississippi River.

Le Sueur discovered and explored the Minnesota

River, which he called the St. Peter, possibly naming it after himself or his patron saint, Saint Pierre. Near the mouth of the Blue Earth River, a few miles from Mankato, he thought he discovered a great copper mine. The same year he went to Montreal taking an Ojibway chief and the first Dakota chief who ever visited Canada. When Frontenac, the great French governor, met these Indians, Tioscaté, the Dakota, dressed in full war paint, wept on him and laid down before him an otter skin and a beaver skin, begging him for "irons." Then he gave Frontenac twenty-two arrows, one for each of the villages, which he promised should trade with no one but the French.

Le Sueur was the greatest of all the French explorers because he had more influence with the Indians than any of the others, but most of all because we may be sure that he tells us the truth, and you know history that is not true is worth nothing. Le Sueur helped to make an important map which was a great help to those who came after him and we shall hear of him later.

The first man who came from our own country, even though it then belonged to England, was Jonathan Carver, who was born in Connecticut. They tried to make a doctor of him but he didn't like it, and thought he would rather go exploring. By this time the war between France and England was

over and what is now the part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi River had been won by England, as the French had been made to give up their claims, so Carver came into English territory when he came to Minnesota. This was just ten years before the Declaration of Independence, so it is an easy date to remember, 1766.

Carver came through Michigan and Wisconsin and up the river, of course in a canoe. He poled a canoe into the St. Peter, now the Minnesota River, as far as New Ulm, searching for the Northwest Passage. He was the first one to notice the mounds, which he was sure were ancient fortifications or earthworks. He described the great cave named for him at St. Paul, and said that it was covered with curious signs all over the inside and he told about a great many places which are now very well known. You remember, he saw the Indian bones buried in what is now Indian Mounds Park. He made a trip to St. Anthony Falls, of which he was the first person to make a sketch, which was engraved later.

Carver used up the goods which he had brought with him for presents to the Indians and for more was obliged to travel as far as Grand Portage, the oldest and most eastern settlement of Minnesota, where he found that the traders had no goods to spare, and he was obliged to return home.

The first explorer from the United States was Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, who came, you remember, in 1805 to expel the English traders from our country, and who went as far as Cass Lake, visiting many posts and demanding from the Indians and the English all their medals and flags. His party had a very hard winter and when the ice moved out the men celebrated with a dance. We can understand how they felt at the thought of home after all they had endured.

After this the United States Government thought it was wise to build a fort in this country, and so the war department ordered Major S. H. Long to look for a place to locate the fort. He came up here in 1817 and left Prairie du Chien in a six-oared skiff, spending thirteen days on a trip as far as St. Anthony Falls. He took breakfast one morning at Carver's Cave, chose the beautiful spot where Fort Snelling now stands, and camped near the falls about where the University now is. Six years later he made another trip for the United States Government, which sent him with a party to explore, make maps, study the geology, geography, and plant and flower life of this region. This was the first time that the United States Government gained any information about our part of the country. The party passed Winona and Red Wing, which were Indian villages; stopped to see Red

Rock, so venerated by the Indians, and described an Indian cemetery, where Indian Mounds Park now is.

From their description we learn that Little Crow at this time had moved the village Kaposia up the river to about where the St. Paul railroad yards are today. The party went up the Minnesota River to Lake Traverse, crossed to the Red River and went to Pembina, then with canoes they traveled what today is the northern boundary of Minnesota, taking six months for the trip, and giving reports to the United States Government on everything they found.

With Major Long was an Italian by the name of Beltrami who had much to do with the discovery of the Mississippi River, and so we shall read about him when we talk about that.

The three people, whom we shall speak of next, were not early explorers because they came long after this region was settled, but they were explorers, just the same.

In 1835 two geologists named Featherstonhaugh and Mather came to study the rocks and their formation along the valley of the Minnesota River, which they called Minnay-Sotar. They went from Fort Snelling through the southwestern part of Minnesota to Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse, and gained very important knowledge for the government.

The same year an artist by the name of George Catlin came to Fort Snelling to make sketches of the Indians. He made a great many wonderful pictures, and later published a book illustrated with his Indian pictures and landscapes, now in the National Museum in Washington. He went up and down the river three times,—in a canoe, in a dugout, and in a steamboat, and traveled on horseback to the pipe stone quarries, and with each trip he was more enthusiastic about the place.

One of the greatest, as well as one of the last of the explorers who came here before we were a State, was Joseph N. Nicollet, a distinguished astronomer. You must be careful not to confuse his name with that of Jean Nicolet, who came to Canada in 1618, and was the first white man who ever visited Wisconsin. Joseph Nicollet was born in France, which he left under a cloud, coming to the United States poor and unfortunate, but with a wonderful mind and a fine education, which made him a place just as soon as he had a chance to show them. He was so poor that he had to borrow instruments from the United States Government when he first came here, in 1835. He spent most of that winter with Mr. Sibley at Mendota, and although he was delicate and not used to the cold of our frontier life, he worked hard all the time.

Sibley speaks of him as one of the most delightful

men he ever met. He did such valuable work while here, that he was engaged by the United States to explore the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers, and he made a most wonderful map, which was a great help to the government. While he was surveying in the southern part of the State, he passed a lake in Freeborn County, which he named Albert Lea, from a man who was also a government surveyor. Nicollet's map shows all the little rivers which flow into the Mississippi and which he was the first one to trace. Nicollet County as well as the town is named for him.

MISSIONS

Side by side with the early traders and trappers from France came another explorer, one who loved the wilds, sought adventure, and endured uncomplainingly the hardships of frontier life. This was the devoted priest, who looked for other things than simple adventure and what it brought in its train, for he spent strength, time, and life itself to bring the cross to the Red Man.

You remember that in the dawn of our history, Radisson told of baptizing children during his stay on Prairie Island, and of the heathen Indians. The story of a people knowing nothing of God touched René Menard, a Jesuit priest at Quebec, who

offered to go himself to the shores of Lake Superior to convert the Indians. He was white-haired and frail, but his spirit was strong and the idea of danger and hardship was welcome to him.

The night before he left for the far West, he wrote a letter which has come down to us, in which he said he did not expect to return, but felt that his life was well given if it took Christianity to the heathen. The aged man landed on the shores of Lake Superior with several Indians and a companion named Guerin. There they passed a terrible winter, almost starving to death, their food part of the time being broth made from a kind of snail which they found on the shore, and sometimes of a mixture of pounded fish bones and acorns. They were on the verge of starvation when spring came, bringing food in the shape of wild birds, and they became strong enough to start out again to find the people still farther west.

The two white men were deserted by their Indian guides, and one day the old priest was lost in the forest and no trace of him could be found, although the loyal Guerin searched long and faithfully and could not bear to give up the hope that he might find him. Some time afterward his camp kettle was found in a Sauk lodge and his robe and prayer book were seen among the Dakotas, who thought they were *wakan*.

Claude Allouez followed the same hard path as Menard, founding in 1665 the "Mission of the Holy Spirit" at La Pointe on Madeline Island, one of a group on the south shore of Lake Superior called "The Apostles." He seems to have had a great deal of influence over the Indian tribes who were hostile to one another, and visited the many tribes scattered all about that country, meeting the Sioux at Fond du Lac in Minnesota at the mouth of the St. Louis River near the spot where Duluth stands today, and he longed to see the great river on whose banks they lodged. He is the first to call it by its Indian name *Messipi*.

Allouez had a hard time with his fierce parishioners, and at one time exclaimed, "Would that all these nations loved God as they fear the French." He became discouraged after spending several years of hard work with so little to show for it, so in 1669 his place was taken by the famous Marquette, who built many missions from Michigan westward. The little church at La Pointe is still called by his name and is the oldest monument of missionary work in our north country, although it is not in our own State.

Father Hennepin seems to have been a very practical sort of missionary, teaching his captors to plow and plant, taking care of sick children as well as baptizing the little ones, mourning the loss

of his portable altar and cassock and complaining that he couldn't say his prayers in peace.

The Indians called the early Fathers "Black Blankets," and loved the vestments and forms of Christianity, though it was very hard to teach them much about brotherhood, for an Indian's idea of revenge, or paying back an injury, is as natural to him as breathing.

The first mission building on Minnesota soil was put up in 1727 on the shore of Lake Pepin near Frontenac and was called the "Mission of Saint Michael the Archangel." In about twenty years it was given up, as were many of the western missions, and trading posts, because of the great outbreak of the Sac and Fox Indians.

Afterward for years there was war between the French and English, so it is very hard to know how much the early missions did for the Indians for almost all the traces we have of the early Fathers are names of saints which they gave to so many of our rivers and early settlements.

AMERICAN

The year after Fort Snelling was built Mrs. Snelling and Mrs. Clark, the mother of Charlotte Van Cleve, started a Sunday School in the base-

ment of the officers' quarters for the children at the Fort.

The first sermon that was ever preached in English in the northwest was by Mr. Morse, the father of the inventor of the telegraph, who was at Mackinaw, and through him a boarding school was started for all the Indian children in the Northwest Territory. There were a garden, trades for the boys and housework for the girls and many Indian children were there, at one time over two hundred. This was the school where a good many of the people in the territory received the only education they had.

In 1833 Mr. Boutwell (the same one who named Lake Itasca) went to Leech Lake and founded the first American mission west of the Mississippi living there among the Pillager Indians, the fiercest of all the tribes in the northwest. When he reached the camp, all the men of the tribe had gone on their yearly hunting trip and so he started work with the women and children. The women were very friendly and he had a good time with the children, who at first ran if he looked at them, then began shyly peeking into his tent and finally clustered about him and became his firm friends. They all wanted to learn to sing and to read. When the braves returned from hunting, they came to listen to him, a few of them laughing and annoying him,

but most of them silent and interested. He lived among these people for a long time, marrying a Chippewa girl who became a Christian.

Between 1830 and 1849, when the territory was organized, there were many missions established for Indians and they were the only schools the Indian children had. These, together with the traders' settlements, were the beginning of civilized life in this western country.

The missionaries did not preach so much as they taught, singing with the children, telling them stories, and teaching the women to wash and to sew and the men to farm.

In 1834 two brothers named Pond came to Fort Snelling and later moved to Lake Calhoun, where there were a few lodges of Dakotas. The Pond brothers taught and preached and started several missions in the territory.

Samuel Pond was six feet tall and the Indians thought that he was a great man for they let him teach them to plow. His thirteen children grew up among the Indians. The year after the Pond brothers came, the Reverend Dr. Williamson, who was also a doctor of medicine, with a band of helpers, among them two teachers, came to this region. One of them, Mr. Stevens, settled at Lake Harriet where he started a school with six Indian children, all Sioux, and later the school grew to twenty-five.

He wrote several books, among them a speller, with which Mr. Pond helped him. He settled down among his people and was devoted to them. He used to lead service at Fort Snelling and with Dr. Williamson conducted the first communion service ever held there.

Dr. Williamson started a mission at Lac qui Parle where he translated a part of the Bible into the Dakota language and where he was joined by Mr. Riggs who had been at the Lake Harriet Mission since 1837. These missionaries with the help of the Indians translated several books into the Dakota language as well as writing the text books which were used in the mission schools. The Dakota dictionary, which scholars still use, was edited by Mr. Riggs.

At the earnest request of Little Crow, Dr. Williamson moved to his village at Kaposia where he lived until going with the band when they went to their reservation on the Minnesota River. After the break-up of the Sioux band on account of the massacre in 1862, Dr. Williamson was asked what he would do when they were moved out of the State and he said, "Of course I shall follow my people wherever they go," and he did go west with the Indians and ministered to them for several years.

At Lac qui Parle in 1841 Mr. Riggs and Dr.

Williamson built a brick church with a steeple and a bell, and this was the first church bell to sound across the waters of the upper Mississippi. These two men established a mission at Traverse des Sioux which lasted until 1854 when it was "overtaken by the whites," and together they lived near Yellow Medicine where they had a large mission station. There were here a boarding house for Indian children, a school-house, a church with a steeple and a bell, a wonderful place for the Indians who loved novelties.

They believed that citizenship and religion should go together and formed what was called the "Hazelwood Republic." No one could be a member of it who didn't obey certain rules. They had to cut off their hair and wear white men's clothes and were supposed to belong to the church, though they didn't have to do this. The president of the republic was "The Man Who Shoots Metal as He Walks," and John Otherday was a member, both of them the best friends of the white people in the massacre of 1862, and they helped many people to escape from the Indians. These Indians had helped to rescue the women after the Spirit Lake massacre in Iowa, and not one of the mission Indians joined with their bands in the war.

The Indians were very hard to Christianize. They had no idea of law or order. They didn't

believe in work because they thought it belonged to the squaws, and the "dignity of labor" meant nothing to them. They didn't understand that stealing was wrong, for they had everything in common except their guns, their traps and their blankets, and thought a religion a poor thing which didn't practise the brotherhood it preached, for the missionaries kept their own belongings and punished those who took them away. It is likely that very few of the Indians really understood what Christianity meant.

But the children were taught the new religion and when they grew up they were more peaceful, lived better lives and helped others to do the same. We can see this today on the Leech Lake Reservation, where the Blanket Indians, as the heathen Indians are called, live in dirty, little, untidy one-roomed houses and are barbarians even now, while almost all the Christian Indians live in good frame houses with several neat and tidy rooms, and with little garden patches about them. They are self-respecting and well-thought of.

The early missionaries left a great treasure in their letters and diaries, which are the best histories we have of early times here and without which we should know much less of our early history.

In 1839 Bishop Loras came up to Fort Snelling, which was a part of his great diocese, and arranged

to send a missionary priest and establish a church as soon as possible. So when the river was open the next spring, the Reverend Lucien Galtier, who had come from France two years before with Bishop Loras, came up to take charge of this new parish. It is said of Father Galtier "that he had the face of a Cæsar and the heart of a Madonna." He was a man who would have been widely known if he had stayed in city life, yet to the people of St. Paul he did gain fame, for not only did he build the first church in that city, which was then a little collection of straggling log houses, but he also gave the name of the little log church to the settlement, which before this had been called after an Indian trader whose nickname was "Pig's Eye."

Father Galtier lived first at Mendota in the house of Scott Campbell with whose family he stayed for a month, when he found a room which he used for church, parlor and kitchen, making a little altar of rough boards, which was folded up and covered, excepting during service. Over a year he lived there in a house belonging to J. B. Fairbault, his parish being six families and some of the soldiers at the Fort.

When the settlers, driven away from Red River, were moved off the reservation, they went to what is now St. Paul and Father Galtier needed a church, so that he might hold service for them.

Father Galtier's Chapel of St. Paul. Built in 1841

(By courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society)

Two of the earliest comers, Vetal Guerin and Benjamin Gervais each gave the church a piece of his claim, on a spot between Cedar and Minnesota streets and near the levee. Eight men helped to build Father Galtier's little chapel in a grove of oak trees, where are now business blocks with railroad trains constantly thundering by, and back of it there was a tamarack swamp where, later, the second cathedral was built.

After the place had been cleared the little church, built of rough logs fastened with wooden pins, was put up. The roof of bark-covered slabs, given by a mill owner in Stillwater, was brought up the river by steamboat and hauled up the hill by hand ropes. The slabs were used for floor and benches, and the chapel, when finished, was twenty-five feet long, eighteen wide, and ten high. The only way in which it differed from the other cabins was that it had a little cross over the door.

It took but a few days to build, and it was dedicated in November, 1841, Father Galtier naming it Saint Paul, because, he said, it was near to Saint Peter, where his other parish was.

The first congregation was made up of a few Swiss, a few French voyageurs and traders, a few Irish adventurers and Sioux Indians.

When Father Galtier left this parish, after four years of work, his place was filled by Father

Ravoux, a very earnest man and always busy, converting many Indians. He was the only priest in Minnesota until Bishop Cretin came in 1851. The chapel was soon enlarged and Henry Rice gave it a bell from the *Argo*, a steamer sunk in the river in 1847.

In five months after Bishop Cretin arrived he had begun a large brick building for the second Cathedral and bishops' home, which he did not live to see finished. When this building could be used, the old chapel was taken as a school by the pioneer nuns, the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who came in 1851, and lived in the log shanty which had been the Bishop's home.

Their school had fourteen pupils in the beginning, and the first holiday was spent in stuffing up the holes between the logs, which let in the daylight as well as the cold.

In 1853 Henry Rice gave the land to Bishop Cretin for Saint Joseph's Hospital but it wasn't finished when some of the boat hands brought cholera to St. Paul, in 1854, and the old chapel was then used for a hospital.

Afterward it was again used as a chapel until it was no longer needed. It was taken down and the logs moved to the grounds of Saint Joseph's Academy, to be rebuilt and kept as a sacred relic, but the men working on the place, not knowing

what the logs were to be used for, burned them and left nothing to show for the first cathedral, but much to feel and much to think of.

This was a small beginning but that beginning grew until today the great cathedral crowns the hill in the capital city, which itself grew from the "Upper Landing" on the Mississippi River.

Joe Rolette

CHAPTER VII

MINNESOTA, THE GOPHER STATE

THE people of the United States have always been fond of nicknames and almost every State in the Union has one, often coming from some happening which has little to do with history and of which few people know the origin. The destructive little animal from which our State gets its name, is very plentiful here and always has been, unfortunately for the farmer. In the early days someone suggested that we should call Minnesota the Beaver State, its near neighbors Michigan and Wisconsin being the Wolverine and the Badger, but the name was not popular. Although many people objected to the word Gopher, thinking that it was not dignified enough for the coming great State, in which all the early settlers believed, it was used as a campaign cartoon in 1857 and has stuck to us ever since. However, we shall think of it only as suggesting the number of wild animals belonging in Minnesota.

Of all the people who came into our State,

the trapper and fur trader were the most daring and the most picturesque. The Indians always lived here, the settlers came for homes, but the explorers alone, most of them trappers and traders, came for love of the wilds and of adventure. Whether the owner of an outfit, a powerful company agent, a voyageur who handled the canoes or a *coureur des bois* (a guide through the woods), all faced the dangers of climate, of wild animals, of starvation and of hostile Indians.

The diaries of these early adventurers, even when they simply give dry entries of business details, speak of many a romance, for there was not one of them who did not meet danger and face death by starvation, cold, or wild beasts day after day.

The French were the first people who came here to get the furs which France, with her love of finery and beautiful apparel, cared for more than any other people; but the French came too, because they were daring and gallant and fond of adventure. Long before there were any other white people here, Minnesota was dotted with trading posts and little camps of which there remain no traces today, excepting a name or a story; or here and there a neglected clearing.

Our old friends, Radisson and Groseilliers, were the first traders who touched Lake Superior, coming into what was later this State a century before

the Revolutionary War, returning to Quebec with boatloads of furs worth forty thousand dollars.

Du Luth, perhaps, built the first trading post at the head of Lake Superior as early as 1679, and was one of the traders who tried always to help the Indians, hating to see whisky given to them.

Our friend, Nicholas Perrot, was sent west to prevent the Indians from trading with the Hudson Bay Company, which you remember was English. His fort was on the east shore of Lake Pepin, but as early as 1689 he built Fort Perrot on the Minnesota side of the lake, and had a very large trade there, for the Indians were fond of him and he had a good influence over them.

Le Sueur's trading post on Prairie Island lasted only a little while and his mines like a good many others, didn't turn out well, so he gave up his western venture.

In 1699 Louis XIV, the King of France, recalled all the French traders to Lower Canada and the fur trade almost died out during the long wars between the French and the English but revived again when England gained all the French land in 1763.

It was through Radisson and Groseilliers, you remember, that the Hudson Bay Company was formed, the powerful company, which at one time, handled all of the fur trade of this continent. They made a great deal of money, their field being north

to Hudson Bay and even farther, and they controlled all the trade in the Northwest until after the independence of the United States. In 1787 the Northwest Company was formed with its center at Montreal. This company gained control of all the fur trade throughout Minnesota and westward.

In 1809 the American Fur Company was organized with John Jacob Astor at its head and it traded in furs as far as the Pacific Ocean. In 1816 the United States forbade the English companies to trade with the Indians within our border, you remember, because we feared that they were teaching the Indians bad habits which we didn't want to encourage so John Jacob Astor bought all the "factories," as they were called, on our side of the line, keeping, though, the traders and trappers who knew the business. This made England and the United States rivals in the fur trade. Five other great companies were formed and spread all over the north though the Hudson Bay Company was still the greatest as well as the oldest, and in 1821 the Northwest Company united with it. The companies gave licenses to only those whom they pleased and lorded it over their domains like kings, but now the law was made that no one might trade with the Indians without a license from the United States.

The traders without licenses were sent out of the

country and the United States sent to Fort Snelling an Indian agent, Major Taliaferro, who had charge of this business.

So long as the Hudson Bay route was open only two months out of the year, it was found easier to ship the furs south from Pembina by way of the Red River to Mendota and later to St. Paul which became the second market in America, the most important being St. Louis. The Red River carts drawn by oxen were used for many years, replacing the dog trains on the overland trip, but it was found that rivers went faster than the oxen and so they were in turn given up.

St. Paul is still a center for pelts and hides, but not as formerly, for the pelts of those wild and rare animals which once made it one of the fur markets of the world, and though in the northwestern part of the State there are still many animals, and our forests still give protection to wild life, the trapping is no longer a great business. Men who like that kind of adventure have gone far north and west to the wilds of Northwest Territory and Alaska. The cities of St. Paul and St. Louis, which once gathered up all of the peltries and settled the prices on them for the world, are now only centers to sell from.

In 1826 there were men at seventeen forts or factories licensed for fur trading in the Minnesota

country and in 1834 there were twenty-four men who were allowed to deal in furs with the Indians. The most important factory at that time was at Mendota in charge first of Alexis Bailly, an agent of the American Fur Company, but he was accused of selling liquor to the Indians and was replaced in 1834 by Henry Hastings Sibley, a man who became a leader in all the affairs of this part of the country.

Just as soon as the white man begins to make homes and farms, he has to cut down the woods to make a place for his home, as well as for material to build it from, and then wild animals must go, for city life and hunting never go together, as we cannot trap animals or stealthily stalk them where there is manufacturing nor where streets are cut through and people passing by. Nor can canoes silently glide by or jump the rapids, the people in them looking for the game, which comes down to drink, when we use those rapids for water power to turn our mills or to move our cars.

Trapping made a strange sort of man. He spent months alone in the wilds, quiet, fearless, hardy, doing his work, which often required more than ordinary human strength; sleeping out, sometimes absolutely alone for months at a time. When he returned to the settlement he was lazy, thriftless and often lawless, but we must not forget how he blazed the trail through the pathless forests and

made possible settlements and homes; so he should stand out as a hero and one never to be forgotten, for the fur trader was one of our state builders.

The furs which were very valuable and which sold for high prices were traded with the Indians for powder, rum, lead, firearms and tobacco, as well as all sorts of ornaments and clothes, which the Indians valued. The traders used no money but instead the prices were all settled by the values of the best beaver skin, which was called a "plus." One beaver skin was traded to the Indians for as much red paint as could be piled on the point of a case knife. Ten beaver skins would buy a blanket, twenty would buy a gun, and they often traded six bales of goods, which cost two thousand dollars for skins worth thirty-five thousand, so the companies made vast fortunes.

The Indians who obtained the skins so easily had no idea of their value and were perfectly satisfied with the exchange.

The licensed traders lived at the center called a factory and sent companies to less important posts, which were called factories or posts. The most important one in Minnesota before Fort Snelling was built was at Grand Portage, which was the center of a canoe route from Mackinaw along Lake Superior, Lakes Rainy and Winnipeg, and reaching as far up as Great Slave Lake, which even today is

in the wilds. As early as 1800 the canoe yard at Grand Portage held a hundred canoes, seventy new ones built each year. Thirty-five great canoes came in one day that year from Mackinaw, each bringing from three to five tons of goods with several voyageurs to each canoe. Several hundred white men were constantly busy there and the company employed seven hundred squaws to scrape and clean the skins and pack the bundles of fur. The people there had great balls and entertainments with grand banquets twenty years before Fort Snelling was built.

The clerks of the fur companies were scattered at all the out-of-the-way places and sometimes had to endure great hardships, often living for months at a time on potatoes and salt. They sent out the canoemen or voyageurs, a hardy, bold, polite, careless lot of men, many of them half-breeds who took life lightly and easily, and danced and sang to the swing of the paddles up and down the streams. They carried the packs to the Indians and trappers, who did the real work of getting the skins. There are many romantic stories told of these men and many of their songs have come down to us like the one at the end of this chapter, songs which they used to sing in their canoes or camps, and which the northern forests and hundreds of streams and lakes still seem to echo.

The canoes of the voyageurs held ten men and sixty-five packages of goods. These packages usually weighed about ninety pounds, and besides the things we mentioned held beads, blankets, cutlery; calico and ribbons for the squaws, and trinkets of no value, but for which the Indian would trade almost anything.

The companies' stores were usually great wooden sheds, piled high with all the things which the Indians loved and everything needed for the companies' men on their long voyages, or months of life in out-of-the-way places. There were rows of moccasins, shelves full of blankets, paddles, tobacco, snowshoes; and piled high, 'way up to the roof at the end of a good season, the priceless furs of all sorts of animals, some of them now entirely extinct. Here were beaver, muskrat, mink with its rich brown color, otter of delicate fawn, fisher, marten, skunk, weasel or the much prized ermine. Beside these we should find raccoon, lynx, wild cat, black bear, fox, among them the silver fox worth almost its weight in gold, and wolf as well as deer, elk and buffalo. When the trappers came in and the exchange of goods was made, the skins were sorted and pressed into great bales, such as we see now for baling paper and hay.

While the canoe-men and the trappers were far away from other people risking their lives in getting

pelts, the companies' agents spent their time in taking charge of the store, smoking, selling now and then to those who came in, for you must know that the traders' stores for many years formed the only means of buying anything at the little settlements. The traders sometimes couldn't write, and used to keep their Indian credit books by signs of their own, often drawing the pictures of the animals instead of writing the name of the pelt.

Meanwhile the trappers were up early every morning working hard all day carrying heavy bags when they were obliged to make a portage, packing their canoes on their backs and, coming downstream, again carrying them unless they could shoot the rapids, which it was their delight to do.

The food used by the Indian and the trapper and carried with them on all their long trails was pemmican. To make it the meat of the buffalo is stripped of the fat, shredded and boiled; a sack is made of buffalo skin with the fur on the outside; this is sewed up with thread made of sinews. A hole is dug in the ground and the sack put into it, filled with meat packed and pounded until it is absolutely compact. The whole is covered and the crevices filled in from a kettle of boiling buffalo fat which fills in every space and preserves the meat. This is considered the best nourishment possible

for men and dogs, especially fitted to the northern countries where it is often impossible to make a fire. It is easily carried and a little of it goes a long way. It was used by the fur companies in every trapper's outfit.

There were before 1850 forty different kinds of fur in Minnesota, and the trappers knew how to catch each animal in the quickest and easiest way and the least liable to injure the skin. Most of the animals were taken in the winter when the fur is best, and this made life hard indeed for the trapper who had to endure many hardships and was in danger all the time from the unfriendly Indians as well as from the wolves, which were a great peril in Minnesota. The beavers who built dams across the streams by felling great trees which they gnawed through with their sharp little teeth, were taken by letting out the water from the dam and then clubbing the poor, little creatures to death. The smaller animals like the mink, the otter, the raccoon and the silver fox, as well as the real ermine were taken by steel traps set underneath the snow and baited with fishes' heads or birds or any fresh meat. The deer, of course had to be tracked sometimes for many days, as were also the caribou, moose and the elk. If we had time it would be very interesting to follow the hunter day by day through the snow as he got up early in the morning to make

his round of the traps before any animal, hungry in the shut-in weather, could steal his prizes from him. We should work hard with him all day long and often far into the night and lie down at last as he did, going to sleep with the howl of the wolves in our ears, surrounded by snow many feet high and the thermometer 'way below zero. Sometimes our trapper had dogs with him and brought his furs on a sledge along the frozen lakes and streams; but not often, as the dogs were hard to feed, so he must wait until winter at last wore away, and the sap began to run, and finally the ice in the streams broke up. Then we should go with our voyageur to the birch trees, which he had marked the fall before, until the time came when the bark would slip easily away, and he would gash a great seam in the tree and slip off the bark just as one would slip off an old coat. Then he would drive stakes in the ground just the shape and size of his canoe. We should see him shape the canoe exactly as he wanted it with a framework of peeled birch or cedar, and with reindeer hide or the roots of the larch tree for thread, sew the great rolls of bark firmly to the gunnel. Then he would set birch or white cedar strips for ribs, pitch the seams if they cracked and when all was dried and ready, load it with the precious furs and paddle down to the trading post, where he would sit day after day with the other

trappers, and tell tales of his wonderful adventures during the lonely winter.

After years of this life the trapper almost always married a squaw and settled down to a quiet life with a little patch of garden. Here he brought up his half-breed sons who were called "bois brulé," which means "dark colored guides," and they often followed trapping as their father had done. The settlements at Gull Lake, Traverse des Sioux, Leech Lake, Red Lake, Lac qui Parle, Little Rapids, Fond du Lac and many other places were all made by the early fur traders, and we shall see that the first road we ever had in Minnesota was built between Grand Portage and Fort William to carry the heavy packs over the swamps of that country.

Minnesota was once the home of the buffalo, who used to cover the prairies in great herds. They were hunted in a wholesale manner. In the fall the Indians and later the bois brulé would round them up gradually. The buffaloes at first quietly herded closer and closer together until one or two, scenting danger, would begin to paw the earth and give the alarm by snorting. Then the herd would lift their heads, curl their tails and stampede. The hunters carrying their bullets in their mouths, rode furiously in among them, lashing their horses and shooting the buffaloes right and left. The dust rose as though there were a tornado and the sound was

like thunder, people sitting in the camps hearing it a mile away. Sometimes they killed thousands in one hunt.

In 1840 Doctor Neill tells us of one day's hunt when they brought in thirteen hundred and seventy hides, and then the camp was busy drying the tongues, curing the meat, and making pemmican. The last buffalo hunt in Minnesota was long ago; now the buffalo lives only in our parks.

THE VOYAGEUR

Ax' heem de nort' win' w'at he see
Of de Voyageur long ago,
An' he'll say to you w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well—
"I see de track of hees botte sau-vage
On many a hill an' long portage
Far far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell—

"I never can play on de Hudson Bay
Or mountain dat lie between
But I meet heem singin' hees lonely way
De happies' man I know—
I cool hees face as he's sleepin' dere
Under de star of de Red Rivière,
An' off on de home of de great w'ite bear,
I'm seein' hees dog traineau.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant'
On de lan' w'ere de reindeer travel free,
Ringin' out strong an' clear——
Offen de grey wolf sit before
De light is come from hees open door,
An' caribou foller along de shore
De song of de Voyageur.

"If he only kip goin' de red ceinture,
I'd see it upon de Pole.
Some mornin' I'm startin' upon de tour
For blowin' de worl' aroun'——
But w'erever he sail an' w'erever he ride,
De trail is long an' de trail is wide,
An' city an' town on ev'ry side
Can tell of hees campin' groun'."

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER VIII

Early Days

FORT SNELLING

On a high bluff at the point where the Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers meet, with a view of both valleys for miles, was built the first permanent post in the Northwest, and for years Fort Snelling was the most northwestern fort of the United States. As long ago as 1805 when Pike camped on the nearby island he chose this site, and not one place in all the country around could have been so satisfactory, for it commands the view in three directions. The government thought it would be a good thing to have a fort there because the English were not keeping the treaty they had made with us. In 1794 they promised to do nothing against the United States if they were allowed to trade with the Indians on our borders, but they never kept the promise and during the War of 1812 they stirred up the Indians all the way from Michigan through Minnesota, and there was all sorts of trouble.

After the war, we had learned a lesson from this, and the treaty at its close gave the English no permission to trade or to settle.

There was no one to see that this treaty was held to, and the English still kept up their "talks" to the Indians and gave them English flags and all sorts of presents. In the two years after the war they gave almost one hundred thousand dollars' worth of gifts, and in order to stop this, because it kept the Indians uneasy, forts were established at Mackinaw, at the "Soo" and at what is now Fort Snelling.

Our northern boundary had not been fully settled, but if the British traders were in this country they had to promise to be true to the United States and give up England, or get out.

At this time Calhoun, the great statesman, was Secretary of War and Monroe was President. Calhoun sent Colonel Henry Leavenworth up the Mississippi River with ninety-eight soldiers to establish a fort. This was the first time the Indians had ever seen the United States army, and they called them *Ikan-santi* or "long knives" on account of their swords. The detachment made a good deal of show coming up the river in fourteen bateaux with twenty hired boatmen, two boats of provisions, another one for Major Forsyth, the special Indian Agent, and a barge for Colonel

Leavenworth, and of course the Indians were mightily impressed as they passed their towns.

The Sioux had learned that their great American Father was coming with presents, and Major Forsyth's diary tells us that they sent begging expeditions to almost every landing place. One was commanded by young Red Wing, who said that his heart was sad because of a raid by the Chippewas, and he needed the comfort that only presents could give. The one-eyed Wabasha led another band but, although they stayed ten days and begged all the time, Major Forsyth refused to give them goods, telling them he was going farther up the river and had to see many people on the way.

The flotilla arrived at the mouth of the Minnesota River, August 24, 1819 and lived on the boats until their rough log cabins (the first fort), were finished and the women who were with them, were glad enough to go into their cabins, plain as they were. While the party had encamped at Prairie du Chien, Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark had been born and was the first little child who ever lived at the Fort. The new post was built on the flats of the Minnesota River just below the present town of Mendota and was called New Hope.

The soldiers were soon joined by another detachment making altogether two hundred and eighteen

men. Among these were the first martyrs of the frontier, for that winter forty died of scurvy. This disease was caused by the poor food and its lack of variety and, although these men died and the United States lost what was a large number of its small army, it helped to teach us a lesson. The whole world has learned this lesson since, that the most important things for any army are good food and clean surroundings, which are even more necessary to troops living in a small space than to us in towns or villages.

In the spring of 1820 the post was moved across the Minnesota River nearer to its present site and was again a cluster of log huts. This place was called Camp Cold Water on account of a flowing spring of pure water which was found there and which for a long time furnished water to Fort Snelling.

In August of the same year Colonel Leavenworth was ordered southwest and turned over the command to his superior officer, Josiah Snelling, who was in charge until 1827, and who finished the Fort naming it St. Anthony. Colonel Snelling established a government saw-mill in 1821 at Saint Anthony Falls, where all the government lumber and most of the furniture for the Fort were turned out, the logs cut from Rum River.

The log houses of the first camp were used again

that winter and were made very comfortable with plenty of army blankets and floor coverings of buffalo skin. During this winter the first white child was born in Minnesota, the daughter of the commander, Colonel Snelling. She died the next year and her little grave was the first in the post cemetery.

While at Camp Cold Water the soldiers began building the permanent fort nearer the bluff. A tree marked with his name had been left on this spot by Lieutenant Pike, and orders were given that it should not be injured, but it was unfortunately cut down by the soldiers while building the new quarters.

All of the buildings of the new fort except the barracks were of limestone quarried from the place. Years later the post was surrounded by a massive wall of the same stone, loop-holed so that it might withstand a siege, and as the high bluff protected it on two sides it was well fortified.

The soldiers soon began to farm and in 1824 had a hundred acres of corn and wheat planted, and although they had many failures in crops and several hard winters to undergo, on the whole the Fort grew and prospered.

General Winfield Scott, the great hero of the Mexican War, visited the Fort in 1824 and many entertainments were given in his honor. He was

so pleased with the successful way in which things had been done at the Fort, that he wrote to Washington, and asked that the name be changed to Snelling, in honor of the man who had done so much to make this frontier post a success, and of course his request was granted.

The mail came to the Fort by a special messenger from Prairie du Chien and, as late as 1826, during the winter they had only one mail in five months, so we should not consider that they were having a really easy time. General Zachary Taylor was commander at this post in 1828 and 1829 and knowing the conditions well, he established a regular mail route in 1832.

Many of the settlers, who came here very early, took up claims, or tried to, around Fort Snelling for protection, but these claims could not be allowed, because no one but a soldier is allowed to have a home on land given up to the army. These squatters were obliged to move out, as we shall see later, and this made a great deal of hard feeling.

After the Indian treaties of 1851, Franklin Steele heard that the post was likely to be vacated and, in 1857, he bought the land from the U. S. Government agreeing to pay ninety thousand dollars for all the property, which was a very good bargain for him and during the next year, the troops were withdrawn and Fort Snelling was deserted,

Old Guard House, Fort Snelling. Built in 1820

and sheep were pastured on the reservation so it looked for a while as though there never would be a Fort Snelling again. When the Civil War broke out the place was needed for camps and drill, but Steele refused to sell his property though he rented it to the government. All our regiments were recruited there, and later the reservation was again taken over by the government, though it was much smaller than before, as only fifteen hundred acres were reserved by the United States. When Governor Ramsey was Secretary of War in President Hayes' Cabinet, he was able to make a great many improvements at the Fort.

Fort Snelling has always been an important post of the United States Army. Sometimes it has been the headquarters of what was called the "Department of the Dakotas," one of the great divisions into which the United States was divided for military affairs, though twice the headquarters have been moved to St. Paul. In 1913 the organization of the army was all changed under President Wilson and now Fort Snelling belongs to the "Central Department" with headquarters at Chicago. It has room for thousands of soldiers and might be used as one of the greatest posts in the country and a cavalry center, but for the past few years it has been almost deserted, the troops being on border duty.

During the summer of 1916 the state militia was assembled at Snelling which was called "Camp Bobleter."

In the early days Fort Snelling was the center of all festivities for Mendota, St. Paul, and St. Anthony Falls and the old settlers tell many stories of dances at Fort Snelling, where they took all the babies and little children, put them to bed at the post and then carried them home in the early morning after the fathers and mothers had danced almost all night.

One early settler tells of driving from St. Paul to Fort Snelling by way of the bridge at St. Anthony and back again every night for four weeks, because the ice was not thick enough to drive across the Mississippi River, but too thick for the old ferry to run and he wanted to see a young lady who lived at Fort Snelling.

Around the Fort naturally clustered other settlements for it was a protection from the Indians as well as a boat landing.

Many distinguished people have visited at Snelling among them, General Grant, Charles Sumner, and General Sherman.

Many artists have painted Fort Snelling for it is considered one of the most picturesque spots in our State. Today the long rows of cavalry barns, hospitals, wireless station, and miles of pave-

ments running through the grounds, past rows of fine brick buildings, and bordered with stately trees seem far, far away from its beginning of log huts less than a century ago.

OLD SETTLERS

In Minnesota the people who came here before 1850 are called "Old Settlers," that is, the people who were here the year the territory was organized; and we call those who came here while we were a territory and before we become a state, "Pioneers."

Those who came the year Minnesota Territory was organized are "Forty-Niners." There were many at that time who were very important in all the work that was done in the early days and one of the things we have to be most thankful for is the fine class of men who settled Minnesota.

Of course many of the traders were settlers too and among the most valuable ones. In 1849 Mr. Sibley still lived at Mendota and kept open house like one of the old lords of the Middle Ages, only he wasn't an old one, and was loved and respected by Indians and whites.

Another trader was Jean Baptiste Faribault who came in 1803 from Canada and lived at different trading posts until 1820 when he moved to Pike Island, but he was moved out of the reservation

with the other settlers, and built a home on the edge of the river near Mendota. The river overflowed in the spring and carried off his house; and his family had to be taken away by boat. He was not discouraged but started again, and built a stone house still standing in Mendota where he lived for many years, going to his trading post at Little Rapids during the winter. A county was named for him, and he died after living to be an old man, in the home of his son Alexander for whom the city of Faribault was named.

We should remember another trader too, Joseph Renville, whom you have heard of before. He was a *bois brulé*, born at Kaposia, his father taking him to Canada to be educated. He came back to Minnesota and always cared more for the roaming, outdoor Indian life than a settled home. He was Pike's guide when he saw St. Anthony Falls and through him was made United States interpreter for the Sioux. The government always had someone to translate the talks between the Indians and the white men, and a great deal depended on the interpreter, who could make things which were said appear friendly, or not, to the Indians, so we had to have a man who could be trusted. He was the guide of Major Long's party which explored the Mississippi and Red River, and a great friend to Doctor Williamson, the missionary, whom he helped

with his dictionary, besides translating a part of the Bible into the Sioux language. He finally settled down at Lac qui Parle where his was the only house on the long journey to Pembina, at which travelers might stop and always be sure of a welcome. He married a Dakota wife who became an earnest Christian. He was a great friend to the Indians who trusted him entirely, and he taught them to plant the first seed corn on the upper Minnesota.

Norman Kittson came to Minnesota when he was sixteen and lived here until he was seventy-four. He was a partner in the American Fur Company, lived in Pembina for a while, and was the inventor of the Red River carts. Later he was head of the factory in St. Paul and in 1858 mayor of that city.

John Stevens called the "Father of Minneapolis" spent much time in locating what he considered the best place along the river, and when the government opened the land, took a claim on the river bank, where he built his home. When his claim was settled, part of his payment was that he was to run a ferry at the Falls free to the government. The settlement which grew around his claim became the city of Minneapolis in whose affairs Stevens was always prominent, for he laid out the first street which he named Washington, and for many years his house was the meeting point for

all matters of importance on that side of the river.

When Colonel Leavenworth came up the river in 1819, with him was a drummer boy fourteen years old, named Joseph Renshaw Brown, who had run away from home and who sounded the first reveille in Minnesota. He seems to have been a most live, wide-awake boy, interested in everything about the country. He explored a great deal about the Fort and up and down the river. In 1822, while on a three days' trip with Colonel Snelling's son, he discovered Lake Minnetonka, although it wasn't named for many years afterward.

He left the army when he was twenty years old and was sutler's clerk at the post, later was employed by the American Fur Company, and afterward became one of the great leaders among our early men. He ought to be called our "builder of towns." He settled on a farm at Gray Cloud Island, laid out the town of Stillwater, had a trading post for the Indians at Taylor's Falls, which he didn't have money enough to improve, and in 1839 built a log house, the first one in Stillwater, the first town to be laid out, to which place he moved.

He built the first house in Hastings and the first wagon road from Snelling to Prairie du Chien; and another one to Lac qui Parle and over both of these roads he was the first to drive. He was Indian agent,

rafted the first logs down the St. Croix River. and was the man who began the movement toward separating our territory from Wisconsin, and giving us one of our own.

Of the people who came here before we were a territory there were many who did much for the future, but above them all, three men stand out, as the ones who did most. These are Sibley, Steele, and Henry Rice, all young men when they came, and all living to see the State when at the end of the century it had come to be a power.

Henry Hastings Sibley, or Colonel Sibley or General Sibley as he is thought of now, was only twenty-three when he came here an agent of the American Fur Company. He rode from Traverse des Sioux on horseback and the great inducement offered him by Ramsey Crooks, President of the American Fur Company, was that there was good fishing and hunting here.

Mendota was the center factory of Sibley's domain, which extended north to Canada and west to the Red River, a vast empire. He was always on such friendly terms with the Indians, that he was a great aid in making the treaties. His house welcomed everyone of note who came into this part of the country, and many famous people in the early days were his guests. He was our first delegate to Congress and very helpful in organiz-

ing Minnesota as a territory, and was the first governor of the State; led the troops against the Indians and forced their surrender after the Sioux Massacre. In fact he was a part of everything that was worth while in the beginning of things. He lived west all his life and knew everything about western life. His manner was courteous and "The Tall Pine Tree," as he was called by the Indians was a well-known figure throughout Minnesota until late in the century, for he lived until 1891. The town of Hastings was named for him and also Sibley County, and he will be remembered as long as these names last.

Franklin Steele, "The First Citizen of St. Anthony," who came here when he was twenty-five, was sutler at Fort Snelling in 1838, the first great business man in this part of the world, and the only early one who was not a fur trader; as a partner of Joseph Brown he entered a claim for all the land around St. Anthony Falls including Nicollet Island. He built the first mill outside of the reservation, the first bridge across the Mississippi, was very helpful with Mr. Sibley in getting the territory started, and always believed that this was going to be a great State, risking everything to carry out his belief.

He was generous in giving away land from the vast tracts which he owned for, you remember, it

was he who bought the original Fort Reservation. He was very much interested in all the affairs of the University and the great business ventures in Minneapolis. He never held any public office, but his name was given to Steele County and he should be remembered as the man who established Minnesota's lumber business.

Henry M. Rice, who came to Fort Snelling in 1839 at the age of 23, was at first post sutler, then agent of the great fur company of St. Louis. He was delegate to Congress, was senator, and had much to do with the Indian treaties. He was the first man who believed that wheat was going to be a great product in this country. He helped to form the State, and to get the railroad grants from Congress which made their building a success; he donated the first public park in Minnesota and always gave land to the public, to churches and to charity. His tactful manner and wonderful way of expressing himself, made him a good person to send whenever the public wanted anything, for he usually got what was wanted.

These three men, all coming here young, with a future before them, saw this wild region organized into a territory; helped to form the State and saw that State grow until the close of the Old Century or the dawn of the new.

Of the people who settled here in the early days,

Governor Ramsey speaking of them when many had become famous, said what perhaps was the best thing that could be said of any people anywhere: "After all, the old settlers were honest if nothing else."

PIONEER MINNESOTA

The very first people who came here for homes were from a colony near Pembina way up north on the Red River. They were Scotch, Irish, and Swiss settlers, who had been brought over from Europe by the Earl of Selkirk. They came at different times between 1812–1821 and were very much disappointed in the country, for they had many bad times with the English traders, with bad weather, poor crops over and over again, almost starving to death and undergoing all sorts of hardships. Hearing about our good land and needing the protection of a fort, a few came in 1827 to Fort Snelling where they were allowed by Colonel Snelling to settle on the west bank of the Mississippi above the Fort. Year after year more of these people came until by 1837 there were almost five hundred of them. They talked French and were a thrifty, hard-working people, though of course the Swiss who were clockmakers couldn't work at their trade. They brought

cattle with them, built their homes, and raised enough in their gardens for their own food.

After the Indian treaty of 1837 all the country about the Fort was reserved for government use, and when the settlers heard that there was danger of losing the land on which they had worked so hard, they sent letters to the President, told him their story and begged him to let them stay where they were, but in spite of all this they were ordered off in 1839, and moved across the Mississippi, where they built new homes, still on the Reservation land. The next year they were again ordered to move but many of them refused to go and in May, 1840, their houses were unroofed, their goods moved out, and the buildings destroyed. It must have been almost too sad to endure, after all they had suffered, to again lose their homes, but with a great deal of courage they moved farther down the river and began life again. This was the beginning of St. Paul although it wasn't called by that name for some time.

Among these people was a Swiss watchmaker named Perry, and Joseph Rondo as well as the Gervais brothers and Vetal Guerin who helped Father Galtier to build the first chapel, for these were the settlers whom the priest went over there to minister to.

The only white man living near this place was

Pierre Parrant who at first had a hut near Fountain Cave, but later moved farther down the river, selling his claim for ten dollars and settling about where the Union Depot is today.

It is not pleasant to remember this founder of what was to be the capital city of the state for he sold liquor against the law, to the traders and Indians, and because of his mean face with one vicious looking eye, he was called "Pig's Eye." Some of the men who had been sent from the Fort for selling liquor to the Indians, came down the river and settled near Parrant.

A man wrote a letter from this settlement, which had no name, dating it from "Pig's Eye" and so it came to be called that, until Father Galtier begged that the place might be known by the same name as his little chapel. When he married Vetal Guerin, the banns were published in "Saint Paul," and the name Pig's Eye was transferred to the slough farther down the river.

All this time there were a good many people connected with the fur factory at Mendota. This was the largest settlement outside of the Fort, and grew for some time, faster than any other along the river. Many people believed that it would be the capital of the future territory and it might have been if the factor, Henry H. Sibley, had been selfish, for he might easily have had it located there.

In 1842 Henry Jackson opened a general store near the little settlement across the river from Mendota. This store was built of tamarack poles, and kept a little of everything needed by anyone on the frontier from needles to shingles. In September of the next year he took a clerk and French interpreter named August Larpenteur, who is now ninety-three years of age (1916) and the oldest resident of St. Paul. He is hale and hearty and says of himself that he is "tough as a hickory knot." When the land was opened, Larpenteur took as his claim the land where the State House and the two largest high schools of St. Paul are today.

Because of Jackson's store where a post office was started in 1846 the steamboats began landing on the east side of the river and the place was called "Saint Paul's Landing."

We must remember that the early missionaries and traders were settlers too, and made centers for settlement at many mission stations as well as at the factories and traders' posts only we think of the work they did instead of the men, which all of them would rather have us do. We read of them and many of our early settlers in other parts of our history, for everybody who came here for a home, of course had to do some kind of business.

Most of the white people lived in little settle-

ments along the rivers; on the St. Croix some lumbermen from Maine in 1839, built their homes at Marine which was the first really American village in Minnesota, and you remember that in 1843 Joseph Brown started the town of Stillwater which he called Dakotah. This place many people expected would be our greatest city and here the convention was held which started us on our way to be a territory.

St. Anthony was begun in 1847, through Franklin Steele's enterprise in building a saw-mill, the foundation for the lumber business of Minneapolis.

During those early years the people endured great hardships, coming as most of them did from milder climates, for in 1826 the snow fell two or three feet deep on the river, and they had terrible blizzards which made it impossible to get about at all, for you remember there were no roads and in the winter people walked, going from place to place on snowshoes.

They were great walkers those days. One of the early missionaries walked eighty miles in two days and thought nothing of it, and another one made the rounds every three weeks on foot from Fort Ripley to Point Douglas a little village on the St. Croix. In 1829 the summer was so dry that the crops failed and the water was so low in the Mississippi River

that the steamers couldn't get up the river for many weeks and the Fort was using its last barrel of flour when supplies came.

The mosquitoes were a great pest in early times for they came early in the spring and stayed all summer, causing real suffering among those who had to do out-of-door work, and of course that meant pretty nearly everybody, the travelers, the trappers, the traders, cruisers and lumbermen. The people who traveled on the water were sometimes obliged to land and make a smudge in order to get along at all.

Reverend Joseph Hancock, who came here in '49 tells in his diary of stopping at an Indian village on the west bank of the Mississippi, a few miles above Lake Pepin. He had come to Buffalo by rail, from Buffalo to Chicago by boat, then had driven to Galena, Illinois, where he took the steamer up the river. At this Indian village, which was Red Wing's camp, he met Henry Rice, a well-known friend of the Indians, who all gathered at the landing and shook hands with him all around saying "How!" He met at Fort Snelling the Pond brothers who had already made a written language and a First Reader for the Indians.

He makes us realize that we didn't become civilized all at once. He says that the school, which he started was not a "regular" one, as the Indian chil-

dren came and went as they pleased, like young foxes, and would recite a lesson and then think they had enough of school, and go. As soon as the corn began to get ripe they had to stay out of school to chase the blackbirds away, and after it was gathered everyone left and went to the woods.

About this time Bishop Kemper preached his first sermon at St. Peter in the kitchen of an unfinished shack. The congregation sat on the floor and Mr. Flandrau said that to do honor to the occasion he dressed up in his "Sunday best" moccasins embroidered with quills and feathers.

The only way in the winter to get to settlements west of Wisconsin was the ice of the rivers until a road was marked out in 1849, although hauling supplies didn't begin until later.

On the road between St. Paul and St. Anthony there were many bears and wolves, so that traveling between the two places was not altogether safe. Along the Minnesota River game was very plentiful, Sibley keeping a record of seventeen hundred and ninety-eight ducks that he killed in three years.

The only hotel north of St. Anthony was at John Banfil's, where people used to stop on their way to Fort Gaines, the early name for Fort Ripley. Banfil's house was built in 1847 at Coon Creek, and this place was always spoken of with

pleasure in the diaries of the early settlers for there they were always sure of a good meal.

In the winter, the mail was carried at first by Indian runners, later by dog sleds; and in summer it came by the rivers and streams where canoes and afterward steamboats were used until the railroads came. In 1850 when the mail was only twenty-one days behind time the people were all sure that spring was coming early.

During all these years the white people in settlements here and there, were troubled by the Indians and many of them lost their lives. There were terrible Indian wars between the Sioux and Chippewas—each one making them worse enemies, because every scalp taken had to be paid back. It took much patience and bravery to adjust these troubles, and Fort Snelling was constantly called upon for help. The Indians gave everyone a hard time, but the people were brave and hopeful. They believed in the future, and year by year the settlements grew until in 1848 a new outlook came with the hope of our new government, though frontier life even then was not easy.

The United States Government sells its land to settlers at a very low price, often charging only one dollar and a quarter an acre and the first settlers who came here hoped to get their property as cheap as possible. Most of them

had taken up claims long before the land was sold by the government but of course were only "squatters." When the government was ready to sell, and the first land office opened at St. Croix Falls, in 1848, many outsiders, who wanted the land not for homes but for speculation, came flocking to Minnesota. The settlers were very much worried for fear they would bid against them and so they would have to pay high prices for their homes.

There were three important places, Stillwater, St. Anthony, and St. Paul, where the settlers had made claims on this land and none of them would bid against each other because they were neighbors. John McKusick bid in the land for the Stillwater people. Sibley, Larpenteur and Louis Robert were the agents from St. Paul and when the St. Paul lands were offered for sale, Sibley found himself surrounded by men who carried heavy sticks and looked very forbidding. No one bid against him and of course he paid only one dollar and a quarter an acre for the land.

Two people from Cottage Grove did bid against each other and had to give one dollar and thirty-five cents an acre, which was the highest price paid at the first land sale. Two of the speculators went to Washington and complained that they hadn't been allowed to bid on any land entered at

that time, and as it is against the law to prevent anyone from bidding on government property things looked serious for the settlers. Henry Rice was sent to Washington to defend their case with the result that they kept their property. Many a dignified old gentleman in the State could have told of the day when he carried a "big stick" to defend his head and his home.

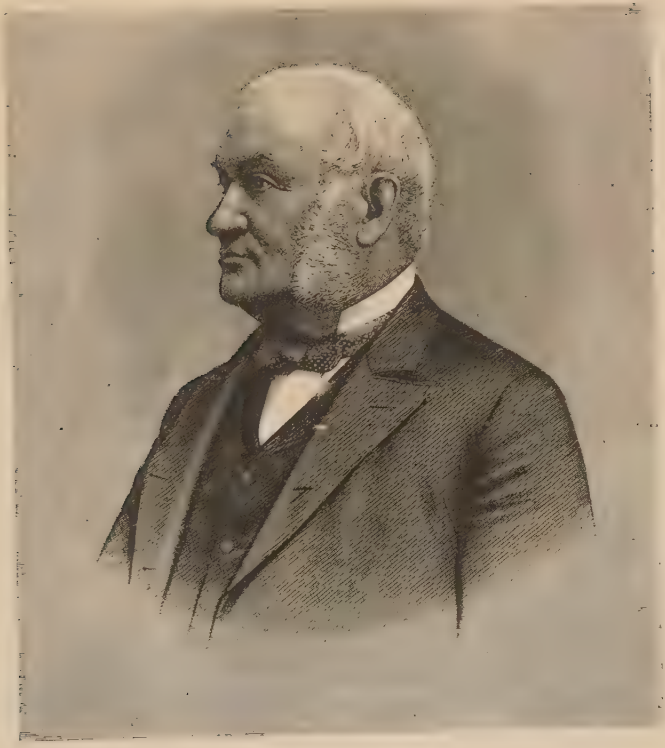
This same year, 1848, Wisconsin became a State and the part of Minnesota west of the St. Croix and east of the Mississippi was "no man's land," for the land west of the Mississippi River was the territory of Iowa. The part of Wisconsin Territory left out, sent as delegate to Congress, Sibley, who was so well known and so well thought of by both White and Indian. A great many people wanted Henry Rice to go instead, and the first political meeting which was ever held in this region met at Stillwater to vote on the matter. There were sixty-one delegates at this meeting and the places they were sent from, show us just where there were settlements at that time, Stillwater, St. Anthony, St. Paul, Pokegama, Marine, Crow Wing, Sauk Rapids, and Prescott, and a few other less settled districts.

While Sibley was in Congress his great work was the establishing of Minnesota Territory, and he had a harder time to do this than we should

think possible today, for the people who believed in slavery didn't want another free territory. There was a great deal of debate, some very bitter, though Sibley, who was helped greatly in Washington by Rice and Steele, gained his object. Many names were suggested for us,—Itasca, Jackson, Chippewa, Washington, Minnesota, and we wonder why the people from the eastern and southern states cared so much what the territory was called. We are thankful indeed that they finally decided as they did and that Minnesota Territory was established in 1849, its western boundary the Missouri River.

The people at home were anxiously waiting to hear the news from Washington and it seemed as though spring would never come that year and the ice go out of the river. At last on the ninth of April over a month after the bill was passed, the longed-for steamboat whistle was heard and in spite of rain, thunder and lightning everybody hurried down to meet the boat. You may be sure that there was a joyful demonstration when they learned that Minnesota was a territory and St. Paul was its capital.

As soon as our territory was organized, President Taylor appointed as governor Alexander Ramsey, a young man from Pennsylvania, who arrived on May 27, 1849. Ramsey, who came in this begin-



Alexander Ramsey

(By courtesy of Mrs. Charles Eliot Furness)

ning of Minnesota, is so important in everything good in our Territory and in our State for the next fifty years, that we cannot study our history without studying him. He brought his young wife with him and finding no house at St. Paul went to Mendota, where he and Mrs. Ramsey stayed with the Sibleys for a month, although it seemed to them a very unusual thing to visit strangers. As soon as a house could be put in order the Ramseys moved across the river and their home from that time on, was a center for political and social affairs. One of the early visitors says that it was quite a common thing to see Mrs. Ramsey entertaining her lady friends on one side of the room while Mr. Ramsey talked with his Indian guests on the other.

The new government was started in a log house called Bass's Tavern, where the Council met, June first. The room in which the first meeting was held had a bed, two chairs, a trunk, a little mirror, and a small washstand on which the governor wrote his first proclamation. He ordered that a census should be taken so that the people might elect delegates, and assigned three judges in the territory, one to have charge of the district around the capital, another everything south of the St. Peter River west of the Mississippi and the third, an unknown district beginning with the old government sawmill.

The first territorial legislature had in it many strong men who were famous in our history, or became so. When the first legislature (or law-making body) met in 1849 they had no public hall, so had to meet in the hotel which was changed into a public building by putting a United States flag outside of it to show the seat of government.

The Central House, as the hotel was called, was on the corner of Jackson and Bench Streets down near the river in St. Paul. The law-making body met in the dining-room and when the boarders came home for dinner had to adjourn, carrying the official papers in their pockets.

Some very fine laws were made just the same—for these were days when Governor Ramsey did all in his power to keep the land for schools untouched so that today we have our fine schools and are sure that children in the future always will have them. The first legislature appropriated money for a Historical Society and we shall see later how much it amounted to. They decided to have a capitol at St. Paul, a university at St. Anthony (the old name for Minneapolis), and a prison at Stillwater.

Just because we were a Territory there was no great change in Minnesota except that we felt more independent and had a name of our own. We *were* more independent too, for now we made our laws

here, instead of away over in Wisconsin, and we sent someone to Washington who looked out for our affairs in Congress, although he had no vote. This first delegate, as he was called, was H. H. Sibley, and we could have chosen no one better to take charge of our interests.

The year 1849 was a very important one. Many people came and many houses sprang up, but still there were Indians, still missions, still fur traders, only there were more people who settled for homes where they expected to live always instead of merely for business which might not be lasting.

That year, John Stevens came up the river on the steamer *Doctor Franklin*. He tells us that from Prairie du Chien as far as Wabasha there was no settlement on the Minnesota side. All the business was the Indian trading; and Reed's Landing was one of the most important places. Hastings, which was then called Oliver's Grove, had a number of traders and the most important landing was Kaposia, Little Crow's settlement. When he arrived at "The Landing" he described about forty buildings in the new village. Stevens stopped at the "place" of J. W. Bass, who kept boarders and whose house later became the well-known Merchant's Hotel which has always been a favorite stopping place for the legislators.

After the first mill was built in Stillwater many

people went there to settle, and this mill was a good thing for everybody, because it sawed the lumber for most of the early houses in the towns about, among them the Central House, which was the first real hotel in the State.

There were probably less than a thousand people in the whole Territory early in 1849. When the first census was taken that same year it showed that almost four thousand people had come, for the returns gave the number of people as 4680. South of St. Paul there were only four or five houses of white settlers, a few farmers at out-of-the-way places, and the villages we have already mentioned. St. Paul had at most two hundred people, most of them French, Indians, or half-breeds.

The general meeting place for the settlers was around the stove in Henry Jackson's store, where the post office was, and James Goodhue, who had come over from Wisconsin to start a newspaper, used to foretell a great future which most people laughed at. This first newspaper office was not much like a modern one, for in the corner a sitting hen made her nest and Goodhue said that she was the only money-making thing in the place.

The idea of a railroad ever coming here was called foolish, for the people said it could be operated only six months in the year on account of the snow, and

no white man could live in this country very long. Once when a man said that he had made a trip from Chicago to Fort Snelling in three days, the only comment on his story by the newspaper was, "That will do!"

In 1851 the description of a traveler is amusing. He says: "St. Paul is the largest town in the territory, is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi River, eight miles below the falls and is three hundred and twenty-seven miles from Galena, Illinois. It has a population of over twelve hundred inhabitants and is destined to become a large city.

"St. Anthony, at the falls, is situated on the east bank of the river and is fast advancing in size and importance. It has, as well as water power, a healthy location and will doubtless in time be a place of fashionable resort."

But things were slowly changing, for while at first there were many Indians and a few whites, during this time of growth there were coming to be many whites and not quite so many Indians; and of course after the great Treaties of 1851 were signed, and the Indians moved to their reservations, there were soon many more whites.

The Indians though, used to wander back now and then to their old haunts to pick berries and to hunt game, especially buffalo, and though they didn't say much, they liked to be around with

people and to see what was going on, so they loved to visit the towns. Once a whole tribe started back to their old homes and the troops from Fort Snelling had to drive them back to the reservation. We know how sad they must have felt to lose the lands they loved so well and which they felt still belonged to them.

Before the Treaty of 1851 the land west of the Mississippi River had been pathless prairie, and though people here and there had built houses, there were no large settlements because no one could own the land. Now settlers came in a stream, every boat was crowded, and towns grew up in a single night like mushrooms, only they came to stay.

You remember that John Stevens, "The Father of Minneapolis," came in 1849, and in two years a settlement began to grow up about his house, for which, of course, people wanted a name. Goodhue, the editor of the first St. Paul paper, said that everything in Minnesota was named after a saint, and so, as the names were almost all used up they ought to call this one "All Saints." Though no one liked it then, the name stuck for quite a while, as a nickname will. Afterward they tried calling it Lowell, then Albion, and finally Charles Hoag thought of Minnehapolis, spelled with an "h," which name at once pleased everybody and has been the name ever

since. We often hear people say "what's in a name?", but perhaps there is a good deal, for the little town began to grow and grew so fast that before many years it had outstripped all the older ones. As the fur trade grew less and the lumber and wheat trades greater, and after the railroads came, it wasn't so important to be the head of navigation, and very much more important to have the great water power, which was a cause, of course, for the mills.

Minneapolis, and St. Anthony across the river, were not made one city until 1872, long after the great war that we shall hear about, and since then St. Anthony has been called East Minneapolis.

When the territory began, there were only four counties, but each year at the meeting of the legislature more were added. In 1850 the mail went once a week from St. Paul by way of Lake St. Croix and La Crosse to Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin, a distance of two hundred and seventy miles; once a week to St. Croix Falls by way of Stillwater and Marine. Today mail goes between all those places at least twice a day. Ice wagons and milk and butcher carts appeared first in that year and people felt that Minnesota was quite grown up. In 1854 at the settlement where Red Wing's band used to have their lodges, the first meeting of Goodhue County was held on a lumber

pile in a vacant lot, and to show how much the settlers expected a growth they planned a court house to cost six hundred dollars, which was a good deal of money in those days.

The next year the town of Hutchinson was settled by a family of noted singers from New Hampshire who were on their way to Kansas but happening to meet a friend coming to Minnesota, came here instead.

This was all less than sixty-five years ago and when we see to what we have grown, it seems almost a miracle.

CHAPTER IX

THE GIFT OF THE FORESTS

We often think of Minnesota as all prairie land but when we study it, we find that fully two-thirds of the State is forest and the only place where trees did not once grow is Pipestone County in the southwest.

Lying as it does, in the central part of North America, Minnesota has all the trees which belong to the Temperate Zone and many that belong to the North, so it is blest with forests, and these forests, as well as giving us the wild life, which we have already studied, make it possible for us to have the many lakes and streams which are our pride.

Wherever we go in northern and eastern Minnesota, we find the big woods, where are the trees which have been as useful to us as they are beautiful. These are largely in the north—white, red and jack pines, black and white spruce, balsam and fir, —all evergreens which are easily seen in the forest in contrast to the trees which lose their leaves in the fall.

Along the streams and rivers and on the edges of the lakes are water beech, paper or canoe birch, which the Indians used, yellow birch, white oak, and poplar of two kinds.

When we think of the woods, which have done most in making us a state and in giving work and homes to our people, we look always along the valleys of the St. Croix and the Mississippi where in early days were the most extensive white pine forests in the world. Even now, although the people who lived here early did not realize how the lumbermen were wasting and destroying this wealth, we have standing more white pine than any other state in the Union.

This is the most valuable of all the soft woods for it grows so tall and so large and so straight that it makes the best lumber for man's use. Pine from Minnesota has been floated down the rivers to St. Louis and from there shipped to all parts of the country.

Lumbering is the second thing which gives work to people in a new country where there are woods as in Minnesota, so when the trappers brought back stories of great trees, the lumbermen soon started out to explore them.

Soon after Fort Snelling was built a man from Kentucky named Hardin Perkins asked the Indian agent, Major Taliaferro, for a license to cut trees

in the St. Croix valley. One of his partners was Joe Rolette, whose son we shall hear of later. The license was allowed and the lumbermen paid Hole-in-the-Day, the Indian chief who claimed this country, one thousand dollars a year for cutting the logs. Colonel Snelling stopped this work because he thought the Indian agent had no right to give the license and so after the loss of a good deal of money the work was given up.

In 1833 Frederick Ayer, a missionary near the St. Croix River, which has given such untold wealth in timber, advised people to cut the forests there but no one followed his advice. In 1836 a man from Galena, named Pitt, cut timber at St. Croix Falls with the consent of the Chippewas, who, you remember, thought they owned that country. But the United States didn't agree with them, nor did it give Mr. Pitt a right to cut the timber.

The year 1837 was a great one in Minnesota. The Indian treaties opened the land to settlers and for the first time the lumberman's axe was heard in the forest and the whir of the millwheel broke the quiet along the streams. In this year Franklin Steele of St. Anthony started up the St. Croix River with Dr. Fitch, the first white men to look for timber as a business, if we except Joseph Brown (first on the spot as usual) who cut logs at Taylor's

Falls and rafted them down the river earlier in the same year.

Taking laborers with them they left Fort Snelling in a birch-bark canoe filled with tools and food. They floated down the Mississippi River to the mouth of the St. Croix up which they paddled as far as the beautiful park which nature made for us and which the State has since adopted at Taylor's Falls.

But it was not the beauty of the country that this party of explorers was looking at, for they found the great trees they were after and made a logging camp at St. Croix Falls. The first logs they cut were used to build cabins for the camp, from which place they floated the logs down the river in rafts. Where the river widened, they caught them at what is called a *boom*, a long chain of logs reaching across the river, fastened together end to end and securely fixed to each bank. The logs were at first floated down the St. Croix River to southern mills, but before very long the lumbermen here built sawmills and sawed their own lumber. In 1838 Peshick, an Indian chief, refused to have any more trees cut saying, "No money for land—logs cannot go." He had not been paid for the land ceded the year before but fortunately the treaty was ratified in time to send the logs downstream.

In 1839 Steele went to St. Louis where he

interested people in starting the St. Croix Falls Lumber Company, bringing up everything that was needed for a sawmill on the *Palmyra*, the first steamboat on the St. Croix River.

The Indians were so terrified and excited at this terrible creature puffing out volumes of smoke that they hid behind the crags which rise high above the river and began rolling stones down on the boat. The captain blew his whistle which frightened them so that they sprang from their hiding places and ran away yelling and shrieking, leaving behind their blankets and everything else they had with them.

The mill started at this time was the beginning of lumbering which lasted many years. The water power at St. Croix Falls today is used for electric current.

The earlier lumbermen came for homes, and many of the logs that were cut, were sawed up for building these, but after the United States had surveyed the land and the people located the forests, they came to make money off the lumber.

In the last month of 1837 the first tree was cut and the first cabin built which started the town of Marine. David Hone and Lewis Judd, who came in 1838 from Marine, Wisconsin, took up this claim on the St. Croix River, and the next year persuaded thirteen people from their old home to join them. They went to St. Louis where they started

up the river with everything necessary for milling and farming, including oxen and cows. Mrs. Hone was the only woman in the party and was the first white woman on the western side of the St. Croix valley. When the party arrived they found that the claim had been "jumped" by two men to whom they had to pay three hundred dollars before they would give up the land. The mill, which they built, cut the first lumber in that part of the valley and did business for fifty years. It was owned later by Lewis Judd, and Orange Walker who came first as the company's clerk. The people at Marine always raised enough food for their own use and were very prosperous until the mill was burned in 1863. It was entirely destroyed as were almost half of the early sawmills in Minnesota, for fire has always been and still is, our worst enemy. More of our woods have been burned than have been cut and much of the money which was gained by such hard work in the early days had to be used to rebuild mills which were burned.

The first claim at Stillwater was made in 1843 by Jacob Fisher who took up a large amount of land which hadn't been surveyed. His claim was bought the next year by John McKusick and others, who built the first sawmill on Lake St. Croix, which mill did business almost sixty years, and was the first frame building in the valley.

Stillwater grew fast and was very important because of the lumber industry, at one time having twelve great mills running at once. The largest company, owned by Schulenberg, in 1856 sold its business to Hospes and Staples, and their mill under the name of the Atwood mill in South Stillwater, where Torinus also started a great mill, was running until lately. The old "Red Mill" for years was a landmark for many miles around.

The first log boom was built in 1857 at Osceola and was later moved down the river just above Stillwater where the Boom Company, consisting of all the lumber firms doing business on the St. Croix River, had its headquarters. Here the logs were sorted out and counted, for every log is marked with a letter or sign which belongs to its owner alone, and we can see that the company had some work when we realize that there were two thousand different log marks among the owners. The logs to be sawed at the Stillwater mills were taken out here, the others shipped on. Martin Mower was the head of the great Boom Company and lived at Arcola a few miles above the lumber town.

In Stillwater lived many men who were important in building up our State, great in lumber circles all over the country and a number of them not

just lumbermen, as the names Hospes, Staples, Hersey, Nelson, and Durant remind us.

Now the glory of Stillwater has largely passed away: all the old mills have been burned or torn down and instead of the busy bustling city thronged with lumberjacks wearing lanigans or spiked boots, it is important because there the State Prison is located.

The towns of Stillwater, Lakeland, Marine, and Point Douglas were all settled on account of the logging, and flourished because there the companies that were formed made their homes and set up stores, many of them great barn-like buildings still standing, from which supplies were sold to the lumber camps back in the woods.

The first frame dwelling in Minnesota was built at Point Douglas which is now, as are many of these towns along the rivers, much smaller than it was many years ago, for as the trees were cut off, the companies moved their headquarters from one place to another. Here and there we see old sawmills which were left to decay in quiet and peace, very different from the busy times when they sawed up and shipped out carloads of lumber each day.

The Mississippi River pine was first explored ten years after that on the St. Croix and also under Steele, whose explorer, Daniel Stanchfield, came, as

most of our lumbermen did, from the woods of Maine as soon as they found that there was more work to be done and more money to be made in the West.

This explorer tells us how astonished he was at the immense tracts of white pine which he found along the Mississippi River and especially stretching for fifty miles on both sides of the streams along the Rum River, which flow into it. He had almost given up hope of finding this sought-for timber, when he climbed a tall tree for a last look around. Here on all sides was a waving sea of green —a wonderful forest of white pine. He could hardly believe his eyes and had to hold on tight for a while, he was so dizzy with joy. The company which Mr. Steele had formed, had been afraid that there might not be enough logs to keep a mill busy and to make it pay at St. Anthony Falls, where, of course, the water power made it a good place for a mill, and Stanchfield writes, "I have found more white pine than seventy mills could cut in seventy years." Although it was true, the trouble was, that they did not save the smaller trees, as they should have, to wait until they grew, but cut big and little. So this great treasure was used up in less than seventy years although it took more than seventy mills to cut it.

The immense forest along the Rum River, which flows into the Mississippi just above Anoka,

supplied most of the lumber used in the building of Minneapolis. The first log drive, in 1847, which cost so much in time and strength and patient labor (for it is the early people who have the hardships), was all lost on account of high water, but Steele was not at all discouraged and went on doggedly, though on account of this loss, the mill, which they had planned, had to be built of hard wood cut from trees on Nicollet Island. The first machinery, too, was lost in the Erie Canal and they had to wait until another outfit could be sent on. This was the first mill on the Mississippi River except the government one, which, you remember, was built to cut the logs for the first fort at Snelling.

All through this country as the explorer went farther west, the Indians had to be reckoned with and at Aitkin, which was then a trading post, Chief Hole-in-the-Day again forbade the cutting of any trees unless he was paid for them. He asked fifty cents a tree, a pony, five pairs of blankets, calico and broadcloth and said that he also had great pine woods up on Leech Lake, which he offered to show them, so he was paid what he asked and the stately pine trees began to come down. The lumbermen still had more or less trouble with the Indians but they usually got around them by tact and a few presents.

The dam was built at St. Anthony in 1848 when the mills began work in earnest and sawed night and day, for numbers of immigrants began coming here to live and the year the territory was organized, they came in swarms. Almost all the money brought here at this time was what the United States paid to the Indians, and the stores furnishing supplies to the lumbermen took their pay in logs, which they did not get cash for until the next year. But this lumber trade was worth more than money for it built up great towns and cities and is often called the "gold mine of Minnesota." The first needs of lumbermen, as well as of other people, are food and clothing and so stores were built, and around the homes and the stores and the mills the people clustered.

The pioneer woodsman like the trapper had a very lonely life, for when he started out to cruise or explore, for timber, he left behind him all signs of civilized life, his friends, family, and his comforts. He was always traveling, seldom spending two nights in a place. He had with him one companion, sometimes an Indian, sometimes another cruiser, an ax, a few things to eat, which could not be shot nor found in the lakes; his maps, and surveying instruments and always a little kettle and resin for pitching his birch canoe.

When he left the streams and the lakes he hunted

through the pathless forest for good straight, clear timber, meeting on the way deer, bear, lynx, porcupine and that terror to the lonely man, hungry wolves. Carrying his heavy pack, he climbed over windfalls and uprooted trees, which the long winter and the great winds and heavy rains had dislodged and which make walking almost impossible. He waded through swamps, fording little streams, meeting only once in a while a lonely homesteader, who was usually delighted to see someone and offered him a bed and at least half of all the food he had. Sometimes he didn't reach camp at all and spent the night out, fighting mosquitoes and flies.

One of the explorers tells us of being treed by wolves all night on his way back to camp. He had been able to climb a big tree, which the animals couldn't gnaw through, and there he sat shivering all night long nodding, but afraid to go to sleep until when the morning light came, the wolves slunk away as they always do, I suppose because theirs are "deeds of darkness."

Another time one of the men had walked ahead of the team, which was about a mile behind, when a pack of wolves came crowding all through the trail and on either side of him. He wavered a minute then raised his ax, brandished it and rushed at them. They gave way, but watched him until he

was out of sight. He said that those minutes seemed like years, for he knew that if he turned and ran back, they would get him and by the time the team came up he would have been nothing but bones.

LOCATING UNITED STATES LAND

Many years ago in the early history of our country, in fact soon after we became independent from England, the government made a plan for surveying its land and it has followed that plan ever since, so that people, hunting for timber lands or claims for homes or mining property, may be able to describe just where the land is, for all land in the beginning belongs to the United States Government.

The United States surveyor, who first makes an examination of the land, fixes by sight from a tree or some convenient place, lines running parallel, or in the same direction, six miles apart, north and south as well as east and west. These lines divide the country into squares six miles on each side, and each square is called a township. The townships are all divided into thirty-six square sections, each section one mile on each side. Each of the four corners of the township is marked by a post squared at the upper end, and marked on the

four sides with an iron which every surveyor carries with him. Each mark, you see, faces a different township. Then one tree in each corner, called the *bearing tree*, is marked B. T. and all these marks are put down in what are called "notes of the surveyor"; so if all the posts are destroyed and only one tree is left standing, the land may be "located." The section corners are marked the same way and each section, which always contains six hundred and forty acres, is divided by fours until we get one hundred and sixty acres called a "quarter," which the United States allows a homesteader. The quarters, even, are divided into "forties," which are called "lots."

The cruiser or explorer goes through the land and "locates" and lists the timber, which he wants to buy, in "forties," because the government sells nothing smaller than a forty. To find the good timber and locate it, is the work which the explorer has to do day after day. Then he "enters" the land, which he wants, at the nearest United States land office and his notes are compared with the notes which the government surveyor made.

Sometimes two men locate the same land and then there is a scramble to the land office to enter, as the application for United States land is called. Many hasty trips were made by cruisers in our State who found traces of someone else exploring the same

land. Sometimes this trace was only a smell of tobacco smoke, sometimes a smouldering fire, and one man tells of finding on the trail a dead pigeon, still warm, dropped by a cruiser in his haste to get away; then there was a rush to the land office, through the woods, swamps and short-cuts. The winner often had to swim rivers and drop into ravines, going through great dangers, for anything was better than losing the land. We always hear from the winner for the other man never tells his story about entering land, as this was always a case of "first come first served."

Often timber was stolen and claims were "jumped," so whatever else he had to endure, the lumber explorer never had a tame life. Hard as it all was, we very seldom hear of a man in the woods who was ill, and no matter how glad one was to get back to civilization, he was always just as glad to go, when the United States advertised new lands for sale, or the smell of the spring pine came to him.

Most of the early lumbermen were "Maineites," as they were called, and brought with them the same methods they used in Maine. The lumbering was done in the winter, but early in July the teamsters used to start out to cut hay and wood for the winter, and the lumberjacks, who were idle and loafed about town until this time, went to build camp and to make logging roads. Some of

these lumberjacks were Scotch and Irish, though most of them in the early days were French Canadians.

The logging roads, which they built, were straight, about twelve feet wide, and had to be smooth and hard because they hauled over them whole trees, the branches trimmed off and the bark cut away from the under side so that they would slip easily on the snow. The ruts in the roads were filled with water, which became hard, smooth ice, making it easier to drag the sleds over them.

After a big tree was chopped down, it was loaded on a bobsled which was dragged by oxen or horses to the top of the ridge where the slide was, and started on its way down to the landing. There it was cut into logs, marked, and hauled to the water's edge. In the spring the drivers rolled it into the water and it was floated down to the boom.

Today in the camps the logs are sawed, where they used to be chopped, and hauled on a tackle made of two sleds with cross chains between. These are drawn by oxen or horses and can carry such heavy loads that the logs are often piled ten feet high. In the large camps they use logging railroads, which are taken up and put down in different places as they need them.

Firebreak in Koochiching County

(By courtesy of the State Forestry Department)

The camps which were built years ago were very simple but the men thought that they were comfortable. They cut two large trees the length they wanted their house, put them about twenty feet apart, cut logs for ends, and floored the space over well. The house, which had a steep roof coming down on either side to the ground, was always shingled. There was a hole in the center of the roof for a great chimney made of round poles calked. The fire was built in the middle of the room right under the chimney, the fireplace made of three stones at each side and over this was hung a crane for kettles. The coals made a fine bed for bread and for beans, always a part of the lumbermen's meal.

Benches the length of the camp were put up near the fireplace, and behind them the beds, which were pine boughs piled high. The table was behind the bench and in front of the door, and it was always important that the lumbermen, who had good appetites from their out-of-doors work, should have this table well supplied. So you always might be sure if you visited a camp, of a welcome and a good meal.

Now the lumber camps have warm log houses divided into several rooms, with many windows. Instead of fireplaces they have modern ranges and a lumber-camp cook is a high-priced person,

but the meals probably taste no better than did those of fifty years ago.

The great lumber camps of today have an army of men, often fifty choppers and teamsters in one lodge. The men have breakfast and supper in camp and dinner is carried to them, sometimes two miles away. The lumbermen, whatever their special labor may be, have hard work each day but they get good food and good pay, and the only objection to the work is that it leaves them idle a good many months in the year, which is bad for anyone.

The lumber trade was the great thing which built up St. Anthony, and it and the flour mills are what have made Minneapolis the great city that it is today, for the records show that up to 1900 her mills had sawed two thirds of all the lumber in Minnesota. Some of the names of her famous lumbermen are as important now as they were in the early days, for they helped to found a city more enduring than the lumber trade or the milling interests. The names of Morrison and Pillsbury, Winston and Langdon will never be forgotten in that city.

The land between Minneapolis and Duluth and along the railroad lines north of Duluth, all of which was covered with forests, has been cleared since 1870.

After the trees had been cut along the St.

Croix River, the lumbermen moved back to the ridge west of the river and many companies were started. The largest one now is controlled by what are called the Weyerhaeuser interests, one of the greatest lumbering companies in the world.

There were many small mills all up and down the little rivers, but the important ones on the Mississippi were at Hastings, Red Wing and much larger than these, one at Winona, where billions of feet (lumber being always measured by feet), were sawed.

Instead of telling a story of increasing greatness and progress, we are sorry to say that in lumbering we are not going forward but backward, for the great days of this industry in the State are over. We no longer rank first in the Union as we did in 1890, nor even fifth as we did later, for today Minnesota stands twelfth in the lumber business. Where we used to have one hundred and thirty-three mills in the State running day and night, there now are only twenty-seven, though we must remember that a modern mill, because of new machinery, can do ten times as much as one used to do.

We have misused our great forests, for if we had carefully cut only the large trees and had been careful about "slashings," as the refuse left by cutting is called, we should have kept up our

lumbering for many years. "Slashings" and carelessness, in general, have started many great fires all over the State, which have destroyed much wealth as well as the beauty which is one of the things we should be careful to preserve.

As much lumber has been wasted as has come to market and the great forest fires have destroyed so much that now we use more than we grow. Our State Forester, of whom we shall hear later, tells us that by 1922 all the woods, in which we take such pride, will be destroyed unless we are more careful.

Today the lumber mills and camps have moved up to the north of the State with their center at Duluth, whose first mill was put up in 1856. The timber along the Kettle and Willow rivers is being cut and this work made the towns of Cloquet, Carleton and many others.

But strange to relate, the great woods along the Vermilion and Mesabi ranges, when cut, disclosed a vast treasure whose unfolding reads like a fairy tale, for buried at their roots were found the mighty iron fields which have given Minnesota a fame and a wealth greater than her lumbering or even than her farming.

CHAPTER X

WATCH US GROW

SEVERAL times in our history people have wanted to change the capital from St. Paul to different places in the State and in 1857, a law was passed to remove it to St. Peter.

All laws then had to be passed by two bodies called the House and the Council. The bill was passed by both bodies and sent back to the Council committee to write out or enroll. Now the chairman of this committee having the bill in charge was Joe Rolette, who was an Indian trader and a driver of the Red River ox-carts. He was a great friend of St. Paul and didn't want the capital changed, so he didn't appear with the bill when it was called for. He was sent for again and again but no one could find him. One report was that he had been seen with a dog train on the way to Pembina where he lived; another one was that he had been killed, but at any rate he couldn't be found, and the people who wanted the capital moved wouldn't adjourn until

the bill was found. A copy of it was made but it was decided that it wasn't correct and the Council "sat" (as they say) for five days, eating and sleeping in the Council chamber waiting for Rolette. They did not find him before it came time by law to adjourn, and so the bill was lost.

It was found afterward that Rolette had been hiding very comfortably at the Fuller House all the time. He was well hated for this trick by some people but just as well loved by others.

During territorial days so many people came here, everybody was so prosperous and there was so much money made, that people thought it was always going to keep on that way, and spent too much money and branched out too suddenly. Everybody went into real estate business and thought of nothing but land. One man visiting here during this time said that the people thought nothing, did nothing, ate nothing but land and when they went to bed, they even talked about it in their sleep. A good many expected to have towns where they had made their different claims and thought that all they had to do was to offer land for sale and people would be glad enough to get it.

One of these was Ignatius Donnelly, a prominent lawyer, who laid out the town of Nininger in Dakota County, built a great house and expected to see

it the center of his settlement. The land sold at first and a little town grew up and flourished until the hard times came when it was deserted and most of the people went to Hastings. Donnelly's great, lonely house still stands, a monument of the great "boom" days. Donnelly was famous as the writer of many books, among them *Atlantis* the story of a beautiful island in the Atlantic Ocean.

Mr. Donnelly was a great orator, a regular "spellbinder," and represented us in the Legislature as well as in Congress several times. He was called the "Sage of Nininger" and was one of Minnesota's great men, but he never became rich from his land, nor did anyone else at this time.

Suddenly in 1857, hard times came and no one could sell anything. There was so little money in the Territory during these hard times that storekeepers used to give people tickets saying, "Good for one dollar at my store," and these tickets were made out for sums as small as twenty-five cents.

During this "panic" as it was called, people who came here just to get rich quick, left in a hurry, half of all St. Paul going in 1857, but the families who had come for homes and believed in the future were willing to bear something for the sake of the State to be.

This trouble taught people a good lesson which they did not forget, for instead of thinking only

about the land and what they could sell it for, they began to think about using the land itself. So instead of speculating, people went to farming and into business and as soon as the excitement of the panic was over, everybody went to work. This was the beginning of our real growth.

Now the year before this we had asked Congress to make us a state, equal to all the others. You see, there are a good many things, which a territory cannot do; it can't elect its own governor, nor vote for president, or most important of all, it can't have people to represent it and to vote in Congress, all of which things a state does, so a state has much more power.

Henry Rice, who was our delegate in Congress in 1856 had charge of the important matter of our statehood and to back him was Stephen Douglas, the man who ran against Lincoln for office and debated with him so many times. He was not a friend to Lincoln but he was a good friend to Minnesota and we needed him, for there were many who objected to our coming into the Union at that time. The people who wanted slavery didn't want another free state and Minnesota was sure to give all her votes against slavery as soon as she had a chance.

At last, after many disputes and much talk Congress passed the "Enabling Act" which allowed us to write a constitution for the government of

our State in its own affairs. There was a great quarrel here at home about our constitution, and the Democrats and Republicans (a new party at this time) had different meetings and wrote two constitutions, each insisting that it was the real meeting, and had written the real constitution.

Finally, everybody saw that it wasn't sensible to begin our State life with strife and bitter feeling, so little by little they came together. The delegates never met as one body but they made their two constitutions exactly alike, so it made no difference for which one the people of the State voted.

We were in such a hurry to get to work as a state that we didn't wait for Congress to make us one, but had our election for congressmen, state officers, and governor in October, 1857, and this first election was a most exciting one.

The Republicans wanted Ramsey for the first state governor, and the Democrats wanted General Sibley. They were both well known and both popular, so the vote was very close.

Pembina belonged to Minnesota then, and it took a long time to hear from there. The election results were waited for anxiously, especially by the Democrats, for the North was a fur country, and everybody there was sure to vote for Sibley. Joe Rolette was to bring the returns and the Democrats

heard that the Republicans had sent a man to catch him on the road down and steal the ballots. So the Democrats sent a reckless half-breed rider to overtake this messenger, giving him orders not to spare his life nor the horse's life but to get there before the other man did. Now, you know, Pembina is four hundred miles from the capital and it usually took some time to get there, but the half-breed rode hard and very soon overtook and passed the Republican messenger. The ballots were taken from Rolette and brought back hidden in the belt of a good Democrat who was afraid to take them to St. Paul, so left them at Fort Snelling on his way. A little later he drove over to the Fort with a young lady and on the way back gave her a bundle to carry. She didn't know what it was, but it was brought safely to the Capitol and the State voted Democratic.

Congress passed the bill admitting us as a state with our present boundaries May 11, 1858, which you must remember as the date of Minnesota's birthday.

During this time the fur trade was passing away because so many animals were killed and some of them had almost disappeared from the State, so the very first legislature tried to stop this slaughter and passed game laws which have been added to from time to time. These laws protect our valu-

able game so that it may not all be lost to the children of the future.

This legislature made plans too for the State Agricultural College showing that they foresaw that in time we must stop depending on fur and lumber, and begin to be farmers. It would have been better for us, if everyone then had thought that it would help to have the farmers trained, because we should have had an easier time afterward. But people didn't understand this matter, for in twenty years there was only one graduate from this college.

In 1859, our State had a chance to vote the first time for a president and of course helped to elect President Lincoln.

It was now that we established a Bureau of Immigration, which shows us how many foreigners were coming here, many of them because of the new homestead laws which Congress passed. People from all over Europe came in and progress went on quickly. In 1860 there were one hundred and seventy thousand people in Minnesota and in ten years there were almost three times as many.

After the State was admitted to the Union it was only a little while before the great Civil War broke out and that stopped our progress for a time, as it did the progress of all the states: because while war

is going on we can't do the same things that we should if we were at peace.

Ramsey was the second governor who was elected and was elected a second time. He spent much time and thought on schools and did much for them.

During his second term he won the title of the "Great War Governor," and the next few years were sad ones in the life of the whole United States, especially Minnesota of all the northern states, because of the great Sioux outbreak which came at this time. But in spite of our troubles without and within, we were never discouraged. The men who had helped to defend the Union, came back as citizens and went to work again in camp, in shop and office, and progress went on. The Union was safe, not one star was missing, and our own State had made good.

In 1867 the last Red River cart came to St. Paul with fur, but lumber, wheat, mills, and railroads offered work to the thousands of emigrants who came here from other countries for homes and work.

In 1870 Duluth came to be a city and ever since has been growing in wealth and importance. Situated at the head of the Great Lakes where "rails and waters meet," it handles an immense trade. The boats loaded with grain and ore go down the

great waterways to the East and come back with coal for the Northwest. Duluth has grown in beauty and public spirit as well as in wealth, and because of this and her location at the head of the lakes is called the "Zenith City."

THE STATE SEAL

The first territorial legislature had decided to adopt what is called a seal. All state papers must be signed with this seal which is cut in metal. The first one which was made for us, pictured an Indian family in front of their lodge, a canoe outside and a white man visiting them. No one seemed to like this very well and so General Sibley suggested another one. This was a round seal with the Falls of St. Anthony in the background and the rising sun in the East. A farmer was plowing westward, his gun and powder horn leaning against a stump, while an Indian with a lance in his hand was riding toward the East. The Latin motto which means "I want to see what is beyond," was above, with the date 1849, below. There was a mistake made about the motto and people generally made fun of this seal, calling it a scared white man watching a frightened Indian gallop out of sight.

After we became a State, the seal was changed to the present one on the title page of our

book which shows a white man plowing eastward, an Indian riding on horseback toward the West, and as a background the setting sun and the Falls of St. Anthony. *L'Etoile du Nord*, which means "The Star of the North," is above, and around the edge "The Great Seal of the State of Minnesota," with "1858" below. This seal was used so much on important papers that in 1907 we had to have a new one made for the use of the Secretary of State, the official who signs all laws of Minnesota and stamps them with this seal.

CHAPTER XI

MINNESOTA

THE BREAD AND BUTTER STATE

I SUPPOSE we ought to say that the first farmers in Minnesota were the Indians who gathered wild rice and corn, though, of course, they didn't plant the rice, and just scratched the ground for the corn instead of plowing it. So they didn't get very much of a crop. They had a queer way of gathering the rice. You know it grows on the edges of the little lakes in our State and all through the swamps. Two Indians used to push a canoe in among the stems of the rice, which grows very tall, and then while one held the canoe, the other would bend the tall stalks over and beat the heads until the rice fell off into the canoe. Sometimes they would get as many as thirty bushels in a day with one canoe. The squaws would spread it on mats raised on sticks above the fires until it was dried, next they would dig a hole in the ground about the size of a bushel basket, fill it full of rice and trample on it until the husks came off. Then it was spread

out on the ground and fanned with great pieces of bark to get rid of the chaff.

All of the rice in early days used to taste and smell of smoke and many old settlers didn't like it nearly so well when it was prepared in a cleaner and better way, because they missed the smoky taste. This rice is very nourishing and today is considered a great delicacy. It brings a high price in the East as well as at home, and there are acres of it along the edges of our lakes, not gathered except by the birds.

When the White Man came here, you remember the Indians used to raise little patches of squash and potatoes, corn and tobacco. They were too lazy to do any real farming. The United States government sent agents among them to teach them to farm and they usually began with turnips for the crop looks so large that it encourages them to try again. The first wheat grown in Minnesota was in the Red River valley, way off on the northwestern border, where there is a strip of land from ten to twenty miles wide and about three hundred miles from north to south, which is still considered the most fertile land in the world and is called the "World's Bread Basket."

The Earl of Selkirk, you remember, bought a vast tract of land in this valley from the Hudson Bay Company in 1811, which was about the time

the Countess of Sutherland in Scotland wanted more land herself, and so she drove out a number of Scotch people who had been her tenants. These people came over to this country and settled down in what was called the "Selkirk settlement." There were some Irish and a number of Swiss among these settlers.

Year after year these people were troubled by the Indians and over and over again after almost starving to death they were bothered by the fur companies. The very same year that Fort Snelling was established they raised a good crop and were very happy over it, but just when it was ready to harvest a swarm of locusts appeared so dense that, as they flew, they hid the sun from view and ate up everything in sight, not even leaving a stalk nor a seed for the next year's planting, so they didn't have any crop until 1820, when they did manage at last to raise a good one. These were the people who later settled around Fort Snelling, where they came for protection.

I wonder whether you can realize how hard it was for the early people to try to do anything in this wilderness, where they had none of the conveniences that the smallest farm or the poorest farmer has today. They used a narrow iron plow which dug just under the surface, often doing the

plowing by hand and at most with one horse. If there was enough for the blackbirds and the pigeons, an early writer says, they sometimes managed to get some wheat for themselves.

When they began raising grain on the Red River they cut it by hand with little sickles and tied it with small twigs. It was stored all winter and cleaned by men, women and children, and by the wind which blew through it. It was flailed on the barn floors, and "winnowed," that is the grain separated from the chaff, with a big fan made of cloth stretched on a hoop and held tightly against the chest while it was moved up and down with both arms.

Sometime after the Selkirk settlement had a crop they began to raise wheat here and there all over Minnesota, but they didn't think that what was called spring wheat (the kind that is planted in the spring) was very good and because they didn't know how to grind it to make good flour it really didn't amount to very much. However by 1850 they raised wheat in small quantities all over the settled part of the State, chiefly around Le Sueur and St. Peter.

The story is told that, in 1853, when General LeDuc went to the World's Fair in New York to demonstrate Minnesota crops, on his way East he had to buy the wheat which he displayed. Three things

Old Betz, the Berry Picker

"In Sunday Best." Pioneer Days

made grain very important in our history; improved machinery, roads and milling. Labor saving machinery came first, for our large farms could never have been run by hand labor. There was no use in sowing grain to rot in the field, for it wasn't possible to reap it.

Beginning with 1825, plows were improved until the great gang-plow came, and in 1831, Cyrus McCormick brought out a two-horse reaper with which he cut six acres of oats in half a day, as much as six men had done before. He began manufacturing reapers and threshing machines in 1847, and since then farm machinery has been improved year by year.

Today we have the complete harvester which not only cuts and threshes the grain but puts it into sacks. Instead of horses, these great machines use power, and they don't seem like machines at all, but rather like a great many human beings all in one.

The second thing which helped farming was the railroad. In the beginning our farmers had no reason to raise more wheat than they could use themselves, and in fact they didn't raise enough to make all the bread they wanted. There were no roads to take their grain, and if they lived on a stream it was very hard to send it down even by boat. If they lived off the stream it was impossible

to get it anywhere, and we can see that now the farmers would be better off if we had better roads, for poor roads take more time than good ones, and time is more valuable to the farmer than almost anything else.

When the railroads were built to take the grain to the markets beyond the Mississippi River or the St. Croix or up to Winnipeg, it made farming on a large scale possible, and so the great "bonanza farms" were started.

On the great Dalrymple farm of two thousand acres they raised fifty thousand bushels of wheat in 1869, and it took a hundred men and a hundred horses to harvest it. The Paxton farm in Redwood County covered fifteen thousand acres, but in 1896 most of these great farms were divided, as other crops besides wheat came to be more profitable.

But perhaps the third improvement was the most important after all, and that was learning how to be better millers. Wheat isn't of very much use to us until it is ground into flour. The first mill was built at St. Anthony by the government to grind the little wheat that was raised at first on government property at Fort Snelling. Before this, people had used mortars like the Indians, and later, had ground their grain between two stones by hand. These hand mills were made a good deal like the coffee mills in our kitchens today. Fifty years ago,

there were a few horse mills, where the two stones which ground the wheat were turned on one another by a horse harnessed at the end of a long pole.

Then an improvement came in the shape of windmills. Among the first ones in Minnesota were those at Owatonna, St. Peter, and Mankato, and in 1870 there were many big windmills in the State. They are almost all gone today because the people soon began to use water power. This is much better for grinding the wheat because it can be used so much longer in the year and is always on hand, while the wind comes and goes, though of course the early millers had to grind all their wheat before the streams froze up, or wait until the next spring.

Before Minnesota was a state there were flour mills scattered over a large part of it. Lemuel Bolles' mill at Afton, built in 1845, ground wheat raised in 1853 at Grey Cloud Island. The first one to ship flour to the eastern states was the "Minnesota," the same year that we became a state; it was owned by a milling company in Minneapolis.

A Scotchman by the name of Archibald, living on Cannon River, became famous during the 60's for making the best flour in the world. Eastern people paid him a dollar a barrel more than any one else could get. But he didn't tell people how

he made his good flour although he had many visitors who tried to find out.

In 1870 Edward LaCroix went from Faribault to Minneapolis with ideas about milling, which he called the "new process." The old way was to put the millstones, which are round and very heavy, close together and grind them very fast, which crushed the wheat all at once. This made a yellow flour which was sticky and didn't keep very well. Now people had found out that the most nourishing part of the wheat is just inside of the outer shell. In the old way of grinding most of this went off with the chaff or bran. The new process grinds very slowly, and at first just cracks the wheat, so that the outer shell is broken away and the gluten, which is the nourishing part, is all kept. But even milling it in this way, the wheat became so hot that the flour wasn't very good and still did not keep well.

It was from the Hungarians that we learned how to use steel rollers, which grind very slowly and little by little, the wheat going through many different sets of rollers. After each grinding the wheat is shaken and the flour sifted through cloth, and when it has been ground over and over again we have the fine white flour of today, which "looks good enough to eat" and keeps very well for a long time, and besides has in it all the nourishment of the

wheat. The flour, which was ground by this new process in Minneapolis, soon became well known and people were willing to give two or more dollars a barrel more for it than for any other. So the great mills were built which turned out thousands of barrels a day and sent flour to the hungry all over the world.

Now, of course, just as soon as people found how much money they could make on wheat they began to come into Minnesota by the hundreds and thousands, and for no other purpose than to raise wheat, and this, of course, made our population largely farmers.

But crops were not always good, even if land was so fertile, and the farmers' troubles were many.

For many years grasshoppers had been a pest, coming before 1820, and in territorial days destroyed much, but between 1870 and 1877 they were a scourge and the last two years entirely destroyed the crops. They ate everything—the bark on the trees, clothes on the lines, leather; and every blade of green was eaten down to the ground as soon as it appeared. People said they even ate saddles and boots, in fact they ate up everything but the machinery in the fields.

All sorts of plans to get rid of them were tried, bounties offered and thousands of dollars paid for dead grasshoppers. They were burned, they were

tarred, but they came faster than they could be killed for they came by the millions and would disappear only to have others in great swarms take their places. There was terrible suffering throughout the State, and public aid was given to the suffering farmers. Pillsbury, who was governor in 1877, did everything in his power to help, for the whole State was aroused as everything depends on our crops.

The grasshopper lays its eggs several inches below the ground and they hatch out in the spring, so in April, 1878, just at hatching time in answer to many requests and petitions, the governor appointed a day of prayer that the State might be delivered from another awful visitation.

Afterward Governor Pillsbury said, "And the very next night it turned cold and froze every grasshopper in the State stiff; froze 'em right all solid, sir; well sir, that was over twenty years ago and grasshoppers don't appear to have been bothering us very much since."

Even this wasn't the end of trouble, because a little pest called the cinch bug killed the crops over and over again.

Then people began to realize that they weren't raising so much wheat as they used to. They had worn out the land, for you know if you don't take care of it, you can wear out land just as you can

everything else. So the farmers in Minnesota began to rotate their crops which means to put different crops on the land. This leaves in the earth what wheat takes out, but this did not leave all the fertility that the land needed, so farmers all over the State began to raise stock, as well as rotate crops. Instead of losing money we find that it has been a wonderful gain, not only do we get better crops because we have cattle on the land, but we have learned not to put "all our eggs in one basket."

While we used to think that Minnesota was not only the best wheat place in the world, but was good for wheat only, we found that in our great State we can raise almost anything we want to, if we learn how to do it in the best way. In almost every county you will find wheat, oats and corn, which last is coming to be a greater crop in Minnesota every year. The corn helps to feed the cattle which bring us so much money and so much fame.

All sorts of vegetables and fruits may be grown here, and we raise huge crops of all kinds of things. You can raise not only the things you like best to grow, but you can find out what is the best thing to produce on your own land and raise that.

The potato belt of Minnesota, in that queer angle between the Mississippi and the St. Croix rivers, is coming to be well known. We grow a

great deal of flaxseed too, and in the Twin Cities make one-third of all the linseed oil of the whole United States.

While the Red River valley is still the best place to grow wheat and produces the wheat which gets the highest price in the market, yet, where a few years ago farmers sometimes had a yield of forty-five bushels to an acre, today twenty bushels is a large crop.

The Minnesota mills (the largest in Minneapolis) grind one-third of all the flour of the world and send out of the State ninety-seven out of every hundred bushels, to our own country, to England, to the West Indies, to Hong Kong, to Brazil, and to Germany.

Distributed all over the State you find creameries, which show how much the stock raising means to us. In the last ten years we have taken prizes all over the world for the best butter and the best cheese. Minnesota butter is used in the United States' Navy.

The Agricultural Society, started in territorial days at the house of John Stevens, has held a fair almost every year since for the display of Minnesota products and for the education of her farmers. This has come to be the most important annual agricultural fair in the world; and is held on the two hundred acres called the State Fair Grounds,

where there are great display buildings, and every September the people of the State, especially the farmers, vie with one another to show their crops and in fact everything else which is produced in Minnesota. This rivalry has proved a great encouragement to business of all sorts.

Whether we have too much rain or not enough, and no matter how discouraged the farmer is over his prospects, we have come to expect that the State Fair will show what it always does, a "bumper crop."

So you see, because we raise so much wheat and make so much flour, and because we raise so much stock and make so much butter and such good butter, we could feed all the children in the United States with bread and butter every day. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could do that, so that no one of our children would ever be hungry any more? Let us make up our minds that when we grow up we are going to go on with this good work in Minnesota and learn how to use our land in the best way possible so that it will always be said that we are "The Bread and Butter State."

CHAPTER XII

THE SAD STORY

WAR AGAINST SLAVERY

We have a very sad story to tell today. The only one in the history of the United States that we are really ashamed of, and yet it comes out so splendidly in the end, that if we remember that, instead of the beginning, we shall be still prouder of our country.

Many years ago, when the first white people came from Europe, those who settled in the South where it was warm, found it very hard to raise tobacco and cotton in such a hot climate, as they had to do all the work themselves without machinery. When they began to cultivate rice in the damp, sticky, muggy everglades, they about made up their minds that it was more work than it was worth while.

Now as early as 1619, John Hawkins, an Englishman, had gone around Africa in a Dutch vessel and had found there a number of men, who were

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Fourth Minnesota Entering Vicksburg

(By courtesy of the Secretary of State of Minnesota)

very little more than animals, not fierce and independent like the Indians, but usually gentle and obedient. These men were black and we call them Negroes.

Hawkins thought, and too many people agreed with him, that because these people looked different from white men, they were different, and not God's people at all, but created to be the servants of the white men. So he began bringing shiploads of them over to the settlers along the Atlantic coast, where he sold them just as you would sell any kind of goods. These negroes didn't learn very quickly, and so they were willing to be slaves and do all the work of the white men, and they never realized themselves that it was all wrong. Most of the white people didn't realize it either, and so it was generally supposed that it was all right to keep them slaves, and to make them do the heavy work without any reward excepting food, very poor clothing and very mean little houses.

In the North the people didn't need this kind of work, because the things that they did, required brains as well as muscle, and besides that, they were very independent and thought men and women had a right to liberty, so they had few slaves.

When we became free from England, and the United States was born, of course we ought to have

remembered that everybody in it should be free, because we believed, or said we did, that they were all equal; but we seemed to forget this, and so slavery grew and flourished in the South until there were more slaves than free people down there. Gradually the people in the North wakened more and more to see how wrong it all was, and began to talk about freeing the slaves. But the Southern States would give up anything, even their allegiance to the flag, sooner than their slaves, because for more than two hundred years they had thought they couldn't get along without them.

Now there was no law in the United States to say that slavery was wrong, but about the time that the first settlers came to Minnesota, people all over the United States began to think and talk a great deal about it, until it came to be the most important subject in our government.

Abraham Lincoln, you all know, was a friend of the slaves, but an enemy to slavery, and this was so well known that when he was elected President of the United States, South Carolina was afraid that laws were going to be made in Congress against slavery. So she made up her mind to leave the Union and tried to seize Fort Sumter, where the government kept its war supplies. When she fired upon the flag she became a traitor and in a short time ten other states joined her. The Presi-

dent and many people in the United States realized then that there must be war in order to save the Union.

President Lincoln asked for men to join the army on the fourteenth day of April, 1861, and our governor, Mr. Ramsey, was in Washington at that time. Early in the morning he went to see Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Cameron, I have the honor to offer to you, one thousand men from the State of Minnesota, who will volunteer their services to defend the Union." Doesn't that show how well he knew his State that he was able, without even asking, to know that at least that many men would go at once to save the flag? And when you realize, that of all the states in the Union, little Minnesota, only three years old, was the very first to volunteer, it will make you prouder of your State than ever, as it ought to.

Mr. Cameron asked Governor Ramsey to put the offer in writing, which he did, so our men went on record as the first volunteer regiment in the United States. The next day the Governor went to see Lincoln whom he knew very well, and again made his offer of troops to the President himself. He telegraphed to St. Paul telling what he had done and one thousand men did volunteer for service for three months. Very few people believed that

the war was going to last any longer, if as long as that.

The first week after the war began, business almost stopped. You could see the flag hung out everywhere. People in Minnesota were determined that this flag was not to be disbarred nor unstarred and they forgot their private troubles or quarrels and thought only of the danger to the Union. There were meetings held in St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Red Wing, Winona and all over the State.

While he was governor, Sibley had organized the militia, which made part of the first regiment of Minnesota. William Acker, who had been Adjutant General of this state militia, was captain of the first company of state volunteers and this was the very first company which enlisted in the whole Civil War. Josias King was the first man to enlist in this company so he was the first volunteer of the war. Captain Acker was wounded at Bull Run and killed at the Battle of Shiloh. The name Acker Post will always remind us of him.

Thirteen days after the first enlistment, ten companies had been mustered in at Fort Snelling and Governor Ramsey put Willis Gorman in command. Colonel Gorman had been an officer in the Mexican War and the soldiers thought at first that he was terribly harsh, but after the raw recruits became a

little more used to discipline they appreciated him and his training very highly.

More offered themselves than were needed for the first regiment and in May the second regiment was offered to the President. By this time Lincoln realized that the war was going to last longer than anyone at first thought and so all who offered to go were asked to enlist for three years, or until the end of the war. But this made little difference, for most of those who had offered their services to their country were willing to stay as long as they were needed and the places of those discharged were soon filled.

Fort Snelling, during the days the troops were in training, was a very busy place and they had all sorts of celebrations where flags and swords were given to the different companies. The ladies of the State presented a flag to the First Regiment, which formed in a hollow square in front of the State House, and Mrs. Ramsey presented the flag for which Colonel Gorman thanked the ladies.

That regiment must have been a very funny sight in their uniforms of black felt hats, black trousers and red flannel shirts. But on the twenty-first of June when they had their last parade at the Fort and the chaplain, the Rev. E. D. Neill, offered prayer for their bravery and patience while they were gone, and for their safe return, no one

thought that there was anything queer about the uniform.

The chaplain kept a diary which has given us much of our history about the First Minnesota. He stayed with them until 1862 when he was made hospital chaplain of the United States Army and in 1864 left the army to be secretary to the President. On the twenty-first of June, 1861, the First left Fort Snelling on the steamboats, *War Eagle* and *Northern Belle*, which took them to the Upper Landing in St. Paul where they all left the boats and marched to the Lower Landing. There they went on board again and steamed down the river. The crowds who had followed them to the levee, waved farewell quietly and bravely, but with heavy hearts went back to their homes to wait their return. The troops went by boat as far as Prairie du Chien taking the railroad the rest of the way to join the Army of the Potomac in defense of the city of Washington.

This regiment was made up of no braver or better men than the others from Minnesota, but because it was the first it was more talked about all over the country.

When they went through Chicago one of the papers said: "Gallant Minnesota deserves high credit for her noble sons and their appearance yesterday. They have gotten in their make-up

that rare process of selection and culling from older states which has thrown into the van of progress the hardy lumberman and first settler of the wilds. There are few regiments we have seen that can compete in brawn and muscle with those from Minnesota, used to the axe, the rifle, the oar and setting pole, and these men in every way are splendid material for soldiers."

This First Minnesota became one of the most famous regiments in the whole war. Their first battle was Bull Run where they went against ten times their number and one-fifth of all their men were killed or wounded, but they never quailed nor questioned an order and at the close of the battle were praised for their fine behavior.

J. B. Irvine, who was visiting his brother-in-law, was so excited by the way they went into the battle that he seized a musket and went to fighting in citizen's clothes, capturing the Confederate officer of highest rank who was taken. For his bravery he received the rank of First Lieutenant and later was appointed Captain in the regular army.

At Fair Oaks they hurried to the help of the Army of the Potomac, and rushing over a new road through a swamp, crossed a grapevine bridge, both ends under water, coming on the scene just in time to save defeat. One of them said that the crash of the bullets at this battle sounded like the snap-

ping of limbs in a gale, and that the leaves from the trees fell in a shower on the officers' hats but Gorman's brigade held the enemy here like a stone wall.

The First camped on the very field where Cornwallis surrendered the British army to Washington at the close of the Revolutionary War. They were in many battles and always were noticed for their courage.

Before November, 1861, two more regiments were formed and called the Second and Third Minnesota.

The Second regiment under Colonel Van Cleve joined the Army of the Ohio, and in the great battle of Chickamauga stood fast while the enemy charged again and again and finally pushed them back. General Thomas, the commander, was called the "Rock of Chickamauga" and the Minnesota men stood fire as though they were rocks like their chief. The commander said afterward: "It is a noticeable fact that the Second Minnesota had not a single man missing or a straggler during the two days' engagement."

The Third Minnesota had a very sad time, for in spite of the bravery of the men, their commander, Colonel Lester, surrendered at Murfreesboro and the officers were taken to Libby Prison where they were kept until paroled. The enlisted men were

on their return home, sent against the Indians where they had a chance to show their bravery in the battle of Wood Lake. Later with the Fourth they were at Vicksburg under the command of Colonel C. C. Andrews, who was a real leader.

The Fourth Minnesota was formed under John B. Sanborn of St. Paul, the first man to be put in command who had not been in war before, but he proved very soon that he was a born soldier and was given command of a brigade.

Minnesota regiments were in most of the important battles and engagements of the war and if we might follow them they would lead us along a path of honor. We may mention only a few instances of the many where they covered themselves with glory. The Second, Fourth and Fifth under General Hubbard, were at Corinth, where they filled a gap in the ranks and after desperate fighting drove the enemy out of the town. It is generally said that the Fifth "saved the day at Corinth." The Third, Fourth and Fifth were at the long hard siege of Vicksburg, and the honor was given to the Fourth with General Sanborn at its head to lead the Union forces into Vicksburg, one of the greatest strongholds of the South. The Fourth led "Sherman's army of sixty-five thousand men in that grand review in Washington."

The Second and the Fourth were at Mission

Ridge where the Second, under Colonel J. W. Bishop, charged and, without orders, swarmed up a hill and fought hand to hand with the enemy.

The Fifth, Seventh, Ninth and Tenth were all in the great battle before Nashville, where our men hurled themselves again and again against the enemy. Colonel Hubbard was knocked off his horse by a ball and led his troops on foot right over the bulwarks of the enemy.

"Bracket's Battalion" served the longest of all our troops, from 1861 to 1866, and they were in both Civil and Indian wars. The last regiment that we sent was too late for active service but it did hard work in garrison duty which seems to give but little glory.

The Second and Fourth took part in Sherman's march to the sea, which one of our brave leaders calls "the picnic through Georgia," and all that was left of the First, saw action in the last campaign which ended in the surrender of Lee and of the South, and many of our soldiers took part "in the grandest review ever seen in America."

Minnesota sent eleven regiments to the war beside sharpshooters, light horse and skirmishers and heavy artillery. We sent twenty-two thousand and eighteen men, of whom two thousand five hundred and thirty-nine died of wounds or disease during the war and while they were in service.

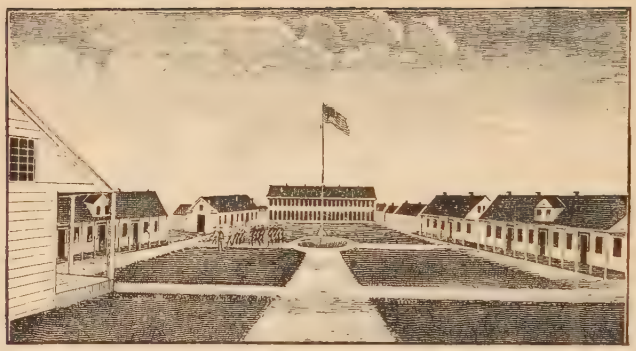
The famous First Minnesota was in many engagements, but the greatest was undoubtedly at Gettysburg. While the awful battle was raging General Hancock saw that the crest of a hill called Cemetery Ridge was undefended, the rebels swarming toward it only a few minutes away. Looking about he spied a little group of men near a battery. "What regiment is that?" he asked. "The First Minnesota," answered Colonel Colvill saluting. "Charge those lines," said the General, and our men ran down the hill, poured shot into the enemy and then charged them with their bayonets. Lee's great army was brave, but the cold steel was too much for anything human to face, and the forward lines were forced to retreat. It was a wonderful victory but at a dreadful cost, for of the two hundred and sixty-two men who went down that hill only forty-seven came back unhurt.

Cemetery Ridge was saved and though two hundred and fifteen were dead or wounded, Colonel Colvill with this little body of men held back the Confederate army until reinforcements came. They lost more in that battle than in any other of modern times, but they saved the day and did as much to save the Union as any body of men during the war. Colonel Colvill was wounded in this battle and crippled for the rest of his life, but lived to be a very old man. He came from Red Wing, where

he lived, expecting to lead again on Flag Day, June 14, 1905, the few remaining heroes of Minnesota in the Civil War, from the old State House to the new which was just finished. Led for the half mile between the two buildings, by the young veterans of the Spanish American War, the old veterans carried on their shoulders the battle-torn flags which they had helped to save. On either side of the street were the regular army troops from Fort Snelling, who saluted as the old heroes went by, tottering under the flags which once they had carried so proudly and so sturdily.

But Colonel Colvill did not lead them this time, for he had died two days before at Soldiers' Home, the lovely place on the banks of the Mississippi River near Minnehaha, where the old soldiers live and spend a happy life in telling of all their grand deeds and exploits when they fought in the Civil War.

As the little company marched into the State House, there in the great rotunda, under the dome, lay all that was left of the brave old Colonel, and they passed around his bier with the flags, before they were put in the great glass cases where you may see them today. It seems fitting that the old man died just where and how he did, because it reminded the whole State once more of what had been done by our own heroes.



Interior of Fort Ridgely. Built in 1856

View of Fort Ridgely

(From the E. A. Bromley Collection)

When you go to the State House and see the tattered flags and in the Governor's room the six great pictures showing our service in that war, you will remember to be grateful not only that the slaves were freed and the Union kept together and that the flag didn't have to lose a single star or stripe, but you will be thankful too, that you live in the State you do. When you see the letters "G. A. R." you will remember how much Minnesota did in making up and in keeping together the Grand Army of the Republic.

INDIAN OUTBREAKS

You remember that by the treaties of 1851, the Indians who had sold their lands to the United States had promised to go to the reservations which were set aside for them on both sides of the Minnesota River. The Upper Sioux had their reservation north of the Yellow Medicine, and the Lower Sioux had theirs south of that river. Each reservation had an agency with an official in charge. The Lower Agency was on the Minnesota, about six miles east of the present town of Redwood Falls. The Upper Agency was at the mouth of the Yellow Medicine. At these agencies the Indians used to gather in the early summer when it was time for the payment, which they had been promised they were to have

each year for fifty years. At other times they did not keep within their bounds but scattered all over the country, especially when they were hunting deer and buffalo.

The agents and the Indians were very friendly, a good deal like father and children; but, all the same, three forts had been built, one at Fort Ridgely, eighteen miles west of New Ulm, one at Fort Ripley near the border of the Chippewa country, and the third was Fort Abercrombie, 'way up on the Red River near Breckenridge. These forts were really only collections of frame and stone buildings with no fortifications, though in some instances there were block houses, with loop-holes through which shots might be fired.

In 1857 a wild band of Sioux, whose chief was Ink-Pa-Doo-Ta, and who did not belong to the Agency Indians, but were outlaws from them and much more savage and fierce, attacked a settlement at Spirit Lake, on the northern border of Iowa, and at Springfield in Minnesota, the present town of Jackson. They killed forty-two settlers and carried off four women. Two men traveled in the deep snow, in the dead of winter, to the Lower Agency to tell the story. There was no trail, so they wandered over the trackless prairie for days and finally arrived at the agency almost worn out. As soon as the agent told Colonel Alexander, the officer in

command at the Fort, what had happened, he sent some troops, on the hard journey to arrest the Indians, but they had all escaped. The massacre so enraged the people of the State that for some time no Red Man's life was safe.

Charles E. Flandrau, who was the agent for the Sioux, urged Little Crow to organize his people to go after Ink-Pa-Doo-Ta's band and thus prove to the Whites that they were enemies.

Little Crow labored night and day and traveled many times the distance between the camps of the upper and lower reservations until he had gotten his braves together. They went after the murderous Indians and killed and captured a few of them, but the greater part escaped; and so there were at large a band of the most dangerous red men that our border ever knew. Many people, who have studied the question, think that the Agency Indians lost respect for us because the white men could not capture the Ink-Pa-Doo-Ta band.

In 1858 another treaty was made with the Sioux selling us the reservation lands north of the Minnesota River, a tract ten miles wide. This treaty was made at Washington with only a few selected chiefs, and the rest of the Indians thought that they had not been treated fairly, although they were paid twice as much for this land as for what they gave up in 1851.

Ever since the great treaty some of the Indians had been getting less friendly to the Whites, more suspicious of them and more disrespectful. There were many reasons for this besides the two that we have just talked about. The pagan Indians and the Christian Indians did not always get along very well. The money which they were to get early every year was delayed in 1862. Their supplies from the government had given out, and they began to suspect that they had made a poor bargain in giving away the lands and their wonderful country for so little. No money could make up to them for the loss of the region which was once all theirs to roam in as they pleased. The United States did not pay so much attention to the Indians, and to the little barrier growing up between them, as they might have, because this was the time of our great Civil War. The Sioux well knew that we had sent out of the State thousands of our best fighters, and some people give this as a reason for their outbreak at this time.

The Indians in little bands began to annoy the settlers, by stealing cattle, coming to beg for food at the scattered houses, and in the spring of 1862 they began to be disagreeable. Possibly some of the traders told them that the "Great Father," the President, was not winning battles in his war with the Confederacy, and that the Union would not hold

much longer. The horses and dogs of the Upper Sioux were all eaten, and as soon as the grass grew long on the prairie they came to ask for their payment. It hadn't come and they thought that this was because the United States had used up all its money and they never should get any more. There were over six thousand of these "annuity" Indians and in July four thousand of them came to Yellow Medicine to ask the agent for food. He gave them a little and sent them home, but they broke open the storehouse and stole some flour and pork. Then he told them that he would give them all he had, if they would promise to be good and go home. They did go after he had divided all the rations, but of course they felt that the agent had to do what they wanted and so they grew more bold. The traders, to whom the Indians always owed money, nagged them and teased them until they began to feel that it would be right for them to try to get back their lands. But all seemed peaceful for a time and the first trouble came suddenly on August 17, 1862, when a few young Indians got into a foolish quarrel about some eggs, which they found on a farm at Acton in Meeker County. The young men taunted each other with being cowards and dared each other, so just to show that they weren't afraid, they killed five people at the house of a settler, and then fled to their band, thirty-five

miles away. Whether there had been a plan for war or not, they did not expect to start the war just then, but on hearing the story at once had a "soldiers' lodge," and decided that they would kill all the Whites in the valley. At this time in the three forts along the frontier there were very few soldiers, which of course the Indians knew. The whole band scattered over the country for forty miles, painted and armed, and the more blood they shed the fiercer they became. A large number attacked the Lower Agency and killed a trader and all the settlers they could find, plundering the stores and burning the buildings. A few people escaped across the ferry and fled to Fort Ridgely, fourteen miles away. Now began a general war against the Whites in this region. Little Crow must have suffered much at this time because he knew the Whites so well and was their great friend, but he had not been elected "chief speaker" that year and when he was urged to join his people, thought that he might get back some of his lost honors, so led the band which started to attack Fort Ridgely and New Ulm.

In the Upper Agency, which was to have been massacred in the same manner as the Lower, many escaped, warned of what was coming by the Christian Indians. The president of the "Hazelwood Republic" (you remember the "man who

shoots metal as he walks") helped the missionaries and settlers. John Otherday took charge of a party, sixty in all, missionaries and other Whites, and never left them night or day on the perilous journey across the prairie until they were safe. The Indians carried on a wholesale massacre of the settlers in the Minnesota valley. In groups of five or ten they would call at a house where they were known, talk with the people, suddenly shoot the men, plunder and burn the house, and go on to the next one carrying the women and children as captives.

The houses along the frontier and the little settlements for one hundred and fifty miles were burned, plundered and the people killed. The horror of this raid so filled with terror the people in the outlying settlements, that thousands left their homes and, with nothing but what could be carried with them, fled to safety. Almost all of them went to Fort Snelling, Minneapolis, and St. Paul where people opened their homes willingly, sharing with them everything they had until the cities were at last a great camp of refugees, who told terrible stories of the horrors they had seen and the suffering they had endured. It is said that in thirty-six hours eight hundred people were killed.

The news reached Fort Ridgely before noon the

morning of the same day that the massacre started, a wagon-load of people with a wounded man from the Lower Agency coming in and telling what they had suffered and what they had seen. Captain Marsh of Fort Ridgely had less than a hundred men, but he started at once with forty-six of them, leaving the rest to defend the Fort, and marched to the ferry over the river on his way to the Lower Agency. He saw no Indians at first but noticed that the water was muddy and some grass was floating on the surface. Then the soldiers caught sight of an Indian and some ponies, and before the men could escape, more than half of them were killed and the brave captain was drowned trying to cross the river. Only fifteen got back to Fort Ridgely alive. Among the killed was Peter Quinn, an aged interpreter who had lived in the country many years and had married an Indian woman.

Lieutenant Sheehan with his company was on the way to Fort Ripley when the word calling him back reached him, and he returned and took command of the Fort with the Renville Rangers and some men who had arrived with seventy thousand dollars for the Indians. But alas! the payment came too late. The Fort had about one hundred and eighty men in all and many people from all about came there for refuge.

Just as soon as New Ulm heard about the trouble from refugees the people sent over to St. Peter where Judge Flandrau lived and asked him to come and help them defend their city. Flandrau had lived among the Sioux for a long time as agent and was loved and respected by them, probably more than any other man. He sent his family in a wagon down to Fort Snelling, and gathering up all the ammunition he could find, went to St. Peter where he was elected captain of a hundred and sixteen men. He sent scouts ahead in a buggy toward New Ulm and followed, seizing on the way all the guns, blacksmith supplies, bullets, and everything else for defense that he could find. He said that every man was furnished with a pocketful of bullets and a gun. Men from Le Sueur and Swan Lake joined the forces in New Ulm just in time to help defend the town against a hundred Indians. A good many houses in the town were built of brick, and so could be fortified. After the first battle, men from Mankato and South Bend joined until they had three hundred poorly armed but brave men, each equal to a good many savages. Each day scouts were sent out to bring in people whom they found hiding in swamps and marshes.

The city was hurriedly made into a fort, the men organized into a regiment with Flandrau in command, and for three days they waited, watch-

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ing fires coming nearer and nearer, each telling of burning farm houses and haystacks. Then a stack on one side of the river was fired and answered by a fire on the other side, though not an Indian was to be seen. Suddenly, without warning, out on the broad prairie, appeared the Sioux. They came forward slowly forming into a great horseshoe, and when half a mile away suddenly gave an ear-splitting yell and lashed their ponies into a gallop.

Colonel Flandrau had drawn up his men outside the town and they fought well, but the sight of the yelling painted savages was so terrible that they wavered and fell back, and sixty men were wounded or killed within an hour and a half; but when they rallied and returned the fire, the Indians were repulsed. As the men fell back they fired from the buildings and the battle was carried on right in the streets of the town. One company, called the Le Sueur Tigers, took possession of a great windmill which they loopholed and barricaded with sacks of wheat and flour, and they did good work keeping the Indians in the west part of the town. When you remember that there were twelve or fifteen hundred women and children in New Ulm, this fight becomes a very important one.

After the Indians had been forced from the town Colonel Flandrau ordered all the men out

to burn the buildings on the edge of the town, and with fifty only, he dashed out and drove back seventy-five or a hundred Indians who retreated, as they were afraid of the open.

The next day a sad procession of refugees in a hundred and fifty-three wagons, which had been used to barricade the town, left New Ulm for Mankato, because food was scarce and the burned city was not fit to live in, and besides there was danger of another attack.

Today in the center of the town, where every child may see it on the way to and from school, is a relief of Colonel Flandrau on a monument which tells how he saved the people and the city of New Ulm.

Meanwhile Little Crow with his band had attacked Fort Ridgely, which, you remember, was the refuge of many people. Some of the half-breeds who were with the forces at the Fort had deserted and joined their own people, and when Captain Sheehan in command, tried to use the cannon against the Indians, he found that they had been spiked with rags by these half-breeds. The attacks on Fort Ridgely were fierce. In the first raid it was attacked for three hours. During the next two days the Indians came again, and on the third day Little Crow seemed to have made up his mind that he must capture the Fort. With eight hundred braves

he fired from the ravines which make great seams in the banks of the Minnesota River and which shielded the Indians. This attack lasted for five hours, the Indians trying to burn the buildings with fire arrows, but the shells from the Fort broke again and again in their midst and they finally withdrew.

News of the terrible Indian uprising reached St. Paul on the second day after the outbreak and Governor Ramsey, with his usual promptness, made plans at once for driving the Indians back. He went to Mendota and asked Sibley to take command of the State forces giving to him the companies of the regiments then forming to go to the Civil War. Colonel Sibley knew the Indians well, was very careful, and was trusted by all who knew him. He reached St. Peter on the second day and waited there until he had fourteen hundred men under his command.

He had a great deal of trouble because supplies were slow in coming, and the ammunition did not fit the rifles, so time, which was more precious than anything else, was lost, but the leader and the men made up later for all these drawbacks.

When the forces arrived at St. Peter Sibley led the relief at once to Fort Ridgely where the people had suffered a siege of eight days. A few days later he sent men out to the Lower Agency to bury the dead and to see what they might of

the Indians. They found no signs of life in Little Crow's village nor along the way, and coming back camped at Birch Coolie, on the open prairie, not far from the ferry where Marsh and his men had met death. Early the next morning from a ravine on one side and a roll of the prairie on the other, which hid them, the Indians opened fire and almost at once killed most of the horses. The company were completely surprised, but using the dead horses for breastworks, fought a terrible battle for twenty-four hours, when they were relieved by the whole command under Colonel Sibley. The Indians were routed, and fled. Of the little company rescued, twenty-three were killed and forty-five badly wounded and their tents so riddled with bullets that they were all in tatters.

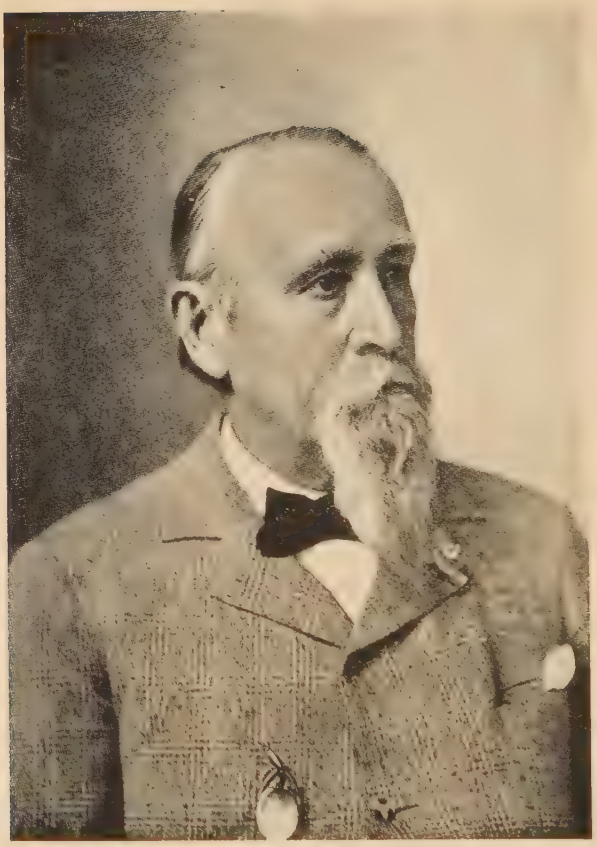
When he withdrew from the battle ground of Birch Coolie, as this was called, Colonel Sibley left a note in a split stick for Little Crow, telling him that he would treat with him if he had any proposition to make. After a few notes back and forth, which were delivered by half-breeds, Colonel Sibley started against the Indians. He camped at Wood Lake where a terrible battle was fought. There were about eight hundred on each side and the Indians had the advantage of hiding in a ravine, but were at last scattered by shot and shells, and fled, Little Crow returning to his own camp

with his followers. There had been trouble in the Indian camp and those who had deserted Little Crow put up their tepees on the Minnesota River, their leader the Chief Wabasha, who had with him over two hundred and fifty captives—one man, the others all women and girls.

Colonel Sibley followed the Indians slowly because he did not want to risk a battle, and when he reached their lodges he marched by with drums beating and colors flying. He called the place opposite them, where he stopped, "Camp Release."

He did not hurry because there were so many prisoners in the Indian camp that he was afraid if he attacked them without warning they would all be put to death as had been threatened. He sent a letter under a white flag, saying that if the prisoners were not returned safely, not one Indian would be left alive, innocent or guilty, to tell the story. After a long wait Wabasha surrendered, and the white prisoners, who had been treated very badly by the Indians, were returned.

Many Indian prisoners were taken; three hundred and three, tried for murder, were convicted, and thirty-eight of these were hanged at Mankato, the others pardoned by President Lincoln. The Indians were driven to the west, their lands taken away from them and no more money was paid to them. This is the reason that there are no Sioux Indian



Charles E. Flandrau

(By courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society)

reservations left in Minnesota, and that those who live on our reservations now are all Chippewas.

Little Crow escaped to Dakota and the next year came back to make another raid on the Whites. He was shot while picking berries near Hutchinson, thus ending his dramatic life.

At the same time as the Sioux outbreak, there had been trouble on the Chippewa reservation, for a man had been seized and two cattle stolen. The settlers near Fort Ripley were panic-stricken and fled to the fort where they remained for some time. Among them was Father Gear, and Mrs. Abbe who now lives in St. Paul. The Chippewas insisted that there had never been any plan to join the Sioux, though many people think otherwise.

For a time settlers did not come into Minnesota as they had before and many of those who had already taken up claims, returned to their early homes. Sooner than we should think though, the brave pioneers went back to their burned homes and built again. When the hundreds of victims had been buried, the grass again grew green over the prairie and the grain grew up and covered the scorched earth. Only in the memories of those who can never forget it, lives the most horrible Indian massacre that ever occurred in North America.

Our State was saved to us by the gallant men who

volunteered and some of whom gave up their lives for it. Colonel Sibley was made Brigadier General for his services in this war, and we should never forget his name, and that of Flandrau, and of those others whose work was none the less brave, because we do not mention their names.

CHAPTER XIII

GETTING FROM PLACE TO PLACE

EVERYBODY needs food, and when a number of people live together it makes it necessary to go from one place to another to get this food, so roads are the most important thing in the history of a people who progress.

The Indians in Minnesota would have starved, you remember, if they hadn't gone from one place to another as the seasons changed and the different kinds of fruit ripened or the game came. We know that long before the time of the Indians, whom we have met, the early people went from place to place because in the very old mounds in the center of Minnesota, we find copper. No copper is found nearer than Lake Superior, so they must have traded with tribes in the north. Trade after all is what keeps people going, and while the uncivilized people seem simply to wander idly from place to place, they are really in search of food, whether they pick it wild or whether they trade it for something else.

The habit of going to a certain place season after season in the early days made the trails, which were then short-cuts from one place to another, and later were used by the traders when they made their regular routes. The waterways, of course, were easier than trails, and the Indians threaded these water paths in their birch canoes during the summer-time, though they had to pack, or carry, heavy loads around the portages, which made paths around the rapids. You remember how they used to carry their own household goods, that is, how the squaws used to carry them.

When the voyageurs packed for the traders they had regular loads which were made up into eighty-pound packages—flour, guns, tents, canoes, tea, and pork. All of the supplies for the factors would be piled in these packages and each Indian would carry two. They used for packing a strap of hide about nine feet long and four inches wide, buckled or tied at the ends to many narrower ones. These ends were tied around a package which was raised on the Indian's back, and the band slipped over the forehead, most of the weight coming just below the waist. Then another package would be lifted on top of this one, the body bent forward a little and the Indian would start on a quick dog trot, which he kept up as long as it was necessary.

The big canoes, which the traders used held ten

voyageurs and about two tons of goods, so that each man had several loads to carry on a portage. They used to carry them about a third of a mile, drop them on the ground and then go back for another load, each one keeping his own packs separate all the time. When the packages were all collected they would have a little smoke, and all go on again until the whole portage was covered. When the streams froze, the voyageur became a *coureur des bois*, or guide through the woods, carrying as light packs as possible. Yet we must remember that all the food and clothing, guns and ammunition, as well as everything which they traded with the Indians had to be taken in this way to the most distant posts. Often in the winter dog drags were used. The drag which the dogs pulled was a rough sledge with two crossed poles attached to it. These were fastened over the shoulders, with hide underneath to prevent chafing. The other ends dragged on the ground and on these the pack was tied. The dogs were harnessed tandem and the driver usually walked, though now and then he would ride for a short distance.

The pony drags were larger than the dog drags and were used a great deal when the trails were worn and the weather not too severe, for ponies cannot stand so much hardship as dogs. The traders in going long distances in the winter used

sledges and dog trains which traveled from thirty to forty miles a day. They were sometimes very festive in appearance, the sledges decked with gay trappings and the dogs with bells and jingling harness.

In territorial days Norman Kittson and Joe Rolette were elected to the legislature, and traveled all the way from Pembina to the capital in carioles. These carioles were drawn by handsome huskies or Eskimo dogs and the whole outfit was gotten up in the gayest fashion. They caused great excitement when they arrived at St. Anthony and still more when they drew up in St. Paul.

Blessed as we are in Minnesota with so many lakes and streams, water was a natural way to transport things in the summer. The first boat with sails was brought up the Minnesota River by Le Sueur when he came on his famous mining trip in 1700, and the first boat load of freight was taken by him down the St. Peter or Minnesota River to the Mississippi and on to Biloxi. This was the beginning of river commerce, even though the freight turned out to be worthless. Jonathan Carver sailed up the Minnesota River in 1766 sure that he had found a passage to India, which you remember was the aim of all the early people.

One of the early boats on this river was a dugout made from a huge cottonwood tree, twenty-five

feet long and forty inches wide. This boat carried five men and forty bushels of potatoes from Lac qui Parle to Traverse des Sioux.

The great Mackinaw boats used for heavy loads, were open keelboats from twenty to fifty feet long and from four to ten feet wide. They carried from two to eight tons and were pushed ahead with long poles. A plank was laid on either side of the boat and along this plank from three to five men walked and poled, each jumping off when he came to the end of the plank and beginning again in his turn.

With the beginning of steamboats the more simple boat was less important, but canoes and rafts were used for short distances just the same.

The first steamboat, named the *Virginia*, came up the Mississippi River from St. Louis to Fort Snelling in 1823. The sight of the steam escaping and the shriek of the whistle frightened the Indians almost to death, because they thought it was an evil manitou who had come to kill them all and they called it *Pata Wata* which means "fire canoe."

Before very long there were nine steamers running more or less regularly to Fort Snelling, and when we became a Territory there were ninety trips made each summer. But in nine years, when we became a State, there were about one thousand trips made every season and then the Mississippi

River began to be settled all along its shores, as the boats were running up and down often.

It was a great event when a steamer came, and the first boat in the spring used to be eagerly watched for, because it brought the long delayed mail and supplies, as well as many passengers. It was always a gala day in the river towns, and there was general rejoicing when the ice went out of the river and the business of the summer began.

Can you imagine what it was like to live in a place where no train nor street car ever came through, and where there were very few roads leading to very few places; and can you imagine what it meant for the people in the river towns, and in early days of course all the towns were on the rivers, to hear the steamboat whistle and to see in the distance a white wisp of smoke which said that the outside world was drawing near? Then can you see the rush to the landing, or the boat levee, to hear the news from the outside world, and to get newspapers and mail from friends far away? Can you realize what it meant, when food was getting short and when supplies in the few little stores were low, to have that steamboat come, especially the first one in the spring? Everybody came out to meet it; the officers, traders, men, women, children and from the lodges all about, the Indians.

The steamers or packets used on the river were

"sidewheelers" with no hull visible above the water; the lower deck was used for freight while the upper one had the cabins opening on a decorated balcony, which ran all around the boat. They were very frail-looking crafts and presented a gay appearance, the shield over the great wheel gaudily painted with the name in great letters.

The loading and unloading of one of these steamers was most interesting, for everything was carried by them from hats to horses. You must remember that we manufactured nothing here in those days and when the steamers made the return trip to St. Louis they carried the pelts and hides and raw products and lumber from this great wilderness in the north. Until 1870 steamboats were run now and then on what was called the Upper Mississippi—that is, above Minneapolis, and in 1859 a steamboat went from St. Cloud as far as Pokegama Falls.

After the treaties of 1851 the steamboats ran regularly up the Minnesota as far as Mankato; a few to the Yellow Medicine Agency, four hundred and forty-six miles from St. Paul, and the supplies for the agencies were carried in this way.

In 1850 there were some lively excursions on this river, three different boats vying with one another to see how far up each could go. The first went to

Traverse des Sioux, about as far as St. Peter; the second as far as Mankato, and the third one reached the mouth of the Cottonwood River, where is now the city of New Ulm. The people on these excursions often had to go ashore because the boat stuck on sandbars, got its smokestacks caught in the branches of the trees, and frequently was laid up by the bank to cut a supply of wood for the engine. Meanwhile the passengers picnicked, danced on the grass, and fought mosquitoes. They passed on the way many Indian villages, where a few years later the river banks were lined with the towns of white settlers and a great trade carried on by the steamboats. When these boats first ran up the Minnesota River, the Indians, insisting that they were evil spirits, came and demanded that they should have kegs of yellow money to quiet the spirits who were disturbed by the snorting of the "fire canoe."

Before the 'seventies the river overflowed its banks every spring when the ice broke up, and opposite Fort Snelling it was often one or two miles wide and very deep, where now it is a narrow stream only deep enough for little pleasure boats.

When the many towns were built and the forests along the banks were cut down the river receded and steamboat traveling became impossible. In

1874 a boat went as far as Redwood Falls, the last long trip that was ever taken. In 1876 there was a freshet on the river and several boats ran as far as Fort Ridgely, and in 1897 Edwin Durant of Stillwater took a "sternwheeler," one hundred and seventy feet long, as far as St. Peter and Mankato, the very last trip that a large boat ever made on the Minnesota River.

The steamboats on the St. Croix River and on the Red River meant a great deal to the people living on the east and west borders of our State and made settlements there possible, and wheat-raising and lumbering profitable, but of course these rivers were never so important as the Mississippi.

Time-tables on the early steamboats were not very reliable, and yet it is surprising that they made as regular trips as they did when we realize the mishaps they had and the troubles they met.

The waterways of course were not made by man and were always there, but in our northern climate the winter ice and snow stopped the trade. Freshets made high water, and the summer drought made low water dangerous, while floating logs were a continual menace.

The great packet lines on the Mississippi River in their turn gave way to the railroads which carried freight and people much faster than even

the swiftly running water, though even now we get our goods cheaper, because of these rivers for if the railroads should charge too much, people might again turn to the waterways. The names Blakeley, Davidson and Rhodes are all connected with the river steamers which did so much to develop our State.

As we said the first roads which were not waterways were the portages around the rapids, but as the settlements were made on these waterways at some distance from one another a road had to be made to connect them. The first one of this sort was the corduroy road connecting Grand Portage with Fort William, thirty-six miles away. It had to be built of logs because there was so much swamp land in this country that a regular trail was impossible. Away up in the northeastern part of the State you may still see some of the old cedar logs which are left from this first wagon road.

After settlements were made in Minnesota the first road was the one from St. Paul to Mendota, crossing the Mississippi and the Minnesota rivers by ferries, big, flat-bottomed scows, pulled across the river by ropes or cables fastened at either bank.

The next road connected St. Paul and St. Anthony. In 1849 there was a daily stage line started along this road in the summer only and it was considered a good deal of a trip, as the road

was rough, and in bad weather sometimes almost impassable, while bears and wolves were often met. Now we may take the trip in an automobile in thirty-five minutes along the paved boulevard, where we meet other people going and coming in the same way every few seconds, while there are four street-car lines connecting the two cities, with cars running every five minutes.

Two years after the stage line was opened by Amherst Willoughby and Simon Powers they brought out the first Concord stages, flat-topped sort of express wagons and painted bright red and Lyman Benson and Pattison started an opposition line, which they painted bright yellow, and there was bitter rivalry between the reds and the yellows, each trying to make better service and better prices for the people. In 1857 between Traverse des Sioux and St. Paul there was a canvas-topped stage, holding four people though six were usually crowded into it.

In 1843 when Kittson began trade between Pembina and St. Paul, there was no road and the strangest and most curious wagon that ever was seen was used for this trade. It was a two-wheel cart made entirely of wood and buffalo hide, no iron about it, everything fastened together with wooden pegs. The spokes of the wheels, which were five and a half feet across, were straight, and

the rim was three or five inches wide. This cart was attached by shafts to one or two oxen, harnessed one in front of the other. These carts were suitable for a rough country as they would ride over the swamps and sloughs. Sometimes horses were used, but they were not so hardy nor so strong as the oxen.

In the beginning, of course, there was no trail, but the ox carts cut ruts so deep across the country that they might plainly be seen for many years after they stopped using them. One driver could manage four carts, and as they went only about fifteen miles a day, it was a long trip to cover the distance of four hundred and fifty miles, taking usually more than a month. At night the drivers made a camp by arranging the carts in a circle with the shafts pointing in, and the animals were tethered at one end of the circle if it was a large one, or just outside if there wasn't room within. This made a very strong fort in case of attack by the Indians. The ox trains carried loads of from eight hundred to one thousand pounds of buffalo hides, buffalo tongues, pemmican, furs and pelts of all sorts. They took back tea, tobacco, hardware and everything else which they needed for the winter supply.

The route which the Red River traders took in the beginning was along the west bank of the Red

River as far as the ridge called Brown's Valley between Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake, then across the prairie to about where St. Peter is, at which place the train crossed the Minnesota River, so the place came to be called Traverse des Sioux. Later the route was changed and the ox-carts crossed the Red River far in the north, came to Crookston, and passed Detroit Lake which the old traders called "forty-four" because this route was opened in that year. In 1844 there were six carts and in 1857 more than five hundred. There was no grease used on the wheels and the screeching and creaking of the carts could be heard at a long distance. When the long train was coming, it is said that there was nothing like the deafening din.

The arrival of the Red River ox carts, early in July, was one of the great events of the year. The whole population of St. Paul used to turn out to see them come, and when they arrived on Sunday the churches were dismissed because even if the people had been willing to stay the minister couldn't have been heard.

The half-breed drivers called *bois brulé* camped with their outfits on some one of the lakes near St. Paul, and were objects of great interest. The drivers of the trains wore blue coats with hoods and bright brass buttons and often the gay

sash of Pembina. The owners of the outfit often started with horses and buggies long after the train and caught up with them before they reached St. Paul in time to take charge of the trade. The *bois brulé* all swaggered about the town enjoying themselves and spending their money, to their delight as well as the joy of the shopkeeper.

During the year 1866 this way of carrying was stopped because steamboats had been started on the rivers and because of fear of the Indians after the great massacre.

The United States began building the first military roads in Minnesota in 1853 and they were finished in 1857. One road ran along the Mississippi River from the Mendota ferry to Point Douglas, which place people expected would be a very live city. One old settler who bought a piece of property there wouldn't trade it for a lot in St. Paul on which one of the biggest business blocks is now located and, as he said himself, talking about it afterwards, "I have the Point Douglas lot yet."

In 1853 the War Department also began building a road which ran along the Minnesota valley, from Mendota to Lac qui Parle. This was the first road with bridges, which means the first road which could be used in all sorts of weather. It was finished in 1857 and was an important connection

between the steamboat trade on the Red River and the Mississippi.

The year after we became a State, Burbank and Captain Blakeley, the same one who was interested in the steamboats, formed a company under the name of the Minnesota Stage Company, though before this there had been a winter line, as it was called, which carried the mail to other parts of the State, and in 1854–5 William Nettleton started a line of stages to Superior, Wisconsin. These companies were all bought up by the Minnesota Stage Company which also took in the first express company that ever did business in our State. Burbank was called the "Father of Express" and was the first expressman, for he carried the first express package that ever came here, bringing it up from Galena in his pocket.

In 1862 there were over thirteen hundred miles of stage routes and three hundred more where express was carried along pony routes. In 1865 the stage company was a big affair owning seven hundred horses and keeping two hundred men busy during the season.

Although settlements grew up all along these stage roads and many people used them, traveling over them was very tiresome. The places for meals were few and far between and the passengers usually carried their food with them in wicker

baskets divided up into sections, something like the picnic basket of today, and of course the food was all cold. The stopping-places were far apart and not very comfortable; snow and cold made travel irregular; the towns where the horses were relayed were not near enough to one another and the wear and tear made the expense very great. But the brave pioneers were willing to undergo hardships for the sake of what they believed would be a reward though very far in the future.

This was all changed when the steam horse, or as the Indians called it, *Ha-na-nee*, "canoe over the mountains," appeared. It didn't mind wind or weather, and when the glittering rails made paths across the prairies, through forests and over waste lands, up hill and down dale—pathless before, they called men to follow. Then the State began to develop by leaps and bounds. Where one settler came before the railroads, dozens and scores came after.

There had been many railroads planned and chartered before the State was admitted. In spite of these charters no railroads were really built until Congress gave what was called a "grant of lands" to the railroad companies. This meant that the roads through certain districts had land given to them, every section or every other section, sometimes on one side of the track, sometimes on both. Of course

this was a great inducement for making railroads, because the land might be sold by the railroads and in that way a good deal of money gained.

The first one actually built was the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad which was chartered in 1857. The fact that this road was actually built at that time was largely due to the energy of Edmund Rice who was its first president, and who by his understanding of people made it possible to get the money necessary, at a time when the Nation was waging its worst war.

In 1862 the first tracks were laid between St. Paul and St. Anthony—a distance of ten miles. The first train left St. Paul on July 2, 1862. The engine pulling it, called the "William Crooks," still kept as a relic, was run by the engineer Webster Gardner. There was great rejoicing when the first trip to the town ten miles away was made without accident. In 1871 the road ran to Breckenridge which is two hundred and seventeen miles away. A branch of this road called the St. Paul and Chicago was begun in 1867 and five years later trains ran as far as Winona. The road borrowed money from England and this was the first time since fur-trading days that any English money was used here.

Edmund Rice, who went to England to get the money for the railroad and was the father of rail-

roading in Minnesota, had much to do with its success. He was called the Chesterfield of Minnesota because of his pleasant manner and geniality to everyone. He was able to get capital for the railroads when most people would have failed, because he knew just how to approach people and always said just the right thing at the right time and just the thing which was pleasant as well as truthful. One of his friends met him in Washington when he was trying to get the railroad grant through Congress, and said that when he saw Mr. Rice talk to the ladies in Washington he knew there was no question about the vote. He looked like an Englishman and once when he and William Banning were in London trying to get money for the railroads, Banning was held by a street procession and had to wait a long time on the sidewalk. Suddenly he saw the crowds give way and a herald ordering the people back saying, "make way for Milord," and down the center of the street marched Edmund Rice.

The second road to build was the Minneapolis and Cedar Valley, which afterward was taken in by the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul. Its first tracks were opened for business in 1865, the road running from Mendota to Northfield, and later from Minneapolis to Faribault.

In 1865 a road called the Minnesota Valley

began its first line to Shakopee. This was united in 1880 with the Omaha and was the beginning of the Northwestern Line. When it was built its route was along the Minnesota valley, and because the river overflowed its banks from five to fifteen feet, the railroad had to be built on a height, so it follows the line of the bluffs for many miles. The first road to go north was the Lake Superior and Mississippi Valley, of which William Banning was the president and in fact the leader of the scheme. In 1870 the train went up through the winding valleys and across the many deep ravines, through the wild forests; over the road built in spite of what had seemed insurmountable obstacles, and arrived in Duluth. This road thus gained the object for which it was built, to connect the Mississippi River with the Great Lakes, or, as they said then, "to span the overland spaces," which then began to be more important than the river traffic. This road was later called the St. Paul and Duluth, and for many years was the only railroad of importance entirely within our State. Today it is a part of the Northern Pacific system.

The greatest land grant given to any of the railroads starting from Minnesota was given to the Northern Pacific which received from Congress many sections on both sides of the track clear

across the western part of the continent, and the sale of these lands made the road very rich. This charter, given in 1864, was signed by Abraham Lincoln and the year the war broke out the road had built a track as far as Moorhead. It gradually extended beyond the State and was the first road in the north to reach the Pacific Ocean, in 1883, although all of the roads had this aim and most of them had Pacific in their names.

In 1889 the Great Northern Railroad started on its great plan of running through directly to the Pacific. This road was a combination of the Manitoba and other railroads running in that direction and was established in 1878 when the Dutch interests were bought up. The scheme was so immense that no one but a great mind could have carried it through. This mind belonged to the railroad giant James J. Hill, who had come to St. Paul from Canada when he was seventeen years old, poor and without friends. Like most boys he was a dreamer, only he dreamed when he was awake and worked the dream out.

This road made a new era in western railroad building, and all through the system down to the smallest detail was felt the influence of its president. He changed grades, used steel instead of iron, climbed over mountains, threw bridges over the

rivers and gorges and tunneled far deep into the earth.

With the coming of railroads and particularly of this one, which tapped all the farming districts, all the lumber districts, all the mining districts, and with the use of our great water power, came the rush of settlers—thousands of people from our home country as well as from foreign lands. Where there had been only small towns, vast unoccupied prairies, dense forests with here and there a settler's cabin; great cities began to spring up and we can see today along the railroad line the result, not only in our own State but in the Dakotas and Iowa as well.

Fifty years ago there wasn't a railroad in our Minnesota, today there are thirty-eight systems, nine thousand miles of track and almost sixty thousands of people working on the railroads and trains, coming in and going out from hundreds of stations every hour of the day.

So the old times passed away, and instead of being pioneers in Minnesota, we became a modern people with the frontier moving ever toward the West.

The Great Lake

During all this time we must not forget that Lake Superior was used by people from the time when

Radisson and Groseilliers, the first of all white men on its waters, came along its north shore in their birch canoes, and that Du Luth and other early comers crossed it many times in their voyages from the East.

In 1770 a barge rigged with sails, for the navigation of the lake, was on Lake Superior, and a few years later a sloop was sailing there for work in the mines. This proved a failure, but by 1800 there were four or five sailboats which ran regularly from Pine Point to Grand Portage.

In 1765 the English law required all the traders to have a license, and Alexander Henry, the grandfather of Norman Kittson, had the sole right to trade on Lake Superior. His diary tells of the trade which even then made Grand Portage a city; the trading companies running regular canoe lines which carried passengers as well as freight from Mackinaw clear into the wilds of Canada.

Before 1800 Grand Portage was the western end of a canoe route which extended from Montreal eighteen hundred miles away. The first time that the United States flag was borne into Lake Superior it was at the head of three great twelve-oar barges with an outfit for dozens of people on that long trip which Governor Cass took in 1826. This must have been a grand procession as it

rounded into the great lake whose southern shore was to float that flag forever.

The traffic on Lake Superior has changed as much as on the other roads, for the Great Lake carries more freight than any railroad in the State and the huge whalebacks, which look like their names as they silently plunge through the deep with the foaming water lashing over their backs, carry very precious cargoes. These boats are mysterious looking, for it does seem as though they are half-fish and half-animal. When you pass by one or see one lying beside a dock receiving its immense cargo of freight, it is almost fearsome and makes you think of the Minotaur in the story of old Crete, who swallowed whatever came near.

The immense Great Northern freight boats, four hundred feet long, the largest freighters in the world, carry each one as much as ten whole railroad trains. We do indeed cast our bread upon the waters in these great boats and they carry too, the ore from the northern mines, coming back loaded largely with coal, though as a matter of fact they carry everything from diamonds to a grand piano. They always go in pairs as though they were alive and wanted company like sea gulls, one forging ahead with the engines continually throbbing and doing all the work, while the other like a meek and humble consort as it is called, goes behind,

apparently not attached at all, and only by looking closely can one see now and then above the water when a wave recedes, the great cable which connects them.

It's a long way from the little old single track with its puffing, blustering locomotive of four wheels hauling one car, to the palace train of today which moves almost faster than the mind of man. "William Crooks" looks like a pigmy beside the great mogul with its six driving wheels which pull its heavy loads to the tops of the mountains and across the distance from sea to sea. It's even a longer way from the birch canoe of the Indian or the Red River ox-cart to the modern railroad and freighter of today. But we have traveled all that road in less than a hundred years, and the road means progress all the way.

Red River Ox-Cart

Onward rolls the Royal River, proudly sweeping
to the sea,
Dark and deep and grand, forever wrapt in myth
and mystery.
Now he laughs along the highlands, leaping o'er the
granite walls;
Now he sleeps among the islands, where the loon
her lover calls.
Still like some huge monster winding downward
through the prairied plains,
Seeking rest but never finding, till the tropic gulf he
gains.

. . . . . .

Still, methinks, the dusky shadows of the days that
are no more,
Stalk around the lakes and meadows, haunting oft
the wonted shore:
And beside the mound where buried lies the dark-
eyed maid he loved,
Some tall warrior, wan and wearied, in the misty
moonlight moves.
See—he stands erect and lingers—stoic still, but
loth to go—
Clutching in his tawny fingers feathered shaft and
polished bow.

. . . . . .

O thou dark, mysterious River, speak and tell thy
tales to me;
Seal not up thy lips forever—veiled in mist and
mystery.
I will sit and lowly listen at the phantom-haunted
falls
Where thy waters foam and glisten o'er the rugged,
rocky walls,
Till some spirit of the olden, mystic, weird, romantic
days
Shall emerge and pour her golden tales and legends
through my lays.
Then again the elk and bison on thy grassy bank
shall feed,
And along the low horizon shall the plumèd hunter
speed;
Then again on lake and river shall the silent birch
canoe
Bear the brave with bow and quiver on his way to
war or woo:
Then the beaver on the meadow shall rebuild his
broken wall,
And the gaunt wolf chase his shadow, and his mate
the panther call.
From the prairies and the regions where the pine-
plumed forest grows
Shall arise the tawny legions with their lances and
their bows.

HANFORD L. GORDON.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FATHER OF WATERS AND TEN THOUSAND LAKES

As far back as we can learn of man he has used the great rivers of the world. The streams and lakes of Minnesota feed two rivers, and a third,—the greatest of all in this hemisphere and the longest in the world, with the streams which flow into it, rises in our own State and flows through it almost from north to south. When it leaves us it goes down past all the central states of our country into the Gulf of Mexico.

What it must have been like ages ago, when, alone in its splendor, it rolled all the way through its hundreds of miles, with only the unbroken forests and grassy meadows lying on either side, the silence absolute except for the winds in the trees, the songs of the birds and now and then a wild animal coming down to drink!

How different it all is today! And yet, it was only fifty years after Columbus first came to our country, that a Spaniard named Hernando De Soto, working from Florida through the untrodden

wilds, came out at last upon the shores of the mighty Mississippi. Before he could go back to Europe to tell what he had seen, he died beside this same great river, and was buried beneath its waves, for his followers were afraid to leave his grave where it might be seen, lest the Indians should find out that they were without a leader.

So the southern part of the Mississippi River was claimed by the Spanish, the middle and northern part left alone to the Indians who loved it and who lived along its edges, used its waters for getting from place to place, and buried their dead on its banks.

The early French explorers about Michigan and Superior heard of a great river to the west, and Jean Nicolet spoke in his writing of wanting to find it. Radisson and Groseilliers had surely seen the Mississippi because they talked of a "grand river," and we think that they journeyed from Knife Lake near Mille Lac to the river near Minneapolis, in 1660. In their selfishness in not wanting other explorers to take away the trade which they hoped to get for themselves, they kept it a mystery and gave us no idea of the river's location.

The early missionaries met Sioux Indians who gave them "marsh rye," the name they used for wild rice, and they told of the "Father of Waters," which they called *Messipi* or Meschepe.

While Père Marquette was at La Pointe his adventurous spirit was stirred with stories of a great river where they used canoes with wings. The book which the Jesuit Fathers wrote, speaks of Indian tales of a river, greater and wider than the St. Lawrence. The French of course knew the St. Lawrence well, for on its shores were the settlements of Montreal and Quebec, and they used it as their main road for getting to the frontier. We may be sure that many adventurers pined to go to the shore of that river of mystery to see for themselves whether the Indian stories were true.

Père Marquette, after he left his mission at La Pointe must have asked Frontenac, the great governor of Canada, to let him take up the work of converting the heathen far away to the west. Those early missionaries loved adventure and the spice of danger and wild life which came with the work, and it must have been a joy to them to live the life they loved, at the same time doing the work they loved just as well.

At any rate Marquette and Joliet were sent out to find the great river, and crossing by the Fox and Wisconsin route came to the shores of the stream they were looking for, near Prairie du Chien, on June 17, 1673. We give the date because it is so important, as that day was the first one we know of when any white man had gazed on

that river in the north. They went far enough down the stream to be sure it was the one which flows into the Gulf of Mexico.

The gay figure of La Salle came next. Frontenac found him in this country, when he came to be the most important governor that France had ever sent over here. He saw La Salle's love of adventure and his fitness for it, sending him back to France to get money and permission from the king to explore and gain new land and fame for France. La Salle came back to Canada with permission to explore and also to pay all his expenses by trading. You remember this journey of his with Father Hennepin and his company, and how in 1680 they camped near Peoria.

Then while Hennepin went up the Mississippi, La Salle went down the river all the way to its mouth. What a wonderful trip that must have been and how amazed the voyagers when they passed the mouth of the broad Ohio, coming in to swell the Mississippi, which they were on, and from the west to meet the Missouri, that no one dreamed came from such a far northern land and which flowing into it, makes the Mississippi the longest river in the world.

This trip of La Salle's was much delayed but in 1682 he planted the banner of France at the mouth of the mighty stream and claimed it all, from its

unknown source to its many deltaed mouth, in the name of his country. He put up a tall cross, also a wooden post with the arms of France and under them "Louis, the king of France and Navarre reigns." A *Te Deum* was sung and all the followers shouted "Long live the king!" He named the new land "Louisiane." Seventeen years later D'Iberville who founded New Orleans came across the delta, Le Sueur coming with him. This was the first time anyone had entered the river from the gulf.

Meanwhile we must not forget that Hennepin was on his way up the river, entering it at the mouth of the Illinois, where he met the Sioux Indians with whom he had such an interesting, but not always happy stay. During this time he had the first wonderful sight of St. Anthony Falls, making new discoveries all the way up to the place where the city of Minneapolis now stands.

At the same time another great adventurer was north on Lake Superior. This was Du Luth, the free-lance trader who the same spring that Hennepin started up the river, went exploring with four French and two Indian guides. He paddled up the Bois Brule River, packed across to the St. Croix down which he floated and found the Mississippi where the two rivers meet at Point Douglas. So you see from St. Anthony Falls to the Gulf of

Mexico the great river had been discovered by Frenchmen, and the whole distance traveled between 1680 and 1682.

Within the next few years Le Sueur, whom we saw on the river with Perrot, took a canoe trip as far north as Sandy Lake, which he thought was the river's source.

For the next hundred years traders come and go along the mighty stream which was so important in settling the country.

The long war between France and England, you remember, gave the east bank of the river to England and the west bank to Spain, and when we became independent of course the English land came to us. During all this time, before and after the United States was an independent country, we had trouble on the Mississippi. You see this was the only trade route we had, as there were no wagon roads, no railroads, and no telegraphs, everything being floated down the river on flatboats. Our traders complained of duties which they had to pay, of goods stolen and of being arrested for no cause. This trouble was especially at New Orleans.

While Washington was president he saw great danger from enemies on the other side of the river and when Spain later handed over the whole country west of the Mississippi to France, it looked

for a little while as though our trade might be ruined and the Union itself broken up, because there isn't very much use in owning one side of a river if an enemy or an unfriendly power owns the other side, for nothing is safe from one day to another.

So when Jefferson was president he asked Robert Livingston, our Minister to France, and James Monroe to see what could be done about the trouble at New Orleans and whether it was possible to buy enough land at the mouth of the river to unload our goods and take them across to the Gulf of Mexico, for we had learned that the "right of deposit" was not respected.

At this time Napoleon was hard up and was very much afraid of England, so to settle the matter, after a good deal of debate, he offered the whole of Louisiana, saying that we might have all of it or none of it. Spain objected, in fact a good many of the people in the United States objected, but in 1803 we bought it just the same, for what people considered was an immense sum and which was really less than three cents an acre.

This is the way we gained power over the whole of the Mississippi River and from this time on, no one could interfere with our commerce. Along the banks of the Mississippi since then, have gathered millions of people and down it ever float millions of dollars' worth of goods. Canoes, flatboats and

steamers have succeeded one another, and one by one, bordering along its edges, ten great states have been added to the Union.

We gained the ownership of most of our own State in 1803 and one of our greatest historians has called the river "the guardian and pledge of all the states in the Union."

Here in Minnesota we think that the Father of Waters belongs to us especially, for we are not only the head of navigation but the great river itself is born here. There have been many bitter disputes, as well as much interest over the question of just where the river does rise. As early as Washington's time David Thompson, agent of the Northwest Company, reached Turtle Lake in Beltrami County and was sure that he had discovered the source of the river.

When all the land as far as the Mississippi was added to Michigan Territory in 1819, Governor Cass was anxious to see the new country, so he started out with a large exploring party, among them Schoolcraft, a geologist, to whom he paid a dollar and fifty cents a day, and who wrote the story of the expedition. The party went as far as Red Cedar Lake which they called Cass Lake in honor of the Governor, returning to Michigan by the Wisconsin and Fox rivers.

In 1823, the government sent Major Long with

a party to explore the Minnesota River and the northern boundary of the United States, and at Fort Snelling an Italian, J. Constantine Beltrami, joined the party, which worked its way along the Minnesota and Red rivers to Pembina and returned by way of our northern boundary, learning much that was valuable about the country, all of which was reported to the United States Government.

The Italian gentleman, Beltrami, who had started up with Major Long, wanted to be a great explorer and to follow in the path of his countryman, Christopher Columbus, so he had come to America to find the true source of the Mississippi River, and met Major Taliaferro who was coming to Fort Snelling as Indian agent. The agent asked Beltrami to come with him and they arrived on the first steamer which ever came up the river, in 1823.

The Italian was evidently a peevish and critical person and hard to get along with, for he left the Long party at Pembina, and engaged some Indians to take him over to the place where he thought he would find what he was looking for, the source of the great river. He had a very hard trip for his guides deserted him, and he was obliged to travel alone for many long days.

He tells how hard it was for him to paddle his canoe and for weary miles he pulled it, wading in

the river, and testing the depths each step with his paddle. Finally he met an old Ojibway whom he engaged to guide him on his trip.

After a long search he climbed an elevation where he said he saw lakes in all directions, and streams flowing four ways. One little heart-shaped lake he named Julia, and he was sure that this was the source of the great river as it had no outlet, and he thought that the water ran under ground to both the Red and Mississippi rivers. This was probably Turtle Lake.

He wrote the story of his journey after he returned, and for some time it was thought that he had discovered the head waters. During his travels he wrote a number of letters to an Italian Countess, and these are most interesting descriptions of that part of the State through which he went. The northern county, where is the greater part of Red Lake, is named for him.

Henry Schoolcraft who was with Governor Cass in 1820, had never been sure that Cass Lake was the real source, and being careful to get things right and too polite to tell the rest of the party that he thought they were wrong, he was always anxious to go further in his search. He was Indian agent at the "Soo" in 1832 when he was sent out to visit the Indians west, to vaccinate them, and to cultivate friendship with them generally.

Lieutenant Allen was the military escort of this party, one of whom was Boutwell, the Leech Lake missionary, and the guide was an Ojibway called the Yellow Head, from whom a river has been named. The party hadn't been told to look for the source of the Mississippi but they went on a search for it all the same, and found that beyond the lake which Beltrami had seen was another, still higher, which they decided was the source. They landed on a beautiful island which they named for Schoolcraft, put up a flagstaff and for the first time the stars and stripes flashed over the head of the great river.

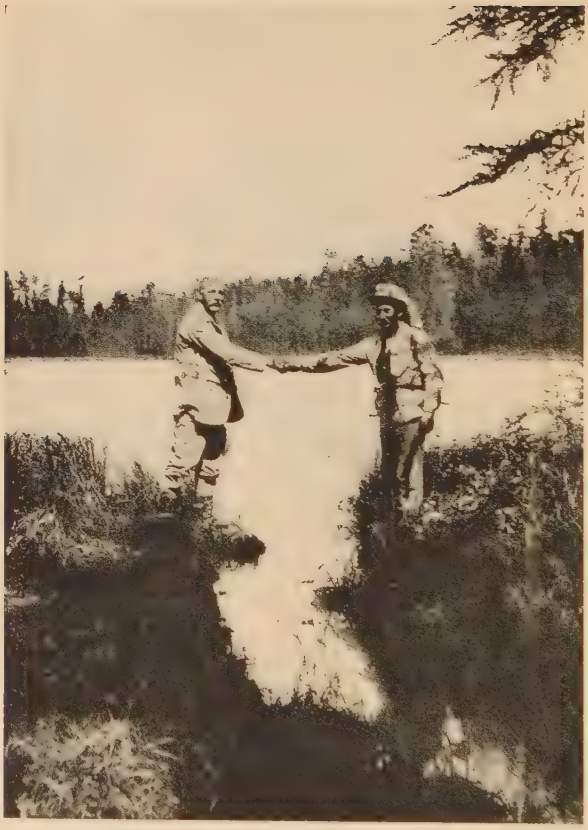
The party had noticed a little stream flowing into Cass Lake from the west and exploring this, found the lake which they were convinced was "the true source of the Mississippi." They partially examined this lake and the shores around it, and finding no inlet were satisfied. Schoolcraft, anxious to have a fitting name for the source, was puzzling over it and asked Boutwell, who was a Latin scholar, to suggest one; so he wrote down "veritas," which means truth, and "caput," which means head. Cutting off the head of one word and the tail of the other, we have left "Itasca," which most people think is from the Indian and surely is beautiful enough to be. The Little Mississippi where it first starts from this lake is twenty feet wide and two

feet deep, and doesn't look very much like the great river farther south.

The famous astronomer, Nicollet, visited the missionary Boutwell who was still living at Leech Lake in 1836 and explored Lake Itasca. He found five brooks leading into it and beyond them, two small lakes which he called the "true source." People still were not satisfied, many others claiming that they had discovered the head of the river, so in 1889 the Minnesota Historical Society and the State Legislature sent J. V. Brower of St. Cloud to settle the matter. After very careful study his party found what was called the "greater reservoir" made up of many small lakes.

Now before this, as long ago as 1804, William Morrison, who with his brother, was a trader at Grand Portage, had visited these lakes, and although his discovery was not made public for many years afterward, most people believe that he was the first white man to see the source of the Mississippi.

He was asked about his trip and wrote a letter to his brother, Allan Morrison, in 1856, telling him that leaving Grand Portage, he had reached Leech Lake in 1802. The next year he went by Red Cedar or Cass Lake into what was later named Itasca. He saw nothing which made him think



"The Infant Mississippi," Itasca Park

(By courtesy of the Secretary of State of Minnesota)

that any white man had been there before, and visited the same place again in 1811 and 1812, finding five little streams that empty into the lake.

The little Mississippi when it first appears at the very head water is only two feet wide and one foot deep, but we still call Lake Itasca the source of our river and this has been settled by law as the source. Mr. Morrison was probably the first one to see the lake and one of the lakes at the extreme head of the source has been named for him, but Schoolcraft was the first man who knew that Itasca was the head of the river, and is called the discoverer.

The country about Itasca is so rough that it is hard to travel for the portages are very long, and the woods are dense; the forests of pine—red, white and jack pine, cedar, oak and willow, and there are many swamps. It is no wonder that the little river in its haste to get away from this lonely place, doesn't know just which way to turn so it flows northeast into, or making Irving and Bemidji lakes, then goes east through Cass and the great Winnibigoshish, where it starts on its long trip south for twenty-five hundred and fifty-three miles. It never stops but ceaselessly flows on, gaining always in strength, widening out at Red Wing into Lake Pepin, forty miles long; and leaves our State at La Crescent, rolling on beyond, until it is lost in the Gulf of Mexico. This is not an idle

pleasure trip all the way for there are many places where the Father of Waters is harnessed to help do our work—at Grand Rapids, where the Pokegama Falls make the current very swift, several places in between, and at St. Anthony, where as much work is done by the river to run the mills and give power to the street-car system as could be done by forty-eight thousand horses all harnessed together.

Minnesota might well be called the "Water State" for not only does the great Mississippi flow through the center like a water god attended on all sides by tributaries which come from the thousands of lakes within our borders, but you remember, our State is almost surrounded by water besides. Only on the southern border is there a long straight line because it was made by man and is not the beautiful natural boundary of blue river with a green edge made by God.

On the north, the south shore of Lake of the Woods and Rainy River as well as Rainy Lake belong to us and those lakes south and east of Rainy Lake are the most picturesque places you can imagine. There are hundreds of these lakes connected by little streams ending in Pigeon River, which falls, just before it gets to Lake Superior, one hundred and forty feet, bounding through a narrow gorge in many foaming cascades. All the way down the north shore of Lake Superior to

Duluth there are cascades—at Tofte, at Temperance River, at the Baptism and many other places, making a scene of wonder and of beauty.

At International Falls on Rainy Lake, as much power is used from the water as fifteen thousand horses harnessed together could give, and this power lights the city and runs a paper mill. The St. Louis River, which flows into Lake Superior, near Duluth, with its great fall of seventy feet in one mile, is used too, at Cloquet for the mills there.

On the west the Red River of the North, which rises in Lake Traverse, has been used for boats for many years. You remember that in 1859 a steamboat went up the Mississippi River to Pokegama. In the spring it was taken to pieces at Crow Wing, and carried clear across the country by wagons to the Red River. It was the first steamboat on that river, and the first trip down, in charge of Captain Bell, had a queer time. The river was full of boulders at Goose Rapids so the men had to get out and dig holes just ahead of the great rocks. Then the boat shoved the rocks into the holes and passed over them. After that trouble was over they stuck on a sand-bar and had to make a dam before they could go any farther. This dam was made by putting cotton-wood logs together for a raft, then driving great stakes into the river bottom and filling it with brush. Slowly the

water rose and suddenly, without any warning, the boat shot over the sand-bar and into deep water. While the people were waiting, the food almost gave out and Captain Blakeley saved their lives, or at least the pleasure of the trip, by appearing, it seemed from nowhere, with a pocket full of fish-hooks and lines, which they put to very good use.

The Minnesota "Skyey Water," after which the State is named, rises in Big Stone Lake, which our western boundary is made to fit, and, you remember, was first explored by Le Sueur on his famous mining trip. Jonathan Carver spent the winter of 1766 on its banks near New Ulm, and Long and most of our early explorers followed its winding way. There were old trading posts on its banks at Traverse des Sioux, Lac qui Parle, and Little Rapids. We are told that the lakes, which feed this and the other rivers on our west lie in the channel of the outflow of the great Lake Agassiz, once a glacier or great field of ice which covered all that part of the State. The Ojibways call this the "River of the Green Leaf," perhaps on account of the beautiful trees which once bordered its banks and were reflected in the water.

In 1819 our friends the Selkirk settlers came down on snow shoes from 'way up north near Winnipeg, traveling a thousand miles to get seed wheat.

They went back by this river in Mackinaw boats, with both oars and sails, taking with them two hundred bushels of wheat, one hundred of oats and thirty bushels of peas. They dragged these heavy boats over the portage at Brown's Valley between Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse and floated down home, for the Red River, you remember, flows north all its length, but the Minnesota flows southeast most of the way and turns northeast at Mankato for the last part of its journey.

Our lakes in Minnesota were formed in many different ways, some of them in the hollows, formed by the old glacier; others from rivers widening out or backing up; and others still from springs beneath the surface. Most of them are charming, surrounded by woods or grassy meadows, their surfaces dotted with lilies, and the shores and bottoms gleaming with carnelians and agates which look like rare gems.

These lakes are of great value to us because they keep the climate temperate, they give us an easy as well as pleasant way of getting from place to place; and most important of all they give us good, clear spring water throughout the State.

They also furnish homes for numbers of fish, besides giving food and drink to the many kinds of animals and birds in our woods. Nowhere else in our country do we find so many lakes and the Lake

Park Region, which spreads out like a fan in Otter-tail and Becker Counties, is one of the lovely places of the world; so we ought to feel very thankful that our State has so much of this water, which is necessary for all kinds of life, and that it is beautiful as well.

CHAPTER XV

TROUBLOUS TIMES

We had our troubles in Minnesota during the years of development. One of the sad things which happened when everything seemed prosperous was a terrible explosion in Minneapolis in 1878, when the great Washburn Mill was absolutely destroyed, although it was built of stone more than two feet thick. Two other mills blew up and three more were burned as a result of the explosion which came from fire reaching the dust with which the mills were filled. In this awful misfortune eighteen men were killed and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed.

Another affliction was tornadoes, or as we call them cyclones, great wind storms which tear up and destroy everything in their paths. They usually come suddenly after a heavy muggy day of heat. The sky gets dark and a dull cloud with green, curling edges appears, turning sometimes to copper color, then with a dull roar, like thousands of angry beasts, the cyclone comes.

Trees crash, rivers are scooped out of their channels, houses are smashed to kindling wood, birds are skinned; animals scattered far and wide, and people are swept in the path of the monster before they know what has happened. The cyclones last only from three to ten minutes but the destruction that they make takes many years to repair. The windfalls in the forests of early days tell the path of these storms, but the ruin later is so much greater because of the towns and people in the way.

In 1877, the little village of Cottage Grove was visited by one of these storms and houses were blown down and a lake, mud and water and all, was blown to the top of a hill.

Four years afterward in Renville County eleven people were killed and three towns destroyed. New Ulm, which seemed to be fated, suffered again, for two storms came together there and almost every building was damaged and the cathedral ruined. A few years later, 1883, a cyclone swept the southern counties, destroyed the town of Elgin and lifted up a railroad train, dropping it thirty feet from the track, and of course injuring many people. The same year, Rochester, the city which is a center for so many activities, had a terrible cyclone which destroyed three hundred houses, unroofed most of the business buildings and killed thirty-five people.

The next year the St. Croix valley and afterward St. Cloud were visited by terrible cyclones where seventy people were killed.

But the worst storm came in 1890 when one hundred young people coming home from an excursion by boat on Lake Pepin were all drowned. The boat was struck by the cyclone cloud suddenly, and all the towns around the lakes were in mourning for their sons and daughters.

In 1904 one of these great storms came down the Mississippi River and struck St. Paul, destroying trees, chimneys, houses, and flooding the business district, with a loss of over a million dollars. There were many more of these storms.

The most terrible calamity which has come to our State since the Sioux massacre was the forest fire of 1894. The summer had been very dry and everything in the forests was like powder, ready to go off at the touch of a spark. For days the air had been heavy with smoke, and from the north, birds had been flocking into the streets of Duluth and the northern towns showing that there was trouble in the woods.

The Great Northern passenger train which left Duluth early in the afternoon, met fires in the forest now and then, and before it came to Hinckley the air looked as though it were on fire,—a dull dark red, like brick dust. Here and there, the trees

looked like Christmas trees ablaze and sometimes the fire jumped from one to the other.

The passengers were all relieved when they arrived at Hinckley until they learned that there was fire beyond at Pine City and the train could go no further.

Suddenly like a flash, the town was on fire and fairly melted before one's eyes, the fire not seeming to be in any particular spot. There was a freight train standing at the station and the conductor coupled three box cars to the passenger train, threw out some of the freight and baggage, put on the freight engine and filled the whole train with refugees. Five hundred and seventy-two people started back toward Duluth, and through the scene which many had thought unsafe an hour before.

At Sandstone people refused to get on the train, thinking that they were safer at home. That night there wasn't a building left in the town and there were many dead. When the train came to the long trestle over Kettle River the bridge was on fire, but there was nothing to do but go on so the brave engineer went ahead as fast as possible, just getting to firm ground as the burning bridge fell behind the train into the deep ravine. Each little town on the way was in danger and many of them were wiped out, and when everyone thought that

the road was safe there was a big fire beside the track at Superior. The train came back to Duluth at midnight bringing with it most of what was left of Hinckley.

Meanwhile the Northern Pacific train from Duluth had been warned, a few miles before it reached Hinckley, by over one hundred people who had left the town. The train ran back to Skunk Lake which it reached just in time. The passengers fled before the flames into the lake and swamp where they stayed for hours before relief came, while the empty train on the track was burned up. About two hundred were killed at Hinckley, and it is supposed that about four hundred and fifty in all lost their lives in this awful fire.

Duluth was turned into a great relief camp. The people slept in the churches and public buildings until it was safe to return to their ruined towns and build new homes. The State gave aid to the people, as of course it should, giving lumber for homes and helping in many other practical ways. The towns were rebuilt and today only a second growth of timber with here and there a patch of evergreen, showing where the fire jumped, is left to tell the dreadful story; but the lives that were lost can never be replaced.

There have been forest fires since, the most destructive ones along the Iron Range and the

north shore of Lake Superior. In 1909 the towns of Spooner and Baudette were wiped out in a fire which lasted for days. Thirty lives were lost and property worth two millions of dollars destroyed.

In 1898 there was a war between the United States and Spain. We didn't like the way Spain was treating Cuba to whom she had been very cruel for many years, overtaxing her and waging war against the Cuban people, who rebelled.

Many Americans owned property in Cuba in the sugar fields and these were just about ruined. Worst of all, one of our battleships, the *Maine*, which was sent down to protect our people and property, was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and everyone on board was killed. When we asked for an explanation, Spain was very indifferent and finally the war had to come.

Again as in the Civil War, Minnesota was the first of all the states to offer troops and exactly thirty-eight years to a day from the time that the first regiment enlisted at Fort Snelling in 1861, the Minnesota volunteers again enlisted in the United States service. They were camped on the State Fair Grounds, which were turned for the time into Camp Ramsey. This was the twenty-ninth of April, 1898.

The Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth regiments of Minnesota volunteers were

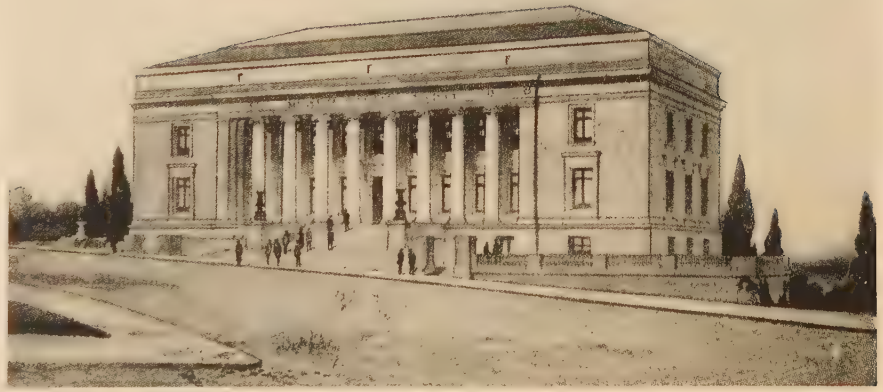
recruited here, the last not until July, 1898. The Twelfth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth were sent to the south but did not leave our country. They lost a number through disease and were just as patriotic as though they had gone to battle, which of course they volunteered for.

The Thirteenth Regiment under the command of Colonel Charles Mac C. Reeve was sent to the Philippines and took part in the battle of Manila Harbor where Admiral Dewey took the Spanish fleet and was in active service all through the war, returning home a year and a half after, covered with glory.

It was strange that again at the same time that we were at war, the Indians should make trouble as they did in October, 1898. A number of the Pillager band, the fiercest of all the Chippewas, live on the Leech Lake Reservation and the "Bear Islanders" live rather apart from the other Indians and are heathen blanket Indians. They had gotten into trouble before this, and the troops had been sent against them but they had quickly submitted at the sight of the United States soldiers.

In 1898 the trouble was more serious and was the result of a good deal of hard feeling in regard to cutting timber on reservation land. The Bear Islanders refused to give up two of their band who had been arrested and the troops from Fort

Snelling were sent against them. It was thought that they would give up easily, as they had before, and so not enough soldiers were sent and they weren't afraid of the small number. They wouldn't let the soldiers have the men they came for, and at Sugar Point had a battle where six of our men were killed and several wounded. The Indians, instead of being severely punished when they were arrested, were allowed to go free, and the people who lived in that district were panic-stricken and didn't think that their lives were safe, so for protection some of the troops were left there for a while. Since then the Indians have been quiet and have made little trouble, but none of us can think that they have much respect for the United States troops when they weren't punished for making war on them.



Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul

(By courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society)

CHAPTER XVI

How the State Cares for her Children

EDUCATION

Long before there were any white people in Minnesota, the education of the children who were to be here some day was arranged for by what we call the "Ordinance of 1787," which decided that for all the children, who were ever coming into any of the Northwest Territory, there should be free labor, free religion, and education.

When the United States surveyed its new land, you remember, it divided it all up into sections, each one mile square. Now the western states asked the United States to give them one section out of every township to be used for education. Of course that does not mean that they had to build a schoolhouse on each section, though they often did, for they usually took number sixteen, which is near the middle of the township. This was a good place to have a school, to vote and for public meetings generally, but whether they used it for a school or not the money was spent for education.

When Minnesota came to be a territory, it asked the United States for two sections out of every township for schools, and so our public land, or the sale of it, made us very rich. The United States used to sell the land for one dollar and a quarter an acre, which was very cheap, and so we decided that we should not sell school lands for less than five dollars an acre and that we should not sell them all at once any way because, you see, the land might go up in price.

Governor Ramsey insisted that the income from these lands should always be for the use of the schools, and that we should use only the interest or income and never the money itself. Fortunately the school lands which were covered with forests, they did not sell in the early days though they did sell trees from them. Wasn't it wonderful that, after the timber was cut off of the northern part of this State, they should find iron ore underneath the surface? In 1889, Minnesota passed a law that this school land should not be sold for fifty years but should be rented to the miners and that the schools should get twenty-five cents for every ton of iron ore mined, so now our State has an income of many millions every year, and this is called the School Fund. From one section where the Hill Mine is we get more money for our schools than Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa have

ever gotten or ever will get from all the lands given to them for education.

All children of the State, whether they live in crowded cities or far apart from one another, on farms or in little settlements, separated from one another, get an education paid for from this fund. The law is that everybody between the ages of five and twenty-one years old, who goes to school forty days during the year, shall be counted in giving out the State aid for schools. So you see how important it is that you should not be absent from school excepting when you are sick or are really needed at home, because it might be that you would be absent so much that you would not be counted. In that case your school would teach you even if the State should not give the money, and no one wants to be a burden.

Minnesota has made a law that every child under sixteen years, or until he is ready for the high school, must go to school, and our children begin to go when they are six years old.

The first meeting of our territorial legislature talked about education and decided that we should have a superintendent of education, who was to get one hundred dollars a year. The first superintendent was the Reverend E. D. Neill, who, you remember, was the chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment as well as one of the first preachers in

Minnesota and he did more than anyone else to help our education in early days.

Ten families make a school district and the story is told that years ago a man asked the county to establish a school in his district because there were ten children for whom there was no schoolhouse. They made him county superintendent and when they went to visit the school, found that the children were all his own children, his wife was the teacher, and the schoolhouse was his own house. This may be true or not, but it might happen.

In 1849, when the territory began, besides the missions which were kept up by the churches and not by the State, there were three public schools in Minnesota; one in Stillwater, one in St. Anthony, and one, which was two years old, in St. Paul.

The first teacher besides the missionaries was Miss Harriet Bishop, who looked like a real old-fashioned schoolma'am. She wore a white lace collar with a great big, round breastpin and had three long curls of black hair falling over each ear. She loved her pupils, who were all gathered in the first schoolhouse which had been a blacksmith shop; a log cabin chinked with mud and with pegs driven in between the logs for boards to rest on. These boards were seats, desks and all the furniture. There were sixteen children the

first year and Governor Ramsey said, telling about his first visit to this school, that the white children were few and far between.

In this schoolhouse they had the first public school meeting in 1849 so you see that year is a very important one to remember in Minnesota history. Two years later there were three schools in Ramsey County and four districts in Washington County but no schools. As early as 1849 there was a United States Government school at Long Prairie which had two large rooms and a hand bell which much pleased the Indian children. The only way that the teacher could keep the children was to give them raisins at recess if they stayed that long. So you see school lunches were begun in Minnesota long before they were thought of in most places.

Just compare the early education with that of today. Think of the beautiful schoolhouses you have, with plenty of light, and heat, and books which may be used by everyone; and teachers who are specially prepared to tell you all about the things you want to know.

The "consolidated schools," where any farming settlement may have a good, well-fitted building, several teachers, a larger library and more opportunities than in a smaller school, were started in Minnesota in 1911 and aim to make better farmers. The children drive long distances to go to one of

these schools, and if our roads were better, as we hope they soon will be, there would be a great advantage in them. Though the people did not care for them at first, there are now sixty-five counties in the State where the schools are consolidated. These are mostly in the north because the people in the south have been settled longer and are not so ready to take up new ideas.

Early in our history Minnesota began to give money for school libraries, if the schools started them, and today, in every village or country settlement there may be good books and pictures for which the State pays half, and "traveling libraries" loan books all over the State, free excepting for express.

It is wonderful to realize that, no matter how far away from a great city we live, we may have a chance to be educated and not have to leave home for school as our fathers and mothers did.

There are many children who cannot go to regular schools because they are deaf or blind or cannot learn quite so fast as the usual children, and who need even more care than you who are able to run, and play, and see and hear the wonderful things all about you. The State takes care of these children and teaches them in a school in Faribault, where many are sent each year. They learn to be useful and happy men and women because, of

course, the more you know, the more useful you are; and the more you are able to do, the happier you are. The deaf begin school at eight years, the blind at six, and both go until they are twenty-one. They learn the same things as other children and many practical and useful trades besides. The deaf are taught to use their eyes, so that they may see what people say, instead of hearing it and as no one is really dumb, they are taught to talk. Think what it means to a child who has never known what people were saying excepting by signs, to understand speech, and what a joy it must be to be able to speak!

What about the blind children? They are taught to read by raised letters which they touch with their fingers and they learn very quickly. Besides regular studies they are taught to play and sing as almost all blind people love music and they make brooms, weave hammocks and do wonderful bead work and sewing.

The State owns a great many books printed with raised letters for the blind, because blind children have to see with their fingers. If a child does not go to school at Faribault, these books may be sent to his home where he may read them and then send them back to be used by other children. So you see every blind child in the State may learn to read free of charge.

Other children who are crippled and cannot run and play may be sent to the State Hospital in St. Paul where, if possible, they are cured, and if that may not be, they are taught to do things for which walking about is not necessary. Near this school there are twenty-three acres at Phalen Park for playgrounds and here the children are out-of-doors whenever it is possible.

Besides these children, there are others whose minds are slow and who ought not to be in a regular school, because they can't learn quickly enough to keep up with the class, and the class can't be held back for them, so there is a special school in Faribault for those who are called defective or feeble-minded.

It seems queer that the newest state schools are the high schools, which were not started until 1861, but they grew very fast, and today there are more than three hundred spread all over the State from the north to the south.

Normal schools, where teachers learn to teach, were started the year before the Civil War broke out. The first one was started in 1860 at Winona and now we have four others, at Mankato, St. Cloud, Moorhead, and Duluth. Most of our teachers in all of our schools learned how to teach at home, that is, in the home State.

When the first schools for children were started,

the people thought about a University too, and in 1851 they asked the United States for two whole townships for the University, and six years afterward they asked for four more. The State put up a large university building which was empty for eight years, except for a few private pupils, for the Civil War broke out very soon and during the war there were no students because everybody old enough had gone to the front.

After the war was over they opened the University again. In 1867 there were thirty-one pupils, none of them ready for college, though two years later they had fourteen freshmen. Because the war was so fresh in everybody's minds, they planned to have all the students taught military drill and that is the way we came to have the cadets at the University. The first graduating class had two members. That was in 1873. By 1900 there were three thousand students in the University and now there are about six thousand.

Very soon Minnesota realized that her people were going to be farmers and so an Agricultural School and College were started that they might learn how to farm in the best and easiest way. And this college has a great deal to do with the fact that our farmers are better than most in the West.

Mr. John Pillsbury, whom you have met before in our history, as governor, a great miller, and many

other good things, is called the "Father of the University" because for thirty-eight years, and until he died in 1901, he seemed to live for the University, and he did so much for it that it came to be one of the first colleges of the country.

He left the great building which bears his name, and on the campus, which is the University yard and playground, is a great bronze statue of him in memory of all he did for learning in our State.

Today there are sixteen schools at the University and people may learn there how to be doctors, lawyers, druggists and chemists; and more important perhaps in our State, how to be farmers, miners, engineers and electricians, for the State gives an education to every boy or girl who cares enough to go to Minneapolis and study for it. The teaching there is free to all children of Minnesota, and more than that, the University has been lately taken into the homes of the people of the State by what is called the "University Extension," which gives lectures and offers correspondence courses for practical work all over the State.

There are many experimental farms in Minnesota, and dairy stations, where people may learn what are the best things to grow on any kind of soil, how to feed their cattle, to make butter and cheese and to get the most out of their farms. In this practical way Minnesota is ahead of many older states.

The three great presidents of the University, Dr. Folwell, who really started its work, Dr. Northrup, who made it great, and Dr. Vincent, the present president, who is trying to spread learning into every nook and corner of Minnesota, are all living and are all still trying in word and deed to make the University helpful to everyone in Minnesota.

In the last few years the people who have charge of schools in the State, have realized that it is better for us to learn how to use the things that we have in Minnesota, than to learn the same sort of things that they need in other places, which have been settled so long that they have not room to farm, to raise stock, or to mine. So in our schools we are teaching more useful things all the time and learning how to do well in school, what we have to do as soon as school is over. We are learning that what we read in books, ought to be just as useful when the book is shut, as when the book is open. That is one reason why every one of us ought to know what there is in our own dear State to enjoy, to use, and to develop so that in our hearts and in our minds, as well as in our work, we may believe in "Minnesota First."

In this way we are going to raise a crop of men and women that is going to be better than all the other crops that our fertile State can produce,

because they are going to learn to use the State and all its riches to the best purpose.

PROTECTION

When children are orphans, or their fathers and mothers are not able to look after them, the State acts as though it were father and mother giving them a home and caring for them and bringing them up, until they are able to take care of themselves and help to take care of others. This home is at Owatonna and many children live there from the time they are three years old until they are fourteen.

The State cares for many people who are sick and cures them when possible. Scattered over our counties are camps for those who have tuberculosis, which is contagious and needs fresh air for its cure, so the patients are taken to a camp where their own families are not in danger of getting the disease and where they may live out of doors most of the time.

The people who are sick in their minds and are not responsible for what they do, are looked after in State hospitals or asylums at St. Peter, Rochester, Fergus Falls, Red Wing, Anoka, Hastings, and Willmar.

REFORM

When a boy or a girl does not behave and there is danger that he will not become a good citizen, unless he has special training, the State steps in and gives this special training, sending the boys to Red Wing, and the girls to Sauk Center, where they are taught besides regular lessons, useful trades, and where they learn self-respect so that they, too, may become useful.

Many who never had a good start in life are here given a chance to learn right from wrong, for most people who break laws do so because they are ignorant, not because they are bad.

Then there are two places where the State tries to reform men and women who have broken the laws, which have been made for us all. When anyone between the ages of sixteen and thirty commits a crime for the first time, he is sent to St. Cloud for reform, and there he stays until the people in authority think he may be trusted, learning all the time something useful and interesting.

The people over thirty years and who have committed more than one crime are sent to prison at Stillwater. This prison was provided for by the first territorial legislature in 1849 and for many years had very few people in it but, of course, as many more good people came, more

who were not good came too; it has been necessary from time to time to add to the prison until in 1913 a new building was opened at South Stillwater. The idea of this prison is to make everybody feel that he has a chance in the future. All the prisoners have plenty of light, plenty of air, plenty of water and plenty of food, for the people in charge believe that it is easier to be good when you are clean and well fed, than when you are dirty and hungry. Everybody in the prison works all day long at a trade, most of them in an immense twine factory, and all have a chance to learn at a night school. There is a band composed of prisoners and they have lectures and plays and publish a paper.

The State spends much money on the prison, because it hopes that in the future, after all that is done for her people, we shall have fewer criminals, for we shall all learn that when Minnesota does so much for us, the least we can do to repay her is to obey her laws.

SOLDIERS' HOME

On the banks of the Mississippi River near Minnehaha Falls is a home for the people who have given much to us and who are no longer able to take care of themselves because they are frail and aged.

This is the Soldiers' Home where all the old soldiers who fought in the Civil War or the Spanish American War may find homes with rest and comfort so long as they live. Here the veterans spend their days wandering up and down the beautiful park, or around their camp fire in one of the buildings where they tell stories of the battles they fought years ago.

We should all of us be very happy that we are able to take care of the people who so nobly defended us.

CHAPTER XVII

The Treasures of the Earth

MINES

The first mining which was done in Minnesota was by Le Sueur, to whom Louis XIV., the great and powerful king of France, gave permission to open all mines in his newly discovered country. You remember he found near Mankato the blue earth from which the river was named, and thinking that he had discovered copper, with a great load of this earth he sailed down to the mouth of the Mississippi River in a felucca. This was the first load of freight that ever went from Minnesota and it had a long journey of twenty-three hundred miles before it reached the Gulf. Before they left with this venture after a great fortune, the French "cached" their tools, and when it was found that they had discovered nothing of value they never came back.

Many people have tried since, to find just where the first mine was opened, but although it is easy

enough to see the green earth and the blue earth which the Indians used for paint, on the bank of the river of the same name, no one has ever found the tools which were left by the first miners, nor the exact spot from which they took away four thousand pounds of what they thought was copper.

Isle Royale, which is a beautiful place off the north shore of Lake Superior and only thirty miles from the Minnesota shore, doesn't really belong to our State, but to Michigan, which is eighty-seven miles away, though we were once the same territory. Though our Indians never lived there, they went there often, for we are quite sure that the copper which they used was mined there, as over a thousand pits and shafts were opened many years before the White Man did any mining there. They used to break the rocks with great hammers, which had round stones for heads, and the copper freed was almost pure instead of being mixed with other things as most copper is.

Many years later several mines were opened on this island and today we find along its one hundred and fifty miles of shore the ruins of towns where hundreds of people worked these copper mines. Most of the bricks and all of the wood from the houses and chimneys have been carried away by campers, and today only the Finnish fishermen

live there six months in the year and tourists for a few weeks in the summer; most of them not knowing at all that the quiet shores were once inhabited by many people who hoped to make vast fortunes. So nothing is left today of our earliest mining but copper found among the Indian relics.

These mines were all given up because it cost too much to take the ore which was of low grade to a place where it could be smelted. The only thing that was ever done with it was to send a huge piece of copper to the Centennial Exposition in 1876, as an advertisement of the mines.

There was a gold excitement in Minnesota just after the Civil War, for H. H. Eames found gold in some of the rock in the northern part of the State. A road seventy-five miles long was built from Duluth to Vermilion Lake, and the town of Winston was started, but there wasn't enough gold to amount to anything and ten years later only one man was left in the place. Gold was found in small quantities north of the Lake of the Woods too, but there wasn't enough to pay to get it out, and the real gold mines of Minnesota consist of her forests, her wheat, and the other things which she raises and which bring back a stream of gold instead of sending it out.

Nicollet was sure that there were rich minerals to be found here, but iron was not discovered in our

State until 1866 when it was located by Eames, the State geologist. The first mines were located in 1880 near Tower in the Vermilion Range (the French name for the red jasper found here), and that mining was done at this time was largely due to the efforts of George Stone of Duluth, who for many years had insisted that there was wealth in the north, and had tried to get people interested in mining there. He persuaded Charlemagne Tower, a rich Philadelphian, to invest money in his scheme and this was the beginning of our great mining business.

Soon the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad connecting the mines with Two Harbors was built, and in 1884 and 1886 the first ore was sent out from Tower and Ely, then rough little villages on what seemed the edge of nowhere.

The great iron deposits in the Mesabi Range, which had been suspected for a long time, were opened up in 1892 by the Merritt Brothers of Duluth, who have done much to develop our northern counties.

Long before this, the Indians of the north had insisted that there was iron in the northern ranges. An Indian guide located a very rich vein by taking some campers to the spot and proving to his own satisfaction the deposit, by showing the attraction of the earth for a willow twig in the light of a full moon; and people traveling along

the north shore of Lake Superior noticed that the magnetism is great enough to unbalance their watches.

The history of mining in our State reads like a fairy story, for although it was begun only thirty years ago, last year Minnesota mined two-thirds of all the iron in the United States. Nowhere in the world have so many towns sprung up suddenly, as along the railroads which in the last ten years have come into this district. Twenty years ago the country was a wilderness, peopled by only a few Indians, trappers and lumbermen. Today there are eleven cities and dozens of little towns giving work to hundreds of thousands of people. Virginia, which was founded scarcely twenty years ago, is now the fifth city in size in the State. Instead of walking or going in on horseback to the mines, as the prospectors had to do, you may go over the road in any one of six palace trains a day, riding in luxurious parlor or sleeping cars.

The iron in the Mesabi range is only fifty feet or so from the surface, and in many places is of such high grade that it is almost all pure iron. The surface is "stripped," then the ore is loaded with great steam shovels which scoop it from an open pit and drop it into the cars which run right to the mines. In some places power is obtained by water and by electricity, very different mining from

the old way where the miners have to live underground and never see the light of day excepting for a few minutes in the morning and at evening.

The Mesabi mines which are the greatest in the world form the ridge, which you remember, the Indians used to call the Giant Range, as though to foretell its future greatness. The State owns fifty of these mines which were discovered on school lands and so cannot be sold, but are leased instead, and the schools get twenty-five cents a ton for all the ore mined.

The last mines opened in Minnesota are in the Cuyuna Range which runs through Aitkin and Crow Wing counties. There is no iron on the surface, but a party of explorers noticed that their compasses acted strangely and sure enough, far down under the rocks, they found the iron which attracted the needle. These mines and those in the Vermilion Range are worked by blasting out pits into which shafts are sunk far below the ground, and the iron instead of being pure is mixed with rock.

From the mines, the ore is run down to Two Harbors or Duluth on Lake Superior and carried directly to the greatest ore docks in the world, where it is dumped into pockets. From these pockets great chutes send it into the holds of the huge steel vessels, big enough for a small town. There are four hundred of these greatest freight

boats in the world and each one carries thousands of tons of ore to Cleveland, Toledo, and other lake cities to be smelted. It is of course a waste not to smelt and manufacture the iron at home and now (1916), an immense steel plant is running in Duluth. It has cost millions of dollars to build and will give work to thousands of people.

The life of a miner in these "range towns" is very different from the usual frontier life, for the labor is made easier by much machinery. Many of the laborers own their own homes and they have hospitals, theaters, good food and, above all, very fine schools; some of the best school buildings in the State are in the mining district.

STONES

Besides the wonderful mines there are many kinds of useful and beautiful stones in our Minnesota, as though Nature had said to herself: "When the forests are gone my children will need something to take the place of wood for their homes and business, so I will tuck away these treasures for them to find." And so she did, near enough to the surface too, so they may be easily seen and taken out.

All along the Minnesota River northeast to the Lake of the Woods, and about Duluth are found

series of granite. The quarries at St. Cloud have given us the gray stone of the State House foundation, and many other buildings. At Sherburne and Sauk Rapids we find a mixture of gray, red, and white called Scotch granite; at Big Stone Lake, the reddish gray of which the great Court House in Minneapolis is built; while from the Mesabi Range came stone for the massive Auditorium Hotel in Chicago. When we look at these buildings we realize what people mean when they say as "enduring as granite."

There is much sandstone in the State too, and it gives wonderful effects in its different colors. The "white stone" of Kasson is well known. That found at Red Wing and Faribault is cream color, at Kettle River, buff. There are many buildings of sandstone all over the State. The first hotel in Mendota was built of it, as are the piers of the Fort Snelling bridge.

Limestone, which underlies a great part of the State, is easy to quarry and was much used in early days; for example, old buildings of Carleton College at Northfield, and the schools at Faribault. It seems to fit the landscape about it, in its dull grays and yellows, and when it crumbles a little, looks as though it had grown where it is, instead of being put up by the hand of man.

The Kasota stone is *dolomite*, a sort of limestone

of yellowish-pink, which when polished looks almost like onyx.

Most wonderful of all these stones is the "red jasper" as it is called; when in the rough, a dull pink or red with little streaks or waves in it, and when polished as beautiful as any marble. This stone is mined at Luverne, New Ulm, and near the city of Pipestone.

Much has been written of our "Pipestone," for it is found nowhere else in the world, and all of the early travelers were much impressed by it, George Catlin, the artist, coming to Minnesota on purpose to see it. His description of his visit in the early days is very interesting: "For many miles we had the Coteau des Prairies in view in the distance before us, which looked like a blue cloud settling down in the horizon . . . and from the base of this mound to its top there was not a tree or bush to be seen in any direction and the ground everywhere was covered with a green turf of grass about five or six inches high . . . on the very top of this mound or ridge we found the far-famed quarries or fountain of the Red Pipe, which is truly an anomaly in nature.

"The principal and most striking feature of this place is the perpendicular wall of cross-grained, compact quartz of twenty-five and thirty feet in elevation, running nearly north and south, with its

face to the west, showing a front of nearly two miles in length, when it disappears at both ends by running under the prairie. At the base of this wall there is a level prairie, in any and all parts of which the Indians procure sufficient redstone for their pipes, by digging through the soil and several layers of redstone to the depth of four or five feet. From the very numerous marks of ancient and modern diggings, it would appear that this place has been for many centuries resorted to for the redstone, and from the great number of graves and remains in its vicinity, it would seem that the Indian tribes have long held this place in high superstitious estimation, and also that it has been the resort of different tribes who have made their regular pilgrimages here to renew their pipes."

The stone you remember was "wakan," or sacred to the Indians who believed that it was the gift of the Thunder Bird. Calumets made from this quarry have been found as far south as Georgia, and the New York Museum has a very old pipe which was found among the Senecas who probably traded it with the Sioux.

The Indians called it "eyenskah" but when Mr. Catlin took a piece east with him to have it examined, the name "catlinite" was given it, though we usually speak of it as pipestone. When the great Washington monument was built, Minnesota

sent a slab of this stone to represent our State in the shaft.

The Coteau des Prairies in Pipestone County is a truly wonderful place and has been made famous by Longfellow.

"On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipestone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hands he broke a fragment
Moulded it into a pipe head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures."

Clay, too, is found in many parts of our State. One of the greatest pottery factories in the United States is at Red Wing, and at Mankato, cement, tiles, and fire brick are made. There are slate beds on the St. Louis River, and mineral paint near Redwood Falls.

Along the shores of Lake Superior besides the great corundum mines near Grand Marais there are many wonderful stones which are used for ornaments. Among these are the thomsonites,

queer mottled pink and green, and many kinds of agate, the most beautiful of all perhaps a transparent blue which takes a wonderful polish and looks like sapphire, and amethyst quartz shading from purple to violet.

There are in the rotunda of the new State House eight great pillars twenty-four feet high, polished, round, wonderful; four from Ortonville, cloudy, mysterious-looking, almost like reddish smoke turned to stone; four from Rockville, near St. Cloud, gray, stately, impressive; each cut from a single stone, truly symbols of the treasures which lie beneath the surface of Minnesota.

CHAPTER XVIII

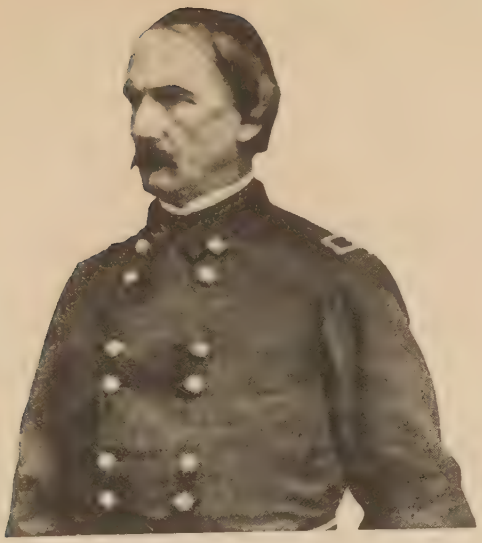
Some Legacies

LANDMARKS

As we look up and down our State today we notice here and there things which remind us of the early settlers and pioneers, who made it easier for us to have the comforts and privileges which are ours now, because they went through the hardships of frontier life.

Away up on our northern boundary, where the old trading post used to be, there is a part of the old landing, and the French names, Fond du Lac, Lac qui Parle and Traverse des Sioux remind us of the fur trading of early days. At the last place, besides the house where Flandrau lived at the time of the Sioux massacre, is a great boulder, which the St. Peter Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution have dedicated and inscribed, in memory of the Treaty of 1851.

Wherever you find, here and there, along the banks of the rivers in Minnesota, wide open spaces



Henry Hastings Sibley

(From the E. A. Bromley Collection)

Sibley House. Built in 1835

(By courtesy of F. Bowen)

reaching up to the ridges, you may be sure that they once were slides for logs, although you may not see a sign of a pine tree or anything else reminding you of early lumber camps; while at Marine, the big empty stores in the midst of the charming quiet little town, and on the heights the great houses of Judd and Orange Walker, speak of the lumber interests which once centered there.

On Lake St. Croix just above Stillwater, the forest of piles, standing high out of the water, is all that is left of the great boom, and the desolate places on the hills of Stillwater are silent speakers of the vanished homes of the old lumber kings.

In Blue Earth County, stand several of the windmills, left in the march of progress from the time when wheat was ground by the wind.

The names of the lakes about Minneapolis, were many of them given by the people who lived first at Fort Snelling. They took little pleasure trips in their birch-bark canoes, exploring this wonderful unknown land and naming the new discoveries they made, calling Lake Harriet after Mrs. Leavenworth, the wife of the first commander. At that time Calhoun was Secretary of War, and also the superior officer of all the army, so his name was naturally given to one of the lakes, on the shore of which is the tablet marking the spot where the Pond brothers had their first mission for the

Indians. Minnetonka, which means "big water," was named by Governor Ramsey but of course much later than the others.

What must have been the feelings of the pleasure parties, when they left their canoes and following up a little creek which flows into the river about two miles above the Fort saw for the first time that wonderful waterfall, which is now famed all over the country!

Minnehaha was first called Little Falls, or Brown's Falls, some people think for our friend Joseph Brown, who with young Snelling may have gone there on one of his exploring trips. But he was only a drummer boy fourteen years old, and at this time, the head of the army was Jacob Brown, who seems much more likely to be the one for whom the falls were named. We do not know what white man first saw their beauty, nor just when the name by which we know the falls was given, for the Indians who knew the place well called all their falls "haha "which means laughing, and often "minnehaha" or laughing water. At one time this name was given to St. Anthony Falls and perhaps that was why these falls were called "little haha." In 1855 when Senator Charles Sumner visited our State, he was taken by Governor Ramsey on a trip to see the falls, and was so impressed that he told Longfellow about their beauty and wonderful

setting. Longfellow wrote his *Hiawatha* after this description, although he never saw the falls himself. This poem made Minnesota, which was then not well known, famous throughout the world and is remarkable for the picture it gives of the Indian, as well as for the story which we all love.

Four years before this, in 1851, Harper Brothers sent Mr. Hesler, who had a picture gallery in Galena, Illinois, up north to take a picture of the Mississippi River. There were no photographs at that time, but they took instead sun pictures, among them one of Little Falls, which was given to a relative of Longfellow who perhaps showed it to him. Anyway the poem came out the very year that Sumner told Longfellow the story and the falls have been known since by the name, Minnehaha,

> "the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
> Brought the sunlight of his people, Minnehaha,
> laughing water."

Today the banks on both sides of the little stream which flows from Harriet and Calhoun are broad walks. The stream is bridged, so we may get all views of the lovely fall, the street cars whiz by every few minutes, and thousands of visitors every day throng the park on both sides of the stream. The ravine is lined with the cages of many animals

that once roamed wild over these very spots, and in the railed-in spaces of many wild acres the deer wander and try to hide from the curious; while the buffaloes, once lords of the vast prairie, paw the earth and gaze sullenly through the bars; but the glen is still beautiful, the birds still sing and the water still laughs on its way, reminding us of early days and giving pleasure to thousands of people.

Below Pike Island, underneath the great group of buildings belonging to the City and County Hospital in St. Paul, on the river's edge, is Fountain Cave near which was the home of the first dweller in the capital city, who was forced off the reservation grounds and sold his second claim for ten dollars. Still farther down the river and under Dayton's Bluff is the famous Carver's Cave, which was lost for years and only in 1915 discovered again, after a search of months. No one may go inside now, for it is dangerous on account of a lake which reaches back to an unknown distance, the depths of which are black darkness and where the fish are all blind.

Of the three forts established in Minnesota, only one is still in use by the government. At Fort Ripley the last old block house was burned in 1882 and at Fort Ridgely there is but one building standing of those which protected the refugees in the great massacre.

At Fort Snelling the outline of the fort made by Nature is plain, but of the old stronghold only two buildings are left, and the picturesque wall has all been taken down. The old guard house was saved from destruction a few years ago, though unfortunately it has been somewhat changed by those in command, who didn't realize how dear it is to the people of Minnesota. The round building is still loop-holed and the date 1820, cut in a slab of faced stone, reminds us of the earliest building in this part of the country. On the edge of the bluff toward the Minnesota River still stands the limestone bastion, whose timbers were whip-sawed by the soldiers who were carpenters and stone masons as well as defenders, for they did all the building of the Fort as well as chopping the trees and quarrying the stone from which it was built. Opposite the Fort on the Mississippi side is the road which led down to the ferry and the landing, used until the first bridge was built across the river, while on the Minnesota River the ferry still runs as in the old days.

At the sleepy little town of Mendota is the best preserved relic of old trading days as well as of the early settlers in this part of the world—the old Sibley mansion. It was built in 1835 of the limestone which crops out all about it, the first stone house, you remember, in the territory. It was

used by Mr. Sibley of the American Fur Company and was known as the Mendota Factory. The Indians built it and the plaster was made from clay and mud from the near-by river bank. They had no lath so made rope of twisted grass and rushes to hold the plaster together, and the plaster was mixed with twigs and small sticks. The wood in the house was all hewn by hand and instead of nails was put together with wooden pegs; the stone walls are two feet thick as though it were a fort. The top story has a stairway outside and in winter, as many as thirty Indians sometimes crawled up and slept there, for they and General Sibley were always great friends and he was loved and trusted by all the Indians as few other traders were. This house saw more history made inside its walls than any other in Minnesota. Most of the business of forming the territory was done here before our first governor came. General Sibley lived in this house until 1862, when it was sold to the parish of Mendota and used as a mission school. Later it was deserted for many years and tramps used it for a lodging place, chopping up the floors and a great deal of the woodwork for firewood.

The Daughters of the American Revolution of Minnesota asked Archbishop Ireland to give the Sibley House to them so they might repair it and preserve it as a relic of early days, and he and the

parish of Mendota generously did so. It has been restored to almost its early dignity, a great deal of the old furniture has been brought back to the house, and the whole is a museum of Minnesota relics.

The old military road from Fort Snelling to Point Douglas is still used and is called by its early name for part of its distance. It goes from the ferry landing on the Mississippi River along Seventh Street, which used to be Fort Road in St. Paul, past Kaposia, and Battle Coulee, the scene of a great battle between the Sioux and the Chippewas, through part of Newport township, and Cottage Grove to Point Douglas.

In Minnehaha Park stands the house of John Stevens, the first one built in Minneapolis and moved here from the place where it stood on the river, near the suspension bridge. It was hauled from its old site by the school children of Minneapolis, with great ceremony, and put up in its present place, that the children of the future might see the seed from which the city grew. This little house saw much of the early law-making planned and it was visited by many famous people. Here the first singing school was held and the first meeting of the Agricultural Society.

There is nothing that we may see of the tiny chapel of St. Paul, unfortunately; the oldest building in the Capital City is the little brick one

on Rice Park now used as a garage. Its steeple is gone and nothing is left to tell us that it was once the First Methodist Church excepting that the windows are the same as when it was built for a place of worship. It was built in 1849 of the first brick made in St. Paul at a yard on Summit Avenue.

There are many reminders of the Sioux massacre throughout the State. At Acton, in Meeker County, a monument was put up by the citizens in memory of those who were so cruelly murdered, and the State erected one near Birch Coulee. On the twenty-eighth anniversary of the siege of New Ulm, the bronze shaft in memory of its defenders was dedicated. On one side of this is a relief of Colonel Flandrau, the defender of New Ulm, and it is one of the things to remember that he, then Judge Flandrau, and Governor Ramsey were both present on that day. In the park at Lake Shetek in Murray County is a little log house which is a relic of the massacre, and on the site of Camp Release on the thirty-second anniversary of the Sioux surrender, the State of Minnesota put up a monument.

Minnesota has dedicated monuments to the memory of our heroes in the Civil War on the battle-fields of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Mission Ridge. In our own State House in the niches prepared for them, under the dome, are the great bronze statues

of General Sanborn, General Shields, Colonel Colvill, and Colonel Wilkin; while in the glass cases below rest the tattered battle-flags.

These are all reminders of that great struggle, but the best one is the Union flag, which ought to make us resolve every time we see it "that these dead shall not have died in vain."

GREAT MEN

Many of those called "forty-niners," who came here in that year, were state builders as well as state protectors, and we have seen some of them in the work in which they became prominent.

The Reverend E. D. Neill was among these. He was one of the first ministers in the territory; chaplain of the first Minnesota regiment; first Chancellor of the State University; first historian of the State; and secretary to President Lincoln. He was a great scholar and a friend to everything good which came up in his lifetime, which was long.

Joseph Wheelock, who came here a boy of nineteen, was later editor of the *Pioneer Press* in St. Paul and for forty years made, and kept it, a newspaper which was widely known and of great influence throughout the United States.

We should remember Charlotte Ouisconsin, the

daughter of Lieutenant Clark, who was born at Prairie du Chien where the troops camped on their way to Fort Snelling, the first white child in this region. She lived at the Fort several years. Later she was married to Horatio Van Cleve, who became the colonel of the famous Second Minnesota in the Civil War, and lived in Minneapolis until she was eighty-eight years old, a woman of wide influence and great charity.

In 1853, came Charles Eugene Flandrau,—Indian agent and lawyer, the hero of the Sioux Massacre, and judge of the State Supreme Court; whom the Indians called "ahtay," meaning father, and whom the pioneers called the "plumed knight of early days."

Bishop Whipple, the apostle to the Indians, came to the State in 1859 when there were more than seventeen thousand Red Men here, most of them heathen. He taught them, preached to them, pleaded their cause in this country and in Europe, and made them and their needs well known all over the world. The Indians never had a better nor truer friend and they called him "Straight Tongue," because they knew that they could always depend on him. He started church schools in Faribault, where he lived for many years, and until he was an aged man carried on his church and mission work, a well-known figure all over the State.

Cushman K. Davis, whose work was broader than even the State of Minnesota, was our youngest governor, elected in 1873 when he was thirty-five years old. He later became a leader in the United States Senate and the head of the Foreign Relations Committee, the most important one in the Senate, especially in time of war; helped to make the treaty which ended the war with Spain in 1898 and had much to do with our getting the Hawaiian Islands. Davis was a great Shakespeare scholar and would have been a famous literary man if he had not been a statesman.

Born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1838, John Ireland came to Minnesota at the age of fourteen years and later studied for the priesthood in France. He was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota and early became well known in both church and state. He has done more than anyone else for the temperance cause in Minnesota, and perhaps as much as anyone in years gone by, to urge immigrants to come here. He was made Archbishop of St. Paul in 1888, and is the patriarch priest of the Northwest.

Born in the same year as Archbishop Ireland, in the wilds of Canada, James J. Hill came to St. Paul in 1856. At eighteen he was shipping clerk for J. W. Bass & Company. At thirty-three he went into partnership with Kittson as a trader. At the age of forty he was a railroad president. The

builder of the Great Northern Railway, his work extends far beyond the State of Minnesota for he "tapped" the wheat district and the farming lands over all the Northwest. He did more than any one man in the State for agriculture and saw Minnesota first in wheat and many other things, remembering the days when cranberries were the only crop we sold. He died in 1916.

John A. Johnson, the second Democrat that the State elected after Governor Sibley, and the first governor who was a native of Minnesota, was born in St. Peter in 1861. He died in office in 1909, and the State honored him and remembers him, as the statue at the entrance of the State House proves. It would be well if every Minnesota boy and girl took to heart his advice when he became governor:

"Let us strive to attain the highest ideals, and reward the people who have reposed special confidence in us, by honest effort which will make us worthy of the honors conferred upon us."

The list of our score of governors is a list of honor, yet none has surpassed the first one who came to Minnesota, Alexander Ramsey. Coming in 1849, when he was only thirty-four years old, he has been so much a part of the State that it is impossible to think of one without the other, for the State and the man grew together. He always

insisted that one of the first things which the legislature should look after was the education of the future and did much more than anyone else, to see that our immense school lands were not used for anything but the good of the schools. He carried through the Indian treaties and was our great War Governor. He acted with the quickness that was absolutely necessary at the time of the awful massacre, choosing to lead the troops, because he was the best man for the work, the man who was always against him in politics.

He was our Senator twice and afterward Secretary of War for President Hayes. He lived to see the new century well started on its way and the future of the State assured, for we did not lose him until 1903. His name was given to the county where the capital is, as well as to one of our most beautiful parks. It is impossible to think of any one thing or any ten things which are most important that he did not have something to do with, for he had something to do with everything that was important.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the very first meeting of the Territorial Legislature in the old Central House a body was formed which was very important to us. Most of the men in Minnesota at that time were young, and were looking forward to a long life. They had not

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proved as yet that this was a good place for a home, but they showed that they had come here to stay and that they expected a great State in the future.

They decided to tax themselves out of their slender means, to establish the Minnesota Historical Society, to collect and keep everything, which in the future might help us to know the history of our State.

From that day until now, the Society has collected papers, reports, pictures, newspapers, relics, everything and anything, really useful in the history of Minnesota. The papers, which have been written by the members, and the diaries, letters, and newspapers of early days make the only beginnings for the history which we have today. Reverend E. D. Neill gave the first address in 1850, and in 1852 the society helped to publish the *Dakota Dictionary*.

The next year plans were made for a building and the cornerstone was laid across the street from the State House in the Capital City. There was a grand procession and speech making but that is as far as the building ever went until now (1916) when the handsome and fitting home near the new State House is at last nearing completion. Up to this time the Historical Society has always had a place in the State House, where anyone, who is interested, may use the library or see the museum.

Our Historical Society is noted throughout the

United States for its collection of newspapers, owning a copy of almost every one that has ever been published in Minnesota. It has a picture gallery, with portraits of our State builders, and views of noted places at various times in our history. The museum is most interesting, and anyone who has not seen it should visit it whenever it is possible. Among the things that would interest you are: An ancient Ojibway canoe, a wonderful collection of arrowheads and other tools and weapons used by the Indians, as well as the contents of the Indian mounds, which have been opened.

From the mounds there are a great many skulls and bones of Indians: stone hammers and arrowheads and many curious articles made of pipestone. Some of the pipes are of unusual shapes and carved and scratched with strange designs.

One of the rarest Indian relics is a hunting bag made by the wife of Alexander Faribault. It is about fifteen inches long and twelve inches wide, most beautifully embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, and trimmed with red down, which the Indians considered sacred. This down, which was dyed with native berries, is as bright as though it were new.

High on a shelf is a wooden box divided into twenty pigeonholes, the first postoffice of the settlement of St. Paul.

The first printing press which was ever brought to the Territory is in the room where the newspapers are kept on file, and here too is the first paper that was ever printed in Minnesota.

There are two historic bells here, one which first hung on a steamboat on the Mississippi River was bought in 1848 for the school in Stillwater, the first steeple bell in the Territory. The other is a hand bell which was used in the Jackson house in 1842. The Jackson house at Pig's Eye was made up of two log buildings, each with a room below and a room above and connected by a balcony. The dining-room was downstairs in one house and over it the family lived. In the other house the kitchen was below and the boarders slept above. When Mrs. Jackson rang this hand bell the town came to dinner.

The men who made the State in early days and who made it great, have written much of the history in which they had so large a part, and have always been interested in carrying forward the work of the Historical Society which means more and more as time goes on.

The old settlers and pioneers are fast passing away, and soon no one will be left who remembers the events of early Minnesota, so we should be thankful that we have so much that is valuable in this library and museum.

This is the University song, and it is so fine that we all ought to learn it and sing it, on what the University calls "The State Wide Campus," which reaches from the North to the South, from the East to the West, of Minnesota, and belongs to all of us.

HAIL! MINNESOTA.

Music by T. E. Rickard.
AIR:
Min - ne - so - ta hail to thee! Hail to thee our col - lege
dear! Thy light shall e - ver be A
bea - con bright and clear. Thy sons and daugh-ters
true Will proclaim thee near and far. They will
guard thy fame and adore thy name; Thou shalt be their Northern Star.

HAIL! MINNESOTA.

1.

Minnesota, hail to thee,
Hail to thee our college dear;
Thy light shall ever be
A beacon bright and clear;
Thy sons and daughters true
Will proclaim thee near and far;
They will guard thy fame
And adore thy name;
Thou shalt be their Northern Star.

—Truman Rickard, U. M. '04.

2.

Like the stream that bends to sea
Like the pine that seeks the blue;
Minnesota, still for thee
Thy sons are strong and true.
From their woods and waters fair;
From their prairies waving far,
At thy call they throng
With their shout and song
Hailing thee their Northern Star.

—Arthur Upson, U. M. '05.

CHAPTER XIX

MINNESOTA, THE STAR OF THE NORTH

TODAY

THE last few years of our history have been a story of steady progress and as we look back to the beginnings in Minnesota we see great changes which the years have brought. The population has increased from a handful of French, whom the Indians called *Wa-she-cha* or "White Man" to a hundred and fifty thousand in 1857, to a little more than a million and a half in 1900, until in 1910 it was two million seventy-five thousand seven hundred and eight, made up of many nationalities. As we said, the first people who came here were French, many of whom married Indians, and their descendants we find here and there throughout the State. They are few in number but the French influence is still shown in the names of places and in our State motto. Many early settlers and pioneers came from Wisconsin, Maine, other New England States, Canada, and many were children of Ohio pioneers.

State Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota's State House

(By courtesy of the Secretary of State of Minnesota)

It is interesting to us to see what elements went into the Minnesotan. Before 1850 the Scotch and the Swiss made up a fairly good part of the population. By the census of 1850 there were from two to eighty-six of French, Swiss, Dutch, Swedes, Russians, Welsh, Scotch, Norwegians, Canadians, and English. There was one each of Austrian, Belgian, Dane, Italian, Spanish, and Prussian. There were two hundred and seventy-one Irish and one hundred and forty-one Germans. The Indians called the Germans *ea-scha-che*, which means "bad talkers," named of course because they were used to the smooth-tongued French.

Today there are more people in Minnesota from the Scandinavian peninsula than from any other place, for thirty-six per cent. of all Minnesotans are from the Scandinavian countries, the people from Germany coming next with twenty-six per cent. In 1850, Fredrika Bremer, the great Swedish writer, visited Minneapolis, the forerunner of the many to come later and now there are more Scandinavians in that city than in any other in America, in fact excepting in Stockholm, more than in any city in the world.

Colonel Hans Mattson, a Swede, who visited Europe, especially Germany, Sweden, and Norway as agent for the railroad companies, induced many immigrants to come here. In 1869, Congress was

asked to send a minister to represent us in Sweden, and General Andrews of St. Paul was our first representative there. Many people who have done much for the State came from the Scandinavian countries. John Lind, who was governor and representative of the President in Mexico during the late trouble, as well as President of the State Board of Regents, was born in Sweden. Knute Nelson who has been one of our Senators for twenty-one years was also born in Sweden, and Governor John A. Johnson, although born in Minnesota, was of Swedish parentage.

The Scandinavians when they come to this country always come for homes and to settle down and be citizens, and no better people for citizenship could come, because they so easily and quickly are Americans.

Quite lately a number of Finns and Russians have come to Minnesota, and since the mines have been opened in the Vermilion and Mesabi districts many people from southern Europe have come to our State, among them Poles, Hungarians, Montenegrins, Greeks, and Italians. In some of the range towns the people speak seventeen different languages.

The schools and the common interests of home, will soon make us all realize that we are now one people. In a few years we shall all speak English,

and instead of anything European we shall be Minnesotans and Americans.

We have seen Minnesota grow from four counties, in 1849, the oldest and smallest Ramsey, until today we have eighty-six, of which St. Louis County in the north, is the largest. The newest ones are Clear Water, which was cut off from Beltrami; Koochiching, made from a part of Itasca; and Pennington, which used to be part of Red Lake.

The southern counties are the best populated in the State, which is natural as they are the oldest. Those along the Red River are growing, but in the north, where the iron mines are, the people are flocking so fast that it almost seems as though the towns grow up in a single night.

It is not quite a century since the first permanent settlement took the place of the lodges of the Indians, which were moved with the seasons, and today the whole State is dotted with cities and towns which change only to become larger. There are now in Minnesota nineteen cities which have more than five thousand people each. Minneapolis the largest, has three hundred and one thousand four hundred and eight, St. Paul two hundred and fourteen thousand seven hundred and forty-four, and Duluth seventy-eight thousand four hundred and forty-six. The fifth city in size is Virginia, in St. Louis County, with more than ten

thousand people, where only thirty years ago the country was a wilderness.

In early days, the only money which came here was paid to the Indians by the United States, while now there are in the State more than three hundred and thirty national banks.

You remember that the mail used to be carried by Indian runners, who brought it to a few outlying districts once in a while. Now mail comes to all our settlements at least once a day, and there are in Minnesota one thousand, three hundred and twenty-three post offices.

There were two newspapers started in the territory in 1849. Today there are six hundred and thirty-four in the State.

We have watched this region grow from a wild country peopled only with savages, who had no ideas of developing the gifts which generous nature has given us so bountifully, to a centre of trade. First, the fur trade which gave way to lumbering, with the mills naturally following in its wake. Today the greatest flour mills in the world are grinding away the grain which covers what was a short time ago thousands of acres of waste land.

In 1850, the only crop sent out of the State was a few hundred barrels of cranberries, while in 1915 we raised more than one hundred and thirty-three millions of bushels of oats, and seventy-three

million, nine hundred thousand bushels of wheat, besides our other crops.

The great iron mines, which were unknown thirty years ago, now give the State in taxes one-fifth of all it needs for its expenses, and send iron all over the world. The great smelting plant in Duluth now supplies us with steel and thousands of people with work, while paper mills and oil mills are immense industries.

We have seen the people begin to raise stock and cattle "on a thousand hills," and now the stock raising has made us a great manufacturing State, for packing plants naturally come where the animals are. Of course trade in leather and hides would center in Minnesota, and the manufacturing of boots and shoes, which is one of our great industries.

There are over one hundred thousand kinds of things made in Minnesota, and among them all we should remember to put bread and butter first, for we produce each year enough to give every person in the United States almost a bushel of wheat and a pound of butter, to say nothing of a piece of cheese.

We have seen the canoe and dog sledge pass away and a network of railroads cover the State, and now the problem of good roads is before us. With the coming of the automobile and rural free delivery we should have roads which will make it

easy for everyone to get over the ground more quickly and easily. Many people in the State are interested in this problem and before long we hope that Minnesota will be among the states with good roads instead of being far behind in this respect.

AND TOMORROW

We are beginning to realize as Minnesota changes from a state of wild nature, to a center of civilization, that we ought to keep as much of "Minnesota, sky-ey water" as possible.

We have talked much of the beauty of our State, though none too much. One of the great gifts from those who thought of your future are the regions set aside for keeping trees and wild animals as nearly as possible in their native state. Almost all of our cities and towns have spaces for breathing places, for beauty spots, and for playgrounds belonging to everybody in the town; and the State for our pleasure has made four parks, which are most unusual in their scenery.

For years J. V. Brower of St. Cloud worked long and perseveringly to get the head waters of the Mississippi River set aside, so that the forests which were being cut off, might be kept and the place preserved, for it is most interesting and will be to future generations to see the source of the river.

At last in 1891, the State gave for Itasca Park the lands which belonged to Minnesota; later it bought others which had been taken up and persuaded Congress to give to the State all the public land in that district on condition that it should be kept forever as a park. This tract, a little more than five by seven miles, is in Clearwater, Hubbard and Becker counties, taking in Lake Itasca.

The State has built in the park a house called Douglas Lodge where people may go to stay. Students in the Forestry Department of the University, camp in the park each year to study the woods, which are of great variety and very remarkable, especially the white pine. There are many rare wild flowers about the lakes and woods, among them three kinds of the moccasin flower, which, of course, ought to grow in our State park. There are remains too, of Indian villages lived in ages ago which are interesting to study. No one is allowed to shoot within the park limits, and beaver and deer are increasing there.

The Interstate Park at Taylors Falls is on one side of the St. Croix River while Wisconsin has a park on the opposite bank. In this way we are preserving the picturesque falls and interesting surroundings forever. This was the first interstate park in our country, and for many years was a cherished plan of George Hazzard, who at last

realized his dream, and he was made superintendent in 1895. Minnesota owns one hundred and fifty acres here and the Wisconsin park on the other side is much larger. The name of the river comes from the French and means holy cross, while the word "dalles" means slab or flagstone. At this place the St. Croix River rushes between high bluffs making a narrow gorge over which flow the foaming cataracts.

This is a wonderful place not only for what is left of its forest, but because when this State of ours was made, Nature left distinct traces of the great glacier or fields of ice, which once moved down the river bed. The stone bluffs on either side of the St. Croix River were carved by the glacier into all sorts of queer shapes which show just how the glacier worked, and here people who are studying geology may learn a great deal. There are natural bridges, arches, fascinating caves, moss-covered rocks, and lovely little spots hollowed out and filled in the spring with flowers. There are pot holes, giant kettles, "devil's chair," "glacier gardens," pulpits, caves, "the gopher," and other forms whose names give us an idea of the strange shapes the rocks take. The flowers and plants are the most interesting growing on any volcanic place east of the Rocky Mountains and the superintendent is constantly planting more

and more flowers which grow in other parts of Minnesota, so that in time every kind that grows wild in the State may be seen here. This was once the battle-field of the Sioux and Ojibways who fought all along the valley and so many traces of these battles were found that Governor Ramsey called it a "place of skulls."

The Alexander Ramsey Park is near Redwood Falls at the place where Ramsey Creek and the Redwood River unite, making three cataracts all different and near together. It is very unusual to find anything like these falls in the midst of a great prairie, for this is the place where there never were any heavy woods or forests, and yet the water plunges from a solid mass of rock into a ravine of wild beauty with shrubs and trees which are found nowhere else for many miles. This park is in the midst of the reservation which was given to the Indians by the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux, and is surrounded by many places of which we have read, trading posts, an Indian church, the remains of Fort Ridgely and is near to the monuments which the State has erected in memory of 1862.

The newer parks are Minneopa near Mankato and the Horace Austin State Park at Austin, where there is much of historic interest as well as natural beauty.

We have seen how our forests have been wasted and how much of wealth and beauty we have lost, which can never be restored, though the parks and reserves will help. What is called re-forestation or making new forests where the old ones have been cut off will help much more. The State has set aside two Forest Reserves, one near Burntside Lake in St. Louis County, the other, Pillsbury Forest, near Cass Lake. In these forests the trees are preserved and new ones set out in bare and waste places. These forests and parks are all under the care of the State Forestry Service which has charge of fire prevention also, for fire is the worst foe of this department. Millions of acres of young pine and spruce are growing up where the old trees were cut or burned. If we can keep these trees from destructive fires, we shall always have great forests and wood and paper at moderate cost.

The State Forester, Wm. T. Cox, and the secretary, General C. C. Andrews, are devoting themselves to preserving the beauty and usefulness of our forests, and the Forest Service is also helping tourists and campers by cutting trails, pointing out canoe routes, and posting signs. The State established Arbor Day for the purpose of re-forestation and in 1888 passed a law that money should be paid from the State treasury every year for "bounties" to people who plant trees.

Two dollars and a half an acre for six years is given for trees planted and already people have earned over six hundred thousand dollars in this way. It would be so easy for all of you to have trees in your school yard, too, for it makes the town you live in and the school grounds more attractive, and it is much pleasanter to go to school when the schoolhouse has a homelike setting.

There is nothing more interesting to watch all the year through than the life of the trees. When you come back to school in September, the shade in the hot days and the green grass make the beginning of work much easier; and the change of color from green to red or yellow is a joy each day. Then, when the falling leaves cover the sidewalks and rustle under your feet and the queer autumn smell comes up, you begin to think of the pleasures of winter. When the leaves are all gone, the tracery of the gnarled branches makes a charming picture against the sky, and if they are covered with furry snow or glittering ice, they are wonderful.

Suddenly one day in March you feel a difference and the trees feel it too. There are no buds, nor signs of them, but the bark looks different, and instead of stiff twigs and branches, they wave a little in the air, the color comes,—and then the little buds begin to show. All the weeks of early

spring they are different each day, the red of maple, the furry gray pink of the oak, the greenish gray of the elm, little by little turning to tender green and then suddenly—summer and vacation are here.

Since the very beginning of our State history, laws have been made to preserve the wild animals which were once so plentiful, though they were not made soon enough to keep all of them. The buffalo are all gone, the moose and caribou are very few, deer are less plentiful than formerly, and the fine fur-bearing animals are becoming scarce.

People destroy game in many foolish ways, for they trap mink in the summer, against the law and when the fur isn't good; beaver just for curiosity, and "pot hunters" wastefully kill much game. Caribou may not be shot at all now, some of our animals are being preserved in parks where they are protected, and because of this the elk and deer very lately have begun to come back. All the wild animals possible should be put into parks where they may be quiet and live their lives in the wilds they love, so that in the future we may again be one of the great fur states.

Lately people have begun to raise wild animals for their fur. The skunk is raised on these fur farms and is very easy to get and to take care of,

and there are several mink farms in Minnesota, a large one at Pine River.

The most interesting of all these is, perhaps, a ranch at Deviltrack Lake in Cook County, in the northern part of Minnesota. This was a wonderful place for fine fur, before the animals were driven out, and the Robertson brothers are making a great success of their farm. It takes a good deal of knowledge to know just what kind of food to give to each animal, and a great deal of patience to learn their habits. The animals which live in that section,—marten, beaver, otter, fisher, and black fox are always in demand for their fur. They had on this farm last year many animals, among them fourteen pairs of silver fox, one of which sold for twenty-five hundred dollars. There is a great future in this direction in Minnesota, and it is as interesting as anything could be.

In 1901 the Game and Fish Commission was established and laws were passed by people who knew about the habits of game and fish, to prevent their destruction. But in spite of these laws the game birds have become fewer and fewer.

So many of them may be killed where no one may see or ever know it, that we should learn when they must not be shot or trapped. The quail, "bobwhite," such a delightful bird, who is friendly and loves to be near people, has be-

come scarce because killed out of season by so many people, and because food is scarce in the winter. The passenger pigeons which used to be so plentiful that swarms of them flew over this State in great clouds, are all gone and many other rare birds are getting scarce. We ought to have more forests where no game may be shot; we ought never to use automatic guns, and besides this, people who want to shoot game ought to pay a higher license than now.

In the southern part of the State the birds are disappearing. The little song birds are useful as well as beautiful, for they eat up tons of insects every year, and if they are not protected in time we shall have fewer forests and fewer crops. The "friendly birds," meadow-larks, bluebirds, and robins, followed the settlers to this part of the country and are friends indeed, for they love to be near people; while the shy beautiful thrushes with their lovely songs will stay near if they feel that they are protected. The birds that are enemies to all other birds are the English sparrows which are neither useful nor beautiful to look at nor to hear, and to help to get rid of them is a duty of every boy and girl.

We have lakes in plenty in Minnesota; surely we have fish in plenty too. There are so many kinds in our lakes that they are hardly to be counted,

some of them very delicate and almost all of them good food. The Lake Superior whitefish and lake trout are peculiar to the north and the Indians used to live on them in the winter. The great sturgeon in the rivers, the innumerable kinds of fish good to eat and easy to catch in the lakes, and the rare brook trout in our streams, are all protected by law but are not increasing so fast as they should. The State has established fish hatcheries; at Glenwood, Deerwood, Detroit, and at Willow Brook near the Indian Mounds on the river below St. Paul. Pouring into the houses which are built for the fish are many cold streams of the water which they love, and here the eggs are hatched by the millions, in just the right temperature to make the best kind of fish. Outside the houses are numbers of ponds with water running through them where the fish live and lay their eggs. Excepting black bass, most of the fish which live in our waters are raised here, and a specialty is made of trout, considered the most delicate of all table fish.

There are many kinds of trout which have been brought here from different parts of the United States, from the Rangeley Lakes in Maine to the Rockies; and the albino, a pure white trout raised here is found nowhere else. The State plants "fish fry" in different lakes and streams all over Minnesota, and you should learn that it is a good

thing to cultivate fish as well as other things, for a fish farm would be a paying investment and there is so much water in the State that it should not be expensive.

Minnesota has given so much to us, that we ought to think every day of how we may serve her. In our State, Nature has withheld nothing from us and we should see that so far as possible, we take care of the natural treasures which are ours. We have talked a good deal about our crops, but after all, the very best crop which Minnesota can raise is citizens and it depends upon you to make this a good one.

There are three things around which the associations of our State cluster. These are our State flag, our State flower, and our State House, usually called the Capitol, where all the laws of Minnesota are made.

THE STATE FLAG

We never had a State flag until 1893 when a committee of women was appointed to make a design. This was about the same time that we adopted a State flower, and the reason for both was that Minnesota might take her place with dignity at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

The beautiful flag adopted is of white silk, lined with blue and edged with a heavy gold fringe. In the center is the seal of the State and around it a blue band on which is a wreath of moccasin flowers entwined with red ribbon whose ends float across the flag. On the ribbon at the top is the State motto *L'Étoile du Nord* (meaning "The Star of the North") and on the left side "1819," the date of the first permanent settlement at Fort Snelling; on the right, the date "1893"; and above, "1858."

In groups around the design are nineteen stars, because Minnesota was the nineteenth state, after the original ones, to be admitted, and in the flag the north star is at the top. The whole flag is mounted on a gilt standard and tied with gold cords. On the top of this standard is a little brass gopher, sitting erect and looking as if he understood what it was all about.

The original flag is now in the governor's room at the State House. It is embroidered in heavy silk and is so beautiful that it makes us prouder than ever that it belongs to us.

The first State flag carried by the Minnesota troops in the Spanish-American War is also in the State House, in a glass case, and although we are proud of our record in both of the wars in which we fought, we all hope that forever in the future, our

flag will be carried forward in a peace movement instead of war.

OUR STATE FLOWER

The women of Minnesota started the plan for a flower as well as a flag for the State, as all countries and most of the states have their own chosen flower.

There is the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. The State botanist, Mr. McMillan, suggested several flowers which grow among the thousands or more in Minnesota; among them the Indian pink, the aster, brown-eyed susan, wild rose and lady slipper. These were all sent to the women's clubs to be voted upon and they chose the lady slipper which is called Venus shoe, Indian shoe and moccasin flower. There are twenty-five kinds of this odd little flower growing in our State, pink, yellow, large and small, purple, and white with pink veins—all of them beautiful. The one which was especially chosen for us has a longer Latin name, *Cypripedium spectabile* or showy moccasin flower. This is the wonderful tall pink and white one, though any moccasin flower is generally considered our State flower.

Miss Helen Castle has painted a very perfect picture of the State flower which you may see hanging in the governor's room, in the State House, a copy of which is on the first page of our book.

This flower easily adapts itself to decoration and has been used a great deal. You remember it twines around the seal in our State flag, and in the State House the architect has put it into many designs, best seen at the top, which we call the capital, of the pillars in the building inside and out.

There was a sad but beautiful story told of the beginning of the moccasin flower. The daughter of a chief whose father died when she was a little girl, grew up with her brothers and learned to shoot and hunt and do all the things that the boys did. She always wanted to go on hard trails and take long trips into the woods, and because the other young Indian girls didn't care so much for this, she often had to go alone. One day she had gone farther than usual into the deep forest and was overtaken by one of those great fires which burn our woods and cause so much sadness even today. Day after day and week after week her heartbroken mother and her brothers searched for her, but they never saw a trace of the lost girl until the next year when the mother found the curious flower which is just like a little embroidered moccasin, and which came up to show where she had fallen. From that day until now these dainty moccasin flowers have grown all through our woods, and remind us of the Indian girl who was lost. They mean more to us

than any other of all the unusual blossoms in the State because we have adopted them as our own.

THE CAPITOL

From time to time people have wanted to change the State House from St. Paul, and you remember the fate of the first attempt in 1857. Again in 1869, a bill was passed to move the capital to Kandiyohi County where there were many acres of State lands, and it would have been moved had not the governor vetoed the bill, which means that he refused to sign it.

A Capitol building was put up in 1853 but was burned in 1881 while the legislature was in session and they met in the Market House in St. Paul until what was considered a very grand new State House, now called the "Old Capitol," was erected. We soon outgrew this, though it is still used for many of the State offices.

In 1901 the question again came up for the last time, and a new State House was provided for, which settled the matter that it should stay where it had always been. It is situated on a hill which gives a wide view and where it may be seen for miles in every direction. The approach which is planned for the future will make it most dignified and imposing in appearance.

The design was made by Cass Gilbert, a St. Paul man, whose plan was taken as the best, although forty others were offered. The building was begun in 1896, the cornerstone laid in 1898 by Gov. Ramsey who used a silver trowel, which was presented to him as a token of the love of the State. It was most fitting that the man who, young, vigorous, full of hope for the future; tall, straight, with life before him, had laid the first cornerstone of our State, by writing a proclamation in the little log tavern almost half a century before, should now, aged, white-haired and full of years which had been given to the service of the State, be the one to fulfill the promise of one half a hundred years before and lay the cornerstone of that great building, which was to represent Minnesota in the future as well as carry on the work of the past.

The exercises at this time were most impressive. The oration was made by our greatest statesman, Cushman K. Davis, and Charles W. Graves of Duluth, one of the commissioners, gave an address for them. Archbishop Ireland, who also had come here a young man and who was now venerable and full of years, made the prayer and Bishop Gilbert, well loved by every one, both east and west, gave the benediction.

The great building, which was finished in 1904, covers more than a city block and is two hundred

and twenty feet high. It cost about four millions of dollars and the commissioners, who had it in charge, were H. W. Lamberton of Winona, James McHench of Fairmont, George DuToit of Chaska, Channing Seabury of St. Paul, John DeLaittre of Minneapolis, Charles Graves of Duluth, and E. E. Coreliss of Fergus Falls, one chosen from each district which sends a representative to Washington. They served the State from 1893 until 1905 and were so careful of the funds, which they had intrusted to them, that not one word of blame or censure is breathed against them, and the work was so well done that we should always be grateful to these men.

The building so far as possible was made from Minnesota products. The basement walls, steps and terraces are from the heavy substantial St. Cloud granite; the foundation, of Minnesota brick; the dome, of Kettle River sandstone; the inside walls, of cement made in the State. Many people wanted the building itself of Minnesota stone, but because of the style, which is Romanesque, Georgian marble was used instead. The interior is lined with Kasota stone polished. The great staircases, which go up from the center, are the most imposing feature of the building, the columns and balustrades of beautiful marbles from Italy and the Greek Islands.

The great columns in the Senate Chamber are

marble from France. In the House and Supreme Court rooms the marble comes from Vermont and the square panels around the rotunda are from old convent quarries near Sienna. Some of the marble is from the Nile River in Egypt and much of it from different states in our own country. The great skylight in the House is one of the most beautiful in the country.

All of the pictures, which are many and fine, are by American artists and tell stories of our history. The entrance is surmounted by a huge figure called a Quadriga, representing The Progress of the State. It is the work of Daniel French and Edward Potter, American sculptors, and is of copper gilded—and stands out, sparkling in the sunshine or gleaming on dull days, as far as the eye can see. From the lowest basement to the gilded top of the great white dome, the State House of Minnesota is majestic, and the more you study it the more impressive it is, for everything about the building tells a story of the great State it stands for. If you look closely at the American flag which floats above it, I am sure you will see that the thirty-second star is just a little bit bigger, and just a little bit whiter, and looks just a little more starry, than any of the others, and it should, because it is the North—the guiding star, and it is ours.

THE GOVERNORS OF MINNESOTA

TERRITORIAL

Alexander Ramsey, Pennsylvania	June 1, 1849, to May 15, 1853
Willis A. Gorman, Indiana	May 15, 1853, to April 23, 1857
Samuel Medary, Ohio	April 23, 1857, to May 24, 1858

STATE

Henry H. Sibley, St. Paul	May 24, 1858, to January 2, 1860
Alexander Ramsey, St. Paul	January 2, 1860, to July 10, 1863
Henry A. Swift, St. Peter	July 10, 1863, to January 11, 1864
Stephen Miller, Worthington	January 11, 1864, to January 8, 1866
William R. Marshall, St. Anthony	January 8, 1866, to January 9, 1870
Horace Austin, St. Peter	January 9, 1870, to January 7, 1874
Cushman K. Davis, St. Paul	January 7, 1874, to January 7, 1876
John S. Pillsbury, Minneapolis	January 7, 1876, to January 10, 1882
Lucius F. Hubbard, Red Wing	January 10, 1882, to January 5, 1887
A. R. McGill, St. Peter	January 5, 1887, to January 9, 1889
William R. Merriam, St. Paul	January 9, 1889, to January 4, 1893

Knute Nelson, Alexandria	January 4, 1893, to January 31, 1895
David M. Clough, Minneapolis	January 31, 1895, to January 2, 1899
John Lind, New Ulm	January 2, 1899, to January 7, 1901
Samuel R. Van Sant, Winona	January 7, 1901, to January 4, 1905
John A. Johnson, St. Peter	January 4, 1905, to September 21, 1909
Adolph O. Eberhart, Mankato	September 21, 1909, to January 5, 1915
Winfield S. Hammond, St. James	January 5, 1915, to December 30, 1915
J. A. A. Burnquist, St. Paul	December 30, 1915–

DATES TO REMEMBER

1655–56	Radisson and Groseilliers—first white explorers.
1680	DuLuth reached Mississippi River.
1680	Hennepin discovered St. Anthony Falls.
1689	Perrot claimed Minnesota for France.
1700	LeSueur built fort on Blue Earth River.
1763	East of the Mississippi River, English—West of the Mississippi River, Spanish.
1766–67	Carver visited St. Anthony Falls and "Carver's Cave."
1783	West of the Mississippi River, United States.
1787	Ordinance of 1787.
1794	Northwest Fur Company in Minnesota.
1796	Ordinance of 1787 over all Northwest.
1803	Louisiana Purchase.
1803–04	William Morrison visited source of the Mississippi River.

1805	Pike's Treaty.
1812	Selkirk's colony on the Red River.
1819	First fort at Mendota, Colonel Leavenworth commander, Major Taliaferro Indian agent.
1820	Fort Snelling built.
1823	First steamboat at Mendota.
1826	Red River colony settle near Fort Snelling.
1837	Indian treaties cede pine lands.
1838	Franklin Steele makes first "claim" at St. Anthony —Pierre Parrant makes claim and builds on site of St. Paul.
1841	Saint Paul chapel—town named.
1843	Stillwater settled.
1849	Minnesota Territory organized.
1851	Indian treaties for land west of the Mississippi.
1857	October thirteenth, State Constitution adopted. Ink-pa-doo-ta Massacre.
1858	May eleventh, State admitted.
1861	Troops enlist at Fort Snelling. First Minnesota leaves for war.
1862	Sioux Outbreak. First railroad in State.
1865	Minnesota regiments return.
1881	State House burned.
1898	Cornerstone of new State House laid.
1905	Legislature met in new State House.
1908	Fiftieth anniversary of statehood.

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